

COTTON TWIST

REDIVIVUS.

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FROM THE

WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

2 1846.

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Cotton Twist Redivivus

FREE TRADE! PLENTY TO DO! HIGH PROFITS!
GOOD WAGES! AND CHEAP BREAD!
TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR--In your advertised Address to your Readers on the Eve of the opening of Parliament, you speak of the coming Session as one "which, if it do not terminate the Struggle, must at least be looked on as the Herald of the Advent of Free Trade;" and, looking at the time current, and through the intervening two years to that 29th of January, 1842, on which I wound up my first series of Letters in a final one to Sir Robert Peel, it does seem to me that your prophecy may be turned into certainty, if we all combine to muster up the help that is in us; and, with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether"—excuse the homeliness and the triteness of the phrase, for the sake of its descriptive force—bend ourselves to the task, seeking no end but that one end, and knowing no one in the struggle but those who are for us, and those who are against us.

I have spoken of my last Letter in the January of 1842: we were then upon the eve of "the promise-to-the-hope-and-the-break-it-to-the-heart" Parliament;—only then it was all-promise-to-the-hope, and it is extraordinary how ready men were to be deceived—from the Artizan to the Agriculturist! Even "Cotton Twist" prayed to partake of the general delusion, and took merit to himself for leaving, as far as in him lay, the Judas and the Joseph of the *Standard* to take his course, wishing him well through his purgation; and, expecting nothing, ready, and avowedly so, to take any good that might be forthcoming, promising to pay for it in praise and thanks, and in recantations, even, of all that had been hastily, or angrily, said.

Since that period, "Cotton Twist" has neither meddled with the question, like Mr. Gladstone, in his hot-and-cold Quarterly; nor muddled it, like the Whigs, with their fixed duty; nor made progress with it, even, comparatively speaking, like Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, with the Tenant Farmers; nor marred it, to the extent of his small means, like Mr. Macaulay, and the tricky spirits who do consort with him: but "Cotton Twist" has been an attentive Spectator of events: he has watched the progress of the League, looked into the indications of Agricultural agitation, counted the quarters of grain and the head of kine which have been imported, tried his teeth upon Tariff Beef, scrutinized the averages, had his hooks overhauled by Peel's spies, paid his Income Tax, and ledgered the account: from all of which pursuits he has gained some knowledge of facts, and some title to speak about, and of, them; and his decided opinion is, that he, and his section of the community, have been most shamefully treated and victimised—the state of his private affairs unnecessarily and scandalously pried into and exposed; and that, in a fair money account opened between him and Peel, he is much the loser in pocket, more the loser in temper, and most the loser in that condition which should attach to every true Englishman—an earnest hope in the prospects of himself and of the community, and a confident reliance on the integrity and wisdom of those to whom the destinies of his country are confided.

A long sentence and large words, you will say, Mr. Editor. Sir, I can't help it; I neither pretend to deny, nor to conceal the indignation I feel at the sacrifice of the interests of the country to the purposes of faction. I do not complain of deception on me, for where there is neither trust nor faith, there can be no deception—no excuse for him who deceives where he can; but then a gross deception has been practised on all who were willing—perhaps too willing, to be deceived; and whether it be the betrayed Farmer, or the mystified Tory Manufacturer, or the hungry Chartist, pressed into the same troop of mercenaries which carried the last Elections, it matters little,—I can feel for them all: it is time we all felt for each other; time that, with one accord, we lent a hand to put down a system which is built on falsehood, and carried on by the robbery of all for the benefit of none.

In this hope, and with this view, "Cotton Twist" re-appears upon the political stage; and, in so doing he has to ask, first, What did Peel promise? and, second, What has Peel per

formed: Let justice be done in the first instance: Peel promised nothing; but he shook his head, and winked his eye, and said—only give me a chance to serve the Country, and see what I will do for it! And, granted that everybody read the expressive pantomime after his own wishes, was it not meant to deceive? and *if not*, is that the fashion in which a Statesman and a proximate Premier should address a Free People? and *if so*, is it honest or reputable thus to deceive? There can be but one answer to these questions: there was the implied promise of his position; and the reiterated and uncontradicted asseverations of his friends, both on the hustings and in the Press. The Agriculturists did not support Peel for what he did, but for what they understood he was prepared to do; they fulfilled their part of the engagement gallantly—let it be said so, though stupidly and wickedly be conjoined—they fulfilled their part of the contract upon the implied promise of Peel—now, what has Peel performed?

We may put aside for a moment the hopes, which well-meaning men among the manufacturing classes built upon Peel's no promises: their expectations were rather the result of inferences, drawn from their own knowledge of business and from the necessities of the Country, from their hopelessness of things as they were, and from a sort of make-believe in Peel's practical character. We can put these aside for the moment, in speaking of Peel's performances, although they were as much deceived as the Farmers, albeit not so discreditably and ungratefully deceived. Now what has Peel performed?

Look at the Revenue! says some *Herald of Administrative virtue*—some reversed *Standard of Political warfare*. Look at the Revenue—it is positively several millions more than it was under the Whigs! Yes! Peel has taxed us to the full extent of the difference: he has raised several millions more of Revenue, and—he has spent it;—he has raised it by a process as vulgar as scratching! He has taken it out of our pockets in the most direct of all possible manners, turning out our purses, and counting what he leaves us, in the presence of witnesses, and in the coolest of modes, in order that he may know what is left, and where to get at it again—if, as the *Standard* says it be thought desirable to increase the levy! This is the great performance of Peel: let those who love it rejoice in it and over it: I love it not.

But there was the promise of a *quid pro quo* ; where is the performance? The income-tax was to find more than an equivalent in the increase of trade, and in the reduction of family expenditure, consequent upon the Tariff and Corn reductions. What is the performance? I step forward with some confidence to answer that question; and, if any man has a right to answer that question from his own experience, I am that man. My sole means of support are derived from my head and my hands; and thirteen mouths, including my own, with their attendant legs and bodies, depend upon my exertions for food and clothing. If any man should know, from his own experience, the operation of this Tariff Reform, and this modified Sliding Scale, upon Butchers' Bills, and Bakers' Bills, and Shoemakers' Bills, and Tailors' Bills, and the like, I am that man; and I say that Peel has deceived and wronged me. I am the worse for him and his budget: first, by the amount of the Income Tax I pay, and next by the amount of the Trade, which my customers have withdrawn from me, in the process of reduction, in the struggle to pay *their* Income Tax. Away, then, with the Political Cheats—the State Quacks, who have robbed our pockets for the price of a mixture pernicious, not healing; and let the Farm-tenants of England—the ill used and the betrayed—ask themselves the simple question—what *they* have got by the transaction? Take the answer from their own mouths—Nothing! Well, if they like it, let them submit still to be used as sponges to suck up the means of men who have but one object in common with them, the common object of well-being, that the Peels, and the Fremantles, and the Knatchbulls, and the Buckinghams, may squeeze it the more readily into their own private Coffers, laughing at the deceived Serfs, who are mocked with the professions of the “Farmer's Friends.”

To deceive these men still further, an attempt is now making, in the desperate hope, that a desperate administration may be propped up one more Session by a rally under those absurd war cries, which carried the Elections of 1841, and—*led to the treachery of 1842*. Lord Orkney is put forward, with his Yeomanry-Cavalry intellect, to say that—of course distress must follow a change in a tariff, *because* you cannot alter the uniform of a Regiment without loss! meeting after meeting is stirred up, and the Duke of Buckingham comes forward, with his Blue-Ribbon, to vouch for the Ministry he abandoned! abuse of all sorts

is showered upon the League from the pulpit of the Political parson, to the kennel of the Foxhunting squire! Mr Pusey offers to meet Mr. Cobden in single combat! and it is whispered that Peel is to "speak out" on the opening of Parliament!

I wish I could say with Diccon in the Play—"This looks Rebellion!" I wish I could feel that something like a struggle was toward! But nothing of the sort is intended; and it is not intended, because nothing of the sort is practicable. What says a County Member, in the *Post*, for whom the *Post*, the great flagellator of County Members, itself vouches? That it is useless for the Farmers to hope to combat the ubiquitous Leaguers by Local Committees and Meetings. As well, he says, might they have hoped that one of their insignificant gatherings of yesterday could have sustained a charge of Cavalry! Dream not, he says, of such things, but subscribe your money and remit it to your Members in London on the Meeting of Parliament, and let the organization proceed from them! To be sure, or—otherwise, the agitators might become too independent!

Let us leave the last of the Plantagenets, with his bit of broom tricked out with blue, at the mast-head, and the Parson, and the Squire, and the Yeomanry Lord, and Mr. Pusey, of whom the *Post* says, that Mr. Cobden *bullied* him in the House, and that he dare not encounter Mr. Cobden, who would devour him body and bones, and finish his meal by snapping up Mr. Palmer and Lord Barrington afterwards,—let us leave all these to settle this matter with the *Post* and its County Member, and turn to Sir Robert's threatened "Speak Out!"

Speak Out! quotha; that would be something to listen to! Look then for deception and treachery! Joseph is becoming once more a Judas! for whom did Peel speak out, but to astonish and enrage his old supporters and friends? Did he speak out when he was the fêted of the Protestant gatherings of the North in 1828? No, but he spoke out, with a vengeance, when he introduced the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829! Did he speak out in his Tamworth speech of 1841? No, but in his free-trade budget of 1842, and in his free trade principle—his rationale of buying and selling in 1843! If Peel speak out, it will be with his back to the wall, in the face of his pale and dumb spectators—his *quasi* party in Parliament, summoned to his House, in the Privy Gardens! and, if he speak out

in the other sense here imputed, the end of all is much nearer than we think ; and Peel, seeing that the crash is inevitable, will be but lending his hand to accelerate it, that the whole may be the sooner over.

Nevertheless, if these men *will* be deceived, they must ; and, possibly, after all, there may be a satisfaction in dying, when a man must *so* die, with a woollen nightcap over the eyes !

COTTON TWIST.

London, 26th January, 1844.

No. II.

THE EDITOR OF THE "WEEKLY CHRONICLE
TO COTTON TWIST.

DEAR COTTON TWIST—I am sincerely, and unaffectedly, glad to see you alive again, and in very decent health, and spirits, considering all that you have undergone since your last appearance in January, 1842. For everybody, who, like myself, has the felicity of your personal acquaintance, knows, that, in the Third Paragraph of your last Week's Letter, which describes the victimization of *your* Section of the Community, as you call it, by Sir Robert Peel, (I should like to know *what* Section has escaped?) there is no humbug,—no attempt at fine writing,—though you apologise for long sentences, and "Sesquipedalian words,"—but a simple transcript of feelings, which have been dinned into my ears every time, that I have had the pleasure of meeting you, since you lost the Public as your safety valve.

I can vouch for your perfect sincerity when you say, "that you have been shamefully treated,—the state of your private affairs unnecessarily, and scandalously, pried into, and exposed;—and that if a fair money account were opened between yourself, and Peel, (who promised, I think, to pay your Income Tax out of his Tariff,) you have been the loser in pocket,—*more* the loser in temper,—and *most* the loser in that condition, which should attach to every true Englishman,—an earnest hope in the prospects of himself, and of the community, and a confident reliance on the integrity, and wisdom, of those, to whom the destinies of his Country are confided."

The loss in *pocket*, I quite believe in. As to *temper*,—the less that is said about it the better, by your personal friends. *Confidence*, you never could reasonably entertain in the gentlemen now at the head of our affairs. But, as the best solace for your cares, I strongly recommend you to make the Public again your confidant, and to keep up a "good, steady, grumble," weekly, like old John Ward. It is astonishing how it relieves both body, and mind.

Though we sometimes differ, we so much more generally agree, that I am not afraid of perplexing the Readers of the

WEEKLY CHRONICLE by any dangerous discrepancy in our views; and I hope, therefore, to see you, once more, ranging over the whole field of Politics, like "a chartered libertine," and fighting the common battle in your own racy style, without the slightest reference to my opinions upon any particular point.

Believe me, with great pleasure in the prospect of your co-operation, Dear Cotton Twist,

Yours, most Truly,

THE EDITOR.

COTTON TWIST TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I would say—"My Dear Sir," were I pursuing the current of my personal feelings; but "My Dear Sir" is for the gentler intercourses of private life—no preface for the stern public realities with which Cotton Twist has to deal: no disparagement to, or reflection on, the terms of your letter to me,—your letter, so inimitable, in its way, that I have committed it to the printer, to be set up as the preface, or introduction, to my second epistle, if you do not see fit to eject it from that position,—no disparagement I say, then, to the terms of that letter, for this frank cordiality sits naturally on a gentleman who—but, if I proceed in this strain, it may grow into a suspicion that we are facing each other at the same table coining mutual compliments, making our literature, like that of Sheridan and Wife, according to Jekyll's joke, a *joint* concern for our daily meal; or, like a political Beaumont and Fletcher, getting up a scene together in our common drama: whereas, in fact, you will read *me* for the first time when you read me in type.

Wherefore to business. You should like, you say, to know *what* section of the community Peel has not victimized and betrayed. So should I; and I repeat your sentiment in a kindred spirit to that in which, as I know, the sentiment was conceived by you. That is to say, I do not repeat it in that tone in which it might, and probably will, be read by the mere partizan, who would see in it little, or nothing, more than a capital fling at Peel. Nor do I repeat it in the spirit of the selfish man, who draws a sort of consolation from the fact that others are as had off as himself; but I repeat it in the spirit of a mingled regret for the fact, and of reproachful feeling to the Minister, that, in the full-fathom five Budget he at length fished up for us from the

depths of his experience, he has contrived, reversing the Benthamite maxim, to give us all, in exchange for the maximization of cost, the minimization of an equivalent good.

Do you recollect the scene in which Peel, with that acting ability, which, properly measured and managed, might recover the fortunes of Covent garden Theatre, mimicking the attitude of a good man struggling with difficulties, and fishing for a Budget, wound up the effect, until his very elevated fore finger seemed part of the voice which said—"I won't bite?" Do you recollect that scene; and do you not now see another reason, other than that which the mistaken egotism of party supplied, to excuse Peel from helping the Whigs to a Budget? You recollect it, and you recognise the reason well; and so do I. Had Peel rose at the Whig fly, cleverly twisted and thrown as it was, had he been hooked then, and fairly landed, we should, upon handling him, have thrown him once more into the water, and gone higher up the stream for another and a better cast; but—he wouldn't bite!

There were not wanting many who could have told us, even then, that the fish, large and tempting as he looked in the water, was no great catch after all;—that he might spoil the appetites of many, but would not afford one healthy meal to the platter of a poor man:—some of us, not a few of us, knew that well enough at the time; we *all* know it now—Farmers and Mechanics,—Agriculturists and Mill-owners; though we have different modes of expressing our disgust and disappointment, and different policies shaped out for redress.

"Wait till I am called in!" said the great State Quack,—for Sir Robert Peel, according to his own metaphors, is not only a fish, but a doctor—"Wait till I am called in!" and men waited, and, what will not hope do when resulting from the re-action of despair? men waited, hoping for good! There was a dash of the college about him, too, when he first took the wrist of his patient between his thumb and finger: his histrionic talent stood him here in some stead, and he did it with a legitimate sort of air which looked like skill. No wonder, then, that men were in some measure misled by appearances. But that Peel should have stumbled on the true practice, upon right principles, would have been infinitely more a matter of astonishment than that he should have erred from want of skill or will in carrying those principles out.

For to a far-sighted statesmanship—I say nothing of honest statesmanship, for I hold the adjective to be inherently part of the substantive it would seem to qualify—to such statesmanship as *this* there is, I say, no more a Royal Road than there is a Royal Road to the practice of Physic proper. And all that Peel knew was, that the case of his patient was so desperate as to require a certain medicine, and that the Physic was unpalatable to him. What does Peel? He balances the question between his fears and his fee, and administers a half dose! He makes his patient sick without securing a chance of curing him—gives him all the pains of nausea without the comfort of a practically good result.

Now let this be taken seriously, for it is no sharp jest, but a grave truth: let it be taken seriously, for if it be *not* true I am content to be written down in the ranks of the commonest Political libellers—to be prosecuted by Cusack Smith, if that might be, upon a better indictment than ever came from the pen of a Government Solicitor, and to be tried by Lord Abinger, under Lord Campbell's law. That appears to me to be a concatenation of horrors which it would take twelve Leaguers to relieve a man from: *but—IT IS TRUE!*

It is true; for where is that man, or section of men; who have received anything but victimization and wrong from the bastard policy and do-nothing practice of Peel? What say the Manufacturers—what the Shipowners—what the Agriculturists? They are singularly of accord on this point. What says Ireland? It is one of Mr. Sheil's points, that the Tariff has injured Ireland, without an equivalent; and what Mr. Sheil says for Ireland, say we all for England, with this difference, which makes it all the worse for us—not only has the Tariff injured all, benefiting none, but we have had to pay the price of a presumed benefit, which turns out to be a deception, in the shape of a tax on our property and incomes—a tax, the mischief of which does not stop at the amount paid, nor at the Act-of-Parliament limit of £150 per annum of income, but re-acts upon our markets for industry in every direction, falling upon us again in diminished sales and diminished profits—falling upon the lower orders once more in diminished employment and diminished wages—until all are involved under the universal pressure,—a pressure falling most upon those who seem most, and ought to be most, exempted from it.

Is it strange that it should be so? No! nothing strange: rather it would be strange if it were not so; for great principles, as influencing rules of conduct, are no more to be put on and off, as conveniences, than is great statesmanship to be assumed and set aside at pleasure by every political Charlatan. It is true enough, perhaps, that Peel might carry a measure of Free Trade, as the old Nurse of an Hospital might be said to cure a patient, on the strength of her catching up a draught, and forcing it down his throat at a critical moment: the old Lady is, however, neither the visiting, nor the consulting, Physician; and, as a general rule the patient would hardly be benefited by removing her to the dispensing department:—she is a fair sort of Ward-nurse—nothing more, though she may listen to the medical talk at the bedside, and repeat it with all the aptness and comprehension of a parrot.

And why is this applicable to Peel? Because great principles are the foundation of our struggle; and upon great principles alone can it be carried on and successfully terminated. They are degraded and vulgarised in the language, however measured, and apt, of the trader in expediences: we want to have them warm and fresh from the heart; not mouth-ranted according to the Stilted mode of elocution, nor enunciated in all the stunted baldness of a Royal Speech, according to the Tapist rule of debate.

It is for this reason, I admit, I have no reasonable ground for confidence in the gentlemen now at the head of affairs. At present—as little reasonable ground for confidence in the gentleman at *their* head. It is for this reason that I listen with coldness to those concessions to the great principle on which free-traders act, which expediency and the moment force out, to the mortification of friends, and the disdain of opponents, from these gentlemen and from their leader; for I look upon them, and him, as so many hulking poachers strewing wheat in a preserve, that they may skulk behind a tree and pop at the birds. Do I suppose they purchased the grain in open market? Not so; they have slinked into the Leaguers' grain stores by the way, and filched it there.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Feb. 1, 1844.

NO. III.

A LETTER TO THE HON. SIDNEY HERBERT, M.P., SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY.

SIR—Ask Peel, and he will tell you that, in turning over the rubbish of some old Picture Dealer, he has, many a time, turned up a dirty, scrubby Daub in Oil, of a Monkey helping himself to a fresh roasted potatoe from the red hot ashes, by the interposition of the Paw of a Cat! Now Peel never bought the thing, for the purpose of “storing it among the Family Archives in the Muniment-room of Drayton Manor,” as the *Post* once gave out, in one of its staidy intermittent, of some trumpery piece of Wardour-street antiquity, which the Cotton spinner’s son had purchased,—Peel, I say, never bought the thing; for Sir Robert is a man not to be had easily, even by so smart a specimen of the Genius of Turning-a-penny, as a dealer in old Pictures; but Peel is just the man to pick up an idea, and to treasure it, not the less because it cost him nothing; and I suspect, and there are others who share in the suspicion, that Sir Robert has been playing an experiment off upon you, after the Cat and Monkey fashion.

Else why should the Secretary of the Admiralty be put forward, of all other men, at a County Meeting, to inform the world, after his own glib fashion—in the Spit-on-the-carpet style of Oratory, fresh imported from school—that, abuse of the League, and the repudiation of the principles of the League, are open questions with the Government, of which he is a member? God save the Country! let me say, interjectionally, any part of whose destinies are committed to the control of such beardless inexperience.

You rise to second a Resolution—I am speaking of your *escapade* at Devizes, on Wednesday last, at the Wiltshire County Meeting, then and there held; and, I take the Report and its Commentary from the columns of your great eulogist, the *Post*—you rise to second a Resolution, asserting that the Doctrines of the League are “*false in principle*;” and you state that you “never in your life advocated any proposition more *sincerely*, or more *heartily*!”

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step—who are *you*? Who are you that give the lie direct to the Parent and Patriarch of your political existence? False in principle! that is your assertion “in opposition,” says the *Post*, “to the well known dictum of one to whom you are personally and politically attached! In opposition to the dictum of Peel which said that “The true principle of Trade was to sell in the dearest, and to buy in the cheapest, market”—the Doctrine of the League, coarsely, even vulgarly, yet forcibly and truly expressed—reduced, as it were, to the level of the meanest capacity—the capacity of Peel!

I repeat then, my question—who are you?—and is Peel a Dog, that his servant should do this thing? Is Peel a Dog?—Not so: he would turn you back from the four tall pillars of the Admiralty, and from the closed doors beneath them, with as little remorse as you would sign an order to pay off the Thunderer, 74, were not the matter reconcilable on the Cat-and-Monkey theory—were it not, since nothing is to be done this Session, thought just as well to amuse the Farmers with a few Shoy-hoys, that they may exhaust their superfluous energy in a little harmless shouting, be kept on decent terms for the intervening space with their Landlords and their foxy Representatives, and so be saved from being suddenly, and altogether, snapped up by the Anti Corn-Law League.

A fit office and a worthy for the Honourable Sidney Herbert, M.P., Secretary of the Admiralty, and so forth! A worthy office and a fitting one—let us see who the gentleman is that fills it. Answer, in the first place, the *Post*: “Mr. Sidney Herbert is already favourably known as the firm supporter of the *Anglo-Catholic Church*, and of necessity, also, of the interests and welfare of honourable industry”—that may be called direct evidence; of its logical character something may be said anon. Answer, in the second place, the *Standard*: “Mr. Monckton Milnes is the *Tractarian* Member for Pontefract (it is gratifying to remember that *Mr. Peter Borthwick's party* represent none but the most venal constituencies!)”—that may be called evidence collateral or inferential; and the fling at the venal constituencies, glancing off from Pontefract and Evesham, hits South Wiltshire full in the pannch—for a more venal, gorged, and stupid set of Electors never graced the borough of Eatauswill than are to be found in Wiltshire.

I have known respectable—I say respectable, because I suppose a tidy mare for the “Measter,” and an old green-painted, rung-backed chair, mounted on four wheels, and harnessed to a rough little colt, for the “Measis,” to be equivalent here to a gig town-built,—I have known, then, respectable Farmers—comfortable men, with a bit of freehold of their own—ask, and take, ten shillings for their day’s lost time in coming to the Poll! I have seen these men, habited in good broad-cloth—well-fed men—demand the accustomed Dinner Ticket at the very Poll-booth—ask for it, in their ignorance, of the Deputy Sheriff himself, and, having obtained it from the Agent of the Candidate, I have heard them plead for another for their bwoys! I don’t know how you managed it at the last Election, or whether you descend to particulars, and to vouchers, in Election matters: I am not speaking of *that* contest; and, in all probability, other special circumstances intervened then to avoid some of the Money, if not of the Ticket-taking, Department; but the Wiltshire Tories are the men to have it, in meal or in malt; and, if you have not discovered the fact yet, rest assured that you will. The principles which carried your last Election are not forgotten; your votes in 1842 on the Tariff and the Corn Bill are not forgotten; and whatever you say now, or do hereafter, you will have, in some shape or other, to liquidate the dishonoured Promissory Note of 1841, and to liquidate it with compound interest. I know the men well—you will know them as well, or better, before they have done with you.

And now, Mr. Sidney Herbert—firm supporter of the *Anglo-Catholic Church*, and, *therefore*, of necessity, a firm supporter of the rights of honourable industry—*Tractarian* member for South Wiltshire, and, *therefore*, “it is gratifying to think,” a representative of one of the most venal constituencies—understand that I quote all this for the fact, and not as admiring either the logic of the *Post*, or the *morale* of the *Standard*—Government representative of *Mr. Peter Borthwick’s party*, which comprises the Young-England, or the Manners-and-Ferrand Section of the House of Commons—a Party, of which it is boasted that all the *rising* young men of the day belong to it—meaning, I suppose, thereby, the young men who have not done growing.—Now, Mr. Sidney Herbert, since we know *who* you are, and since we have established the ground of your public appearance on

the Cat-and-Monkey theory,—don't mistake that point, or suppose for a moment, were it otherwise, that Peel would not as soon put *you* out of political existence, as ever he did the redoubted Peter Borthwick himself, and by a death as ignoble as ever was imposed upon the lid of a snuff-box! —but, understanding all this, let us proceed further with what fell from you on so auspicious an occasion.

“The Doctrines of the League are false in principle; and that proposition you advocate sincerely and heartily.” Say *that* to Peel in the House, and unsay all that I have said above. “You have lately had some experience in the workings of the League:” did you bring the capacity to comprehend them? “Wherever it went its course was marked by disunion and dissension:” where did you gather experience of that assertion? “That might easily be proved by referring to Salisbury:” a small fact for so large an inference, even if the statement were true. “They have sown dissension there among all classes, breaking up the relations of society *holding to each class that their interests were different to the others;*” Young-man, *did* you say this? If so, the least that can be said of you is, that you have mistaken the fact; and that the superstructure of false accusation, based upon it, has fallen—prone, shattered and shapeless, upon the crumbled foundation.

You tell a story of an Irishman who complained to an English Shopkeeper, who offered him six eggs for sixpence, that he could purchase twelve for the same money in his own country, and who on being asked—why he did not stay there? replied—that he could not get the sixpence at home! That is an Irish story: I will put it into English. The eggs *here* are six for sixpence, by the operation of the laws you so sincerely and heartily approve of, whereas, but for these laws, they might be twelve; and by, the operation of the same laws, the poor Englishman is prevented from getting the sixpence, also.

“No ten men could be found who would agree in any Corn Bill that could be proposed, and you, *therefore*, voted for alteration:” I congratulate you on your extraordinary facility for adapting the Sliding Scale to statement and argument. One would think you got your capacity for assertion of the *Standard*, and your logical acumen from the *Morning Post*! You next observe that the League has changed its arguments of late; for that, while it formerly spoke of reciprocity, it now said nothing about it: “wrong

again, for wunce," as Sam Weller says: the League says: and has ever said, that reciprocity is humbug. "They spoke of one man having £100, and another having a horse; but suppose the man did not want to part with his horse, would it do to go to the horse dealer, and give him the £100, and make his bow—would they not think he would have to walk home? (*Laughter!*)" Yes, laughter! but what does it mean? Did you pick it up at "the Corner?" for men do say that you are as anxious to improve the breed of horses as the build of churches; and this must be a specimen of your Stable-craft! Sir, there is a Bill in the Lords nicknamed the Manly Sports Bill: that House is just now signalising itself by hurrying it through all its stages in the short space of three nights. One wonders for a moment what great public principle is at stake, and what should have made the Lords, all at once, such great patrons of Manly-sports! and, upon enquiry, we find that the Bill is an *ex-post-facto*, intended law, to relieve certain Members of the Aristocracy from the penalties of Gambling, impending over them in certain *qui-tam* actions, now brought against them! Rare effort of hereditary legislation! Striking proof of the utility of a House of Lords—a thing to thank God upon! News for the Million! a fact for the "*Great-Fact!*" Congenial legislation, I say, however, again: get you this Bill, Sir, committed to your care, and speak you this speech of yours above, in moving the suspension of the Standing Orders, that this important Bill do pass—as if it were a measure to arrest the cholera; and—I think I can promise you *laughter* from the House of Commons! at all events, the argument would be equally apposite.

"Lord Palmerston managed the Foreign Affairs of this kingdom with great *ability* and great '*acuteness*, but not with great *prudence*:" aye, marry, how prove you that, in the great heap of your wisdom? "He wrote smart diplomatic notes, and left us without a notion who was to take our goods:" Oh! that it were worthy of Lord Palmerston to annihilate such a perky specimen of official juvenality! "That was the reciprocity they must expect. Yet the Anti Corn-law League would have them try them; if they did, they would be like the man who went home on foot after having parted with his £100!" And *this* Young-man, who *can* talk so disjointedly, is not only a member of a Government, so vast in

itself, and so critically poised, as is the Government of England, but he is the Secretary of a Board to which is entrusted the control and management of that Naval Power which is the Back-bone of our strength—nay, which is the very Marrow and Life of that Back-bone! Good Lord, deliver us!

Do you write, Sir, for the *Morning Herald*?—because I observe, that when the *Gazette de Fouchè*, better known as *My Grandmother's Journal*, has something particularly stupid to say, it always knows “a witty friend who remarked to it the other day”—the most appropriate nonsense the Editor can, at the moment, conjure up. So you have, lately, it appears, had some conversation with an “*intelligent gentleman*” about the German Markets; and, “if he were rightly informed,”—a saving qualification,—the Germans are obstinate not to be *compelled* to take our goods, and don't care a farthing about the Repeal of the Corn Laws, as the Russian Growers can under-sell the Germans in their own Markets, while the Russians are equally resolute to get rich by the English mode, as Manufacturers, and, therefore, Russia will not take a yard of our goods—not one!

Why what a melancholy exhibition of chattering imbecility have we not here! It is so wretchedly absurd that its very absurdity makes it difficult to deal with it: as well might Hood run a race with the professors of Mesmerism: the facts of the science would whip double their weight of the wildest cats of his imagination! It seems very easy to say, and to make rational men comprehend, that nobody will sell anything for nothing,—that no nation can be forced to take what it won't take, not even by the help of a packed class-majority in a House of Commons,—that everybody cannot make everything, and that it is one thing to let things take their course, leaving the channels free for industry and capital—another thing to hamper, and cripple, and obstruct them in every direction—setting one class against another, by sacrificing the interests of one class to another, and then helplessly complaining that distress and ill-feeling are the results. These things seem easy to say, and to understand; but when a man talks of going to buy a horse, and of leaving both horse and money with the jockey, and walking home, and puts *that* forward as an illustration of the doctrines of reciprocity and free-trade,—the whole case appears to be past all argument! wherefore, to conclude,—

You say—"I knew there is every disposition on the part of those who hold the reins of power, to uphold, and maintain, the laws as they now are."

Sic, the Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., Anglo-Catholic, Tractarian, Secretary, and cetera. Now for the *Post*: the *Post* says, that it is "An Administration which protects Agriculture, certainly, but—as a matter of expediency, and not of principle!"

Settle it amongst yourselves, gentlemen, settle it amongst yourselves! You think, now, I am delighted with your internal squabbles? Not at all; I will try to reconcile you as far as I can. The Government have the *disposition* to sacrifice the manufacturing interests to the nightmare which rides the Parental Aristocracy of the Land, in parchment visages and red sealing wax eyes—the embodied spirits of their Marriage-settlements; the Government *concede* so much to the power of argument, and the force of Truth, as to admit that this is wrong in *principle*; and the Government intend to weigh each question in the scales of *expediency*, and to take up eventually with that one—which happens to outweigh the other.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Feb. 9, 1844.

No. IV.

A LETTER TO SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART.,
M.P., HER MAJESTY'S SECRETARY OF STATE
FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

RIGHT HONORABLE SIR—I remember, in my boyhood days, when the Clown of the Ring, or the Jack-pudding of a Mountebank, had thrown a treble Somersault, he used to cut a caper, make a face, and—"wait for the applause!" But Tumbling has, since those primitive days, had its march as well as Intellect; and *now* thirty-and-three Somersaults scarcely draw an approving *bravo* from the gallery; whilst it is only when the "Artist" has turned forty, that the spectators cease counting upon their fingers for the purpose of commencing a moderate clapping of hands, the increasing intensity of which is always measured by the nearness of the approach to fifty twirls!

Now it happened, and that very recently, that a Public Character in this particular Department, having a very clear knowledge of the intimate connection between popular astonishment and popular applause; and, again, between popular applause and personal standing with the Master Showman; and, yet again, between personal standing with the Master Showman and a proper claim o'Saturdays upon the Treasury, found it necessary, in order to maintain his footing with all these, to keep on turning and turning, until men sometimes doubted whether he would ever recover a footing again. And so it chanced in the end that he did not; for, as soon as the last-achieved figure palled on the audience, he resolutely made another twirl, and so recovered his lost ground. All things must, however, come to an end at last, Somersaults included: forty-six twirls had their day, and then forty-seven revived the public approval; forty-seven followed the fate of forty-six, and then, by a desperate spring, forty-eight were achieved; men yawned at forty-eight—and then, at the expense of a blood-vessel, forty-nine re-awoke the general enthusiasm: forty-nine were ultimately voted

slow!—What was to be done? *Coute qui coute*, the House must be brought down! and he bent himself to the struggle, at achieving the fiftieth—a half-jubilee of twirls! The force of tumbling, however, could no further go: nature refused to carry him once more to his heels; but, stopping halfway, pitched him on his head, dislocating his neck, to the great satisfaction of a very crowded house, who had enjoyed an entertainment “not in the bills,” and all the more acceptable for being unexpected and gratuitous. So the body of the Tumbler was laid upon the sawdust-harrow, and wheeled out of the ring—a *dead-proof* that men cannot go on turning for ever, without a great risk of fatal consequences.

It appears to me, Sir James, that you may learn a lesson from the fate of this poor Tumbler, if you will apply it to your speech of Tuesday night, on Irish affairs, and especially to so much of that speech as relates to *my* question;—in which attempt, for the sake of old recollections of Corn and Currency, put forth by you when you were a decent Public man, and no Tumbler, I shall endeavour to give you a little assistance, so that you may save your political neck, if you can, either by pleading benefit of clergy, or otherwise, as the case may be.

In reference to the silly (for it must be admitted to be the silly) argument that a *secret* agreement is an essential condition of the crime of Conspiracy, you said that—One of the most sagacious of living men—the Duke of Wellington—had recently drawn your attention to one of the most profound thinkers that ever lived amongst women: the Duke had called your attention to the following passage in Madame De Stael’s History of the French Revolution:—“In these days *on ne conspire pas que sur la place*,” and hence it was, you said, that, in these times, Leaguers meet in Theatres, Demagogues spout in Market Places, and Conspirators build Conciliation Halls, to disseminate sedition and disaffection amongst the Multitude! And the Papers record the fact that your reference to the League was received with “Immense cheering from the Ministerial Benches, followed by loud derisive counter cheers from the Opposition.”

Now, we need not go to our Dictionaries, or to the Books, I presume, to prove that, etymologically, the word “Conspiracy” involves no other idea than that of a mutual agreement, and that in law it is—*such* a mutual agreeing to do something, which shall be unlawful to be done. There is no

idea of secrecy involved in the matter; and the popular notion—a notion very widely spread and entertained, nevertheless—is wrong. Yet this very popular fallacy is involved in Madame De Stael's "*very remarkable*" saying, which has the additional *profundity* of being untrue in fact, since *secret* conspiracies, so far from having ceased altogether, giving place to conspiracies *sur la place*, happen to be the very natural, and most usual, form which a conspiracy takes, in law.

The saying, then, of Madame De Stael is about as idle a conceit in words as ever a chattering old woman wrote in the most chattering of languages, or as ever a chattering old woman of the other sex retailed. If it be otherwise, then the remarkability and profundity of this phrase must lie in its mixed fallacy and falsehood, which are, no doubt, profound and remarkable enough for a Statesman by position, who fancies he can settle such questions as those of Ireland, and of Free Trade, by a trumpery quotation—a bit of smart millinery philosophy—from Madame De Stael!

But wherefore the League, Sir James? Do you place us in the same category with the convicted Traversers in Ireland as a figure of speech, or as a great fact? If the former, how unfit to be a Minister of the Crown is the man who, for so wild and harmless a fling, could evoke such a spirit as this is like to conjure up! If the latter, you have but one course to pursue, in justice to your own position, and in justice to the Crown! We spit at you, and defy you, Sir James—do your worst!

Do your worst; and, in doing it, do your duty! Indict the League leaders; if there be anything in your rhetoric, why *then*—Sauce for O'Connell is sauce for Cobden; you can pitchfork Cotton Twist and the WEEKLY CHRONICLE into the Indictment, as Alphabet Smith did Dr. Gray and the *Dublin Freeman*; and be sure that, in ransacking newspapers and tracts for materials, you do not omit to set out at length the Cumberland Landowner's pamphlet, which the League is certainly liable for circulating, if liable for sedition at all. It would be a marvellous and instructive phenomenon to find the pedagogue flogging his pupils for reciting the very lessons he had *conspired* to instil into them. But you know better, Sir James, even in the scope of your small knowledge and lesser judgment. The Attorney General for England is not the Attorney General

for Ireland; you will find no convenient *Shaw-hoy* here to make a farce of Trial by Jury; and, unless you could lay your venue in Berks or Bucks, or some *cognate* county, as the *Spectator* might call it, there are no twelve men in *this* country who would not read you a salutary lesson on your unfitness for the situation you fill; and if there were, there is not one Judge on the English Bench, or, if one, but one, who would charge *home* enough for a verdict. Yes, you know better; and this fling at the League is but the *one* more Somersault, flung in the desperate attempt to extort the applause.

Tame and flat fell the cold periods upon the ear, second-hand as they were uttered from the promptings of Peel; and you, whose extravagances, since you took to tumbling, have taught men not to admire slight exertions in that way, know well that nothing is so likely to bring down the House, or, at least, a certain portion of the House, as abuse of the League—hence your extra Somersault. Yes, abuse of the League was the sure signal for applause—abuse of the League, which has been found powerful enough to extricate a Ferrand from his native insignificance—abuse of the League—above all, a sort of inferential questioning of its legality by a Cabinet Minister, *was* a sure card; and you, a desperate gamester, had the audacity to play it—but you know better; and if you do not, Peel and Sir Frederick Pollock do; and, if they do not, why—so much the better for the cause!

Still it is marvellous that so wild a man should be intrusted to say anything, but what is strictly set down for him to say, by those who have some remnants of discretion left. Does not O'Connell see, in your present compact with Monopoly, another element of weakness in the present Administration, and another encouragement for an agitation, which threatens the integrity of the Empire itself? And do you, a Minister of the Crown—a Cabinet Minister—the Home Secretary—espouse no danger in provoking a Section of the people so large, that, put out of the pale of the law, they are powerful enough to make a law and a land for themselves? Sir James, the League constitutes, and represents—apart from the Monopolist Squires, and a few stubborn Whigs, too few to be worth the trouble of counting—the People of the country: beware how you add to the antipathy of Irish energy the settled, porsevering antagonism of Saxon resolution. Teach us not that the Repeal cause may come

to be identical with the cause of Free Trade; for we are anxious, hitherto, to unite the Empire and not to disintegrate its races; and, while we despise the implied threat, and defy its fulfilment, we cannot be blind to the possible consequences of such insanity as yours—we cease not the less to deplore the exigency of faction which has placed the safeguard of the Crown, though but for a time, at the discretion of heads so hasty, and of hands so prone as yours; but rest assured, Sir James, that the word-and-the-blow system will not do with us—much less words so loosely uttered, and blows so widely bestowed.

And, now, think of the Tumbler's fate—see in it the end of Political extravagance—each according to its fitness, and in sequence with its proper cause,—and be wise, modest, and moderate in time. Have mercy on your old associates and, if not mercy on them, have mercy on yourself, and strive to form an exception to that rule which says that the Apostate is ever the bitterest persecutor of his abandoned faith. If you cannot do this—and let it be admitted that discretion is difficult where self-reproach must be ever supplying a spur to that impelling necessity which renders it essential that you should strive your utmost to convince your new friends of your new sincerity—your new friends who trust you not, and who look with jealousy on your advancement to a position which many of them were entitled to, if fidelity to a defeated party give any claim to consideration when that party struggles into success,—if that be difficult, not to say impossible, do not strain your capacities too far, for depend upon it we shall tax them to the utmost ere we have done. Keep your Irish Cram for Irish questions, and re-swallow your Landowners' lucubrations for especial Debate with the League. Divide and govern is a good maxim: you will find it difficult to hold the government, though we be divided. Above all things, then, endeavour to husband a little energy for the time which is fast coming, when all shall unite for the interests of all—all seeing clearly that it is by union, and by union alone, that justice for all can be most readily attained; for the time when England and Ireland shall, as one nation, ask with one voice—asking, to have;—when the words of Graham shall be unheard or unheeded in the Debate, the last Pea be discovered under the last Thimble of your brother of the Game;—when Cobden shall dictate to Peel, and the Landocracy look upon the League as the most efficient

Police of a disturbed country, and be thankful accordingly ;—when O'Counell shall find the best Repeal in the repeal of all laws which go to keep up odious distinctions of races and of creeds;—when the two fallacies of Finality and a Fixed Duty shall be cast, by the same hand, down the same gulf, in which the predominance of a Sectarian-minority has been even now thrown; and when the Queen of England, enfranchised from the domination of a faction, shall be the Queen of a People indeed !

In the meantime, you can do something for yourself by not over-taxing your strength in the attempt to perform, à la Grimaldi, in two Houses on the same night. Stick to Peel, Sir James: the Duke is Lord Brougham's especial property. Nevertheless, I confess I am sorry for his Grace; for between the Baron and the Baronet, never was a respectable old Soldier so bespattered and befuddled with fulsome and ridiculous praise.

COTTON TWIST.

16th Feb. 1844.

[NOTE, ON MADAME DE STAEL.—All the Morning Papers conspired to make Sir James Graham quote the passage referred to in the letter preceding "*On ne conspire pas sur la place*;" and as this was not only sheer nonsense but absolutely contradictory to Sir James Graham's argument, we suppose that Cotton Twist, who, we infer, was not in the House on this occasion, gave the Right Honourable Baronet credit for being a better Frenchman than the Reporters, and so, reasoning *à fortiori* on the whole matter, supplied a little harmonizing word of three syllables, which at all events made consistent sense of the matter. What Sir James Graham really did say, was "*On conspire sur la place*"—a very lame attempt at rendering and applying the passage referred to; and not at all complimentary to the literary acquirements, or logical acuteness, of either His Grace the Duke of Wellington or my man James. It would have been better, certainly, to have gone to the Lady before abusing her; but Cotton Twist is thorough John Bull, and, though a Free Trader, he seems to recognise no other utility in Foreigners but as objects of traffic. In all probability he would scarcely think it necessary to re-allude to the subject, as the argument is not effected by the correction which we supply, and which we cannot do better than supply in the words of the *Globe*:—"Madame de Staël, in describing the first inroad of military government in France, by the *purge* made of the two legislative councils by Augereau (acting as cat's-paw to Bonaparte), says '*La veille du jour funeste chacun savait qu'un grand coup allait être frappé; car, en France ON CONSPIRE TOUJOURS SUR LA PLACE PUBLIQUE, ou plutôt on ne conspire pas, on s'excite les uns les autres, et qui sait écouter ce qu'on dit saura d'avance ce qu'on va faire.*'....." On the eve of the fatal day every one knew that a great blow would be struck; for in France men always conspire in open forum, or rather they don't conspire, they *excite* each other: and any one who knows how to listen to what is said, knows beforehand what will be done.'"]

V.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEELE,
BART., M.P.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,—Two purposes, at least, have been served by your two years' possession of office—dating that possession from the date of your first prescription since your last appearance as State-Quack to John Bull—two purposes have been served—1st, the purpose of “a heavy blow” to that feeling of confidence in a political leader without which the majority of to-day may be converted into the minority of to-morrow; and, 2dly, the purpose of “a great discouragement” to that party vanity—

“Which having, unto truth by telling it,
Made such a sinner of its memory
As to credit its own lie”—

claimed, and, with seeming faith in that claim, official aptitude as the peculiar and inalienable characteristic of a genuine Tory.

True, the *Morning Post* may fall back upon its own denunciations of your dubious policy—its misgivings of your renegade associates in power; but it is very certain that, however congenial these denunciations and misgivings might be to the feelings of a large number of your supporters, their fears, or their judgments, have obtained the mastery, and they have learned to look upon you, and to act under you, for the time being, as the great political necessity of their day.

But set these aside, and it is more certain, that many of those who loved you least did homage to your assumed practical character and official aptitude: they looked upon you as the right heir to all that *prestige* which the unblushing effrontery and vanity of Party had conspired to invest that Faction with from which you have descended. There is, then, a purpose served, setting aside that other purpose for the present—there is, then, a purpose served, in your last accession to Office, which must have disabused thousands; and, not to crowd examples unnecessarily into one Letter, which the exigence of the Printer requires should be

a short one, let us read one result aloud for the public instruction, in the issue joined between your Government and Ireland, *quoad* the League.

If there ever was an occasion which called for statesmanship, or which offered a most brilliant reward to the Statesman, that occasion and that offer were presented in the Sister Country on the eve of the recent trials. Thinking men of all parties saw and conceded the infinite peril of the agitation then in its full career; and those who wished best to Ireland as clearly saw how deeply and how intimately her moral and physical well-being were connected with the inviolability of her union with this Country. Granting, and granting cheerfully, to Ireland all the virtues which Irishmen, or which her adopted Englishmen, "more Irish than the Irish," claim for her;—admiring the frank-hearted generosity of her people;—admitting her wrongs, and, for the sake of that admission, forgiving, or rather smiling at, the brand sought to be affixed on the name of Saxon, it seemed, nevertheless, essential that Ireland should be saved from the temporary insanity of Ireland, and that the integrity of the empire should be preserved even at the sacrifice of some personal liberty of the subject. I do not say this, let it be understood, in the language of criticism, but in that of exposition: right or wrong, *that* was the conviction of the thinking and influential mind of the country; it presented a great opportunity for a great Statesman to have taken advantage of—an opportunity which a great Statesman would not have failed to seize upon, and to convert into a means of establishing his reputation and of consolidating his power: What did Political-necessity Peel?

I stop not to recapitulate all the blunders, large and small, which go to make up that great aggregate blunder, which, from all the materials, decently managed, of a great triumph, has manufactured the most disgraceful and deplorable defeat that ever reudered ministry discreditable in the eyes of a free and a thinking people;—I stop not to recapitulate these, in my admiration of that great resulting blunder to which I have last adverted. Why Repeal, wild and visionary though it be in its conception—destructive in its consequences, and wicked in its advocacy, did not the strong and goading provocation somewhat excuse it—Repeal of the Union, grows respectable, when compared with the impotence of the powers which he

to oppose it; and far-seeing men discover less of danger in the unmeasured denunciations of O'Connell, than in the blundering patch-up-i-uess of the officials of Peel.

The moral effect has been overlaid, and crushed, past the power of an unexpected exhibition of cleverness on the part of your Irish Attorney-general to give it even a galvanic existence, much less a living force and effect. Don Cossack Smith, as the *Globe*, wittily enough, re-christens him, may retrieve himself, lawyer like, and not the less readily because an uneven temper, and the detracting spirit of party, have caused him to be a little under-rated; but he cannot retrieve his case, or regain for you the opportunity which he and others have, from the first, combined to wreck.

Your Home Secretary, too, must, under your very nose, and at the very moment that your friends and his were copying after their own tame fashion the proceedings of the League—Your Home Secretary must assimilate the proceedings of the League to the proceedings of the Repealers—assimilating them at the very moment that your friends were taking Counsel's opinion for themselves, and for the League, as to the Legality of both their agitations. Here, then, was the crowing apex of all this folly: if the League be as guilty as O'Connell, then is O'Connell as innocent as the League; and England is committed, as well as Ireland, to the mercy of conspirators *sur la place*!

You are a great man, Sir Robert; but confess, nevertheless, that this matter has been sadly mismanaged—confess that it was unwise in a Minister of the Crown to lead to the inevitable inference that O'Connell had been the object of a most unjustifiable persecution, by loosely and indiscriminately levelling the counts of his indictment at the heads of Cobden and the Free Traders of England. We give the Government full credit for an intimate knowledge of the merits of their case against O'Connell. *We* do what we do openly, in the face, not only of thousands of Spectators, but in the hearing of Reporters who repeat what we do to the understanding of millions of our Countrymen;—the evidence then against us is as fully before the Government as is the evidence against the Repealers in the Sister Country: If our crime be legally the same in degree, we have no reason to be shy or ashamed of our brother Conspirator, however mistaken he may have been in the confessedly legal object he sought to accomplish; and we are neither shy nor ashamed of him.

He has come amongst us once more, and we have heard him speak of Armies of Leaguers marching on to the victory of principle; the journals of your party have caught eagerly at the words, in the miserable attempt to wrest them from their true meaning and import; but *we*, the Six-thousand who heard him! now see plainly how little reliance is to be placed either upon the tory reports, or the police commentaries, which have been relied upon for conviction. We see plainly, now, how a combination of Newspaper hirelings who write for excitement,—of lawyers who seek to signalise themselves,—of witnesses eager to attract the favourable notice of those in power,—of Judges who, so far from being of Counsel for the Prisoner, scruple not to become of Counsel for the Crown,—of Jurors prejudged, if not pre-judging as to the result,—we see plainly now, how these may pervert an honest man's honest meaning into most dishonest intent; and we acquit O'Connell by the burst of generous feeling which welcomed him on his appearance amongst us—by the burst of honest and sympathetic indignation which met his allusion to his possible fate.

Yes, Sir Robert, O'Connell, tried and convicted in Ireland, has been upon his trial once more, in England, and he is acquitted. If you had wanted an excuse for letting the matter rest where it now stands, you could not have acted more judiciously; for now to punish would be to abuse the power which you have,—tyrannically and revengefully to abuse it, which it is for Stanley and Graham to do, and not for Sir Robert Peel.

And now, Sir Robert, since the destinies of this great country are committed on all hands to the controlling and directing influences of Conspirators *sur la place*,—and since the official aptitude of Yourself and Co. has so notoriously failed in this important particular, delegate to us, if you are wise, the integrity of the Empire, and the question of Repeal. In the process of that wide-spread and increasing agitation which we have mapped out,—which, at the request of the Dukes of Buckingham and Richmond, Mr. Platt has declared to be strictly legal, and which we fully intend to pursue, whatever any one member of any one of the four Inns of Court may say of it, we have not the remotest intention of omitting Ireland: we will pour into Ireland the knowledge and continuous power of this country; intelligence and energy we shall find there, and English

Capital and industrial skill will follow. We will show them, arithmetically and practically, that the two Countries can go on best together; and that, united, both English and Irish may expect to be much better fed, and much better clothed, and much better taught, and much better governed, than as separate and independent Kingdoms.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Feb. 23 1844.



No. VI.

FREE TRADE! PLENTY TO DO! HIGH PROFITS
GOOD WAGES! AND CHEAP BREAD!

PHILO TWIST TO COTTON TWIST.

DEAR COUSIN TWIST,—You are a Man of One-idea ;—now don't double up that formidable fist of yours as if you were Cousin Ulick of *Fraser's Magazine*, and I no other to you than Barry Lyndou about to experience some of the earlier portions of Barry Lyndon's luck: you are *notoriously* a Man of One-idea; and, let the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle* say what he will, in inviting you to "range over the whole field of Politics," although you may, at times, bang away right and left, with a little of your spare powder and shot, I know you too well not to know that you will never take a deliberate and lengthened aim at any other than your own favourite description of game. To borrow a piscatorial metaphor, seeing that we have got upon sporting similes, if you do, now and then, angle for other and smaller fry, it is but to bait your hook with for the fish of your choice—the Triton of the Stream!

No disparagement in that, Cousin; for to Men of One-idea the world is more deeply indebted than men of many ideas, or, to speak by the card, of many objects, wot of. Men of One-idea have been, in fact, the pioneers of events, in contradistinction to men of many ideas, who have been but the pioneers of thought. Let us admit and commend all that is good in these last, but let us also never forget the amount of good the world has derived from the Man of One-idea. It was a Man of One-idea that led to the abolition of the accursed Slave Trade, so far as our own free England is concerned: it was a Man of One-idea to whom we are indebted, under God, for the removal of the Plague-spot of Colonial Slavery—the noble and Christian act which has written a fairer page in British history than was ever before penned: it was a Man of One-idea that laid the foundation of Dungeon Reformation, and led to the extinction of Prison Atrocities, in the darkness of which the speculative

tortures of Model Prisons in our days are sunlight itself: it was a Man of One idea that, subject to the same directing influences, stayed the horrors of the Small-pox by the introduction and establishment of Vaccination: it was a Man of One-idea that brought the New River to the Metropolis: and it was a Man of One-idea whose monomania resulted in lighting up all England with Gas! Take, therefore, no shame to yourself that you are a Man of One-idea; but believe that other grievances may exist, worthy of especial notification, besides the grievance of the Corn and Provision Laws; and, in the intervals of your more laboured breathings, let a smaller man say a word or two about those smaller matters—matters, videlicet—the enclosed.—Yours ever, PHILO TWIST.

* * The Printer of the *Weekly Chronicle* begs to certify that the above and also the subsequent Letter, were received by him in an Envelope,—addressed to himself, as aforesaid—in Mr. Twist's own handwriting; and which Envelope contained also an Autograph Note of which the following is a true copy:—

“Mr. Printer—Let the enclosed appear in the *Weekly Chronicle*, so far as my consent be requisite.—C. T.”

And, the Editor not dissenting, the Printer has great pleasure in complying with this request, as Mr. P. Twist's copy is much better copy than Mr. C. Twist's copy, which last only one man in the Office can read—a very awkward affair, as every Printer would tell him, when matter comes in late in the week.—Dated, Imposing Stone, Friday Morning.

TO SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, KNT.,
HER MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

SIR—You have the reputation of being a sensible, well-natured man: that is to say, of more solidity than quickness of parts; and with no disposition at all to render your office a public nuisance to those who are politically opposed to you. I believe you deserve this praise; and however some may affect what is called genius, I think, for myself, that the world in general, and England in particular, are infinitely more beholden to any one round dozen of plain, common sense, practical People, than they are to all the Geuiuses in the land.

To this strong common sense, then, I appeal, and upon this well-natured disposition, I rely, when I ask you to lend the weight of your professional character to disabuse the public mind of two important and very prevalent fallacies: 1st. That an Act of Parliament is the universal *panacea* for all human ills; and, 2d, That the Poor are interested in what is called Cheap Law.

The question, or, rather, the questions, here submitted, occupy a very wide expanse of fact and argument—so wide, that it would be absurd to profess to traverse it within the circumscribed limits of a single letter. It bears, however, such a paradoxical form, as almost to provoke inquiry by the simple statement ; and, relying upon this, I am content to broach the subject, and to indicate, as it were, the grounds upon which I have come to a conclusion so adverse to the general opinion.

If the Law be a scourge, the price of whipcord must have some relative effect to the suffering backs of the million : a sore subject to jest upon ; and an argument rather against the beneficial effect of Cheap Law to any one class of her Majesty's subjects. But Cheap Law is a Will-o'-th'-wisp, as applied to the wealthier and to the mercantile classes—a pretty thing to flatter themselves on, but a simple impossibility while the relations of society continue what they are.

It would be easy to show that Law, in this extended view of it, is a luxury which must be paid for, and which it is better for all, who hunger after the blessings of cheap litigation, should be only available at luxury prices. My purpose, however, is not with the Rich : they, all along, have been making Laws for themselves, and nobody suspects them of any disposition to tax themselves unnecessarily. But to the Poor, what is Cheap Law ? And what have they got by having Justice, as it is facetiously termed, brought home to their doors ?

They have, exchanged for the milder Common Law of the Land, a series of Local Acts, which are no other than Local Oppressions ; they have, substituted for the just and merciful exposition of the Queen's Judges, silly Magistrates, swilled Corporators, and ignorant Tradesmen, all but parties to the issue ; they have, instead of known principles of law and a patient hearing, an exposition which varies with the length of each authority's foot, and three half-minutes, on the average, for evidence and adjudication ; they have, for the respectable Members of a respectable profession, who would dissuade a client from inflicting unproductive misery and ruin, even for a just debt, a class of non-descript practitioners, who partake of the mixed nature of the harpy and the leech, with about as much sense of moral restraint ; lastly, they have, for the better regulated Jails of the State, such atrocities as the Birmingham Black-hole !

Without doubt, there are exceptions to the general sweep of this denunciation : without doubt, there are Magistrates whose services the country could not well spare, for many formal and initiatory steps in the Administration of Justice ; without doubt, there are Corporators, and especially since they have been winnowed by the Process of Election, who might safely be entrusted to arbitrate between Man and Man ; and, without doubt, there are respectable Tradesmen, whose plain, Common Sense, would, in many cases, be better worth even than Common Law. But these are exceptions, and must fall before the rule, the truth of which, none are better persuaded of than those I have excepted from it.

Sir, I will anticipate the only objection : that my argument goes to negative the recovery of Small Debts ; it does, except by regular process of law ; and I justify my views on these grounds. Infinitely out of proportion is the object of recovering Forty Shillings, with the resulting wretchedness—often the utter ruin—which the process occasions. In the majority of cases, two-thirds of this debt represents a fraud and a robbery upon the indigent poor. The system of Huckstering Trust, is one of the greatest evils which afflict the domestic economy of the Poor Man. Too often it tempts the Wife to acts of indiscretion and extravagance : it is a grievous tax, no less on the quality of the article supplied, than on its price ; and, under its influence, comes the long train of misery, headed by the little dirty Shop, which sells everything on a chalk score, down the street, followed by the back-way to the Chequers, the side-door at the Pawnbroker's, the front entrance to the Gin shop—the Scotchman who sells Tea, and calls again for the money—the Duffer, who supplies Gowns and Shawls upon weekly instalments—all ending in the Small Debts' Court, with its merciless verdict, which sweeps away the bed from under the Children, and consigns the Father to a gaol.

Such is the operation of this vaunted system of Cheap Law, as applied to the poor ; and such are the evils which have grown up under it. Would I, then, take away the power of recovering debts under Forty Shillings ? Yes, *this* power—entirely, if I could ; and if that be too much, then the extent of their capability of oppression should be limited to the attaching of wages on some defined scale, involving all

the considerations which bear on the means of existence, and it should stop short of distress and imprisonment. But it would be far better than the present system, by which little good purpose is served, that the poor man should depend upon his own good character for a temporary credit of small extent, where credit is desirable; and it would be as far better for the honest small Shopkeeper to have that character for his sole reliance, than to suffer the competition of the unprincipled and the heartless under the existing law.

If, however, we cannot retrace our steps entirely, we may stop short of any further extension of the system of Cheap Law, applied to the recovery of small debts, all Bills for which should be intitled, "An Act for the more easy Oppression of the Poor, and for the Encouragement of Low Practitioners." Apply this at your leisure, Sir Frederick, to the measure now in your Office, or said to be there, for the erection of County Courts; and, in the mean time, take up, with me, Mr. Watson's Bill, now in the House, for the recovery of sums not exceeding £5, and you will find that it illustrates not only the cheap-and-nasty question, but that other question of the folly of looking towards Acts of Parliament as the universal panacea for all earthly grievances.

For it is a most extraordinary phenomenon, that whereas everybody is sure to meet with something that he does not like, so everybody seems to think that his private nuisance is entitled to a remedy at the hands of Parliament. Thus a Bench of Magistrates quarrel with a Coroner, and Mr. Pakington brings in a Bill to the great increase of Mr. Wakley's habitual watchfulness; a gentleman gets into a snarl with his butler, and Mr. Miles brings in a Bill to amend the Laws of Master and Servant; the Corn-laws offer a premium to land-sharking, and Lord Worsley brings in a Bill for robbing the Public of their Rights of Common, taking care at the same time to throw a large portion of the cost upon the public purse; Juries give inconvenient damages, and a law is passed fixing the penalty for seducing a poor man's daughter at the maximum of £15; the gentle and the noble bring themselves under the lash of the law, for the low vice of hetting; and, because they are noble and gentle, Parliament interferes, and impounds the whipcord which every honest man would desire to see laid on with great force and effect; *the Profession are*

threatened with County Courts, in which Trial by Jury is to be practically cut down three fourths, and from which respectability is to be driven out, by reducing emolument to the level of men sufficiently disreputable to resort to a species of public house and beershop touting for practice, and sufficiently abandoned to make the matter pay by stirring up unceasing strife and litigation, and Messrs. Watson and Jarvis offer a tempting bait to the Squires, in this Bill of Mr. Watson's aforesaid, by proposing to centre in every booby Justice whom party has poked into the Commission of the Peace, the functions of all the Judges of Law and Equity, giving to him also the powers of a Jury, in every matter—not only in matters of debt—in which the sum sought to be recovered, either in satisfaction of debt or damages, does not exceed £5!

A most extraordinary proposition indeed! Fancy Lords Lyndhurst and Denman, with twelve good-and-true Men all thrust into the corduroys, top-boots, and cut-away of one honest Country Gentleman; and, let him be "as honest as the skin between his brows," one cannot avoid laughing at the spectacle—or, rather, one could laugh, even in the face of the judgment seat, but for the havoc about to be done.

True, the Government repudiate this measure, and it will, probably, die a natural death; but the lesson remains intact: through the two fallacies of Cheap Law and a Statutory Panacea have we come to this at last: it is seriously propounded in Parliament—and by two sage, grave men—that everybody who cannot contrive to get into a debt, or to do somebody a mischief, not to be satisfied with the sum of £5, should be put out of the pale of the Law and the protection of a Judge and Jury, be turned over to a Squire and a Policeman, and placed at the same bar with the drunkard, the prostitute, and the thief! Oh, these Parliament men, these Parliament men! Save us, good Mr. Attorney General, from these Parliament men!

COTTON TWIST.

London, March 1, 1814.

No. VII.

FREE TRADE! PLENTY TO DO! HIGH PROFITS!
GOOD WAGES! AND CHEAP BREAD!

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL,
BART., M.P.

RT. HON. SIR—An old Lobby Joke says, that O'Connell, in a frolicsome moment, once upon a time, observing you advancing towards the House, exclaimed—"Here comes Peel on his two left legs!" A sharp and hitting jest! as, by a singular anomaly, the jests of good-natured men generally are; but whether you have two left legs, according to O'Connell, or are deficient of that saving knowledge which enables a Man in Society to know "what to do with his hands," according to the Duke, I leave as an "Open question" for the "White-waistcoats:"—Men who count up their "Responsibilities," as the Yaukees call them, upon their ten fingers, and, having begun again from the beginning and arrived a second time at the middle finger of the right hand, thence glance off furtively at the next in succession, and shake their heads at possibilities—Men, such as these, looking at life through the denser medium of Butchers and Bakers, and such common crockery, are apt to undervalue these higher susceptibilities of a more refined and sublimated order of Society; and I, for one, could forgive you your two left legs, and fancy your hands anywhere out of the way—even in your pockets, and wish you well out of worse scrapes than a Minister may get into, through a momentary fit of rashness, in asking a Queen to honour his poor dwelling by the way, lest it should be thought strange that her Majesty should pass the Manor without adventuring on a call!

Yes, Sir Robert, open *that* door which the im-policy of your Protectionist friends has double-locked and bolted between imprisoned England and the vast World, and all

about Tamworth shall be left unsung and unsaid—yea, be utterly cast into oblivion: lend but *one* hand to unshackle the industry of the country—to throw wide the gates of the greatest of all Union Workhouses—the Workhouse of Monopoly, with its separate class system, and its unproductive labour tests, and we will call that hand, inclusive of its fellow, wherever you may put it, the best and most well-dispositioned hand in the three Kingdoms, not excluding May-fair and its new and rising Colonies in Pimlico and the farther West; and walk hut in a manly straightforward mode, politically speaking, and you may shuffle as you please with your own proper legs, and settle your proper shoulders after your own most approved fashion, before you enter upon the House of Commons: these things, after all, are but the trick of the Player;—a question of O. P. and P. S.; and we are tired, sick, disgusted, with scenic effects. Stage banquets—blown up tissue paper, and painted pasteboard, are no more to our palate; like Orlanda, our deep love can no longer be fed on imaginations; we must have the substance of the thing signified: in fine, we are hungry, and the Chief Cook holds office on the tenure of our patience—a very attenuated and precarious thing!

Wherefore, I say, we care not for your left legs, speaking according to the wisdom of our every-day world, did not man possess a double nature, and were not physical defects too often paralleled by moral deformities. Thus we have squints—physical and mental obliquities of vision,—hump-backs and gibbous minds,—twisted spines and sinuous and distorted reasons; and, as we are familiar with the idea of a mind on stilts, it is not difficult to conceive such a pair as should match the natural two left legs—a pair, of which neither should be right. How stands the case with you? Let my *mise en scene* answer the question as it may.

THE INCOME TAX.

A DOMESTIC INTERLUDE.

ACT 2d, SCENE 1st.—*St. Stephen's Chapel. (A period of two years is supposed to have intervened between this and the preceding act.)*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man-with-two-left-Legs.....Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Forethought (Member for Coventry)....Mr. WILLIAMS.

Rival Forces by the rest of the Company.

THE ARGUMENT.

"SUPPLY.—Mr. WILLIAMS enters into a general survey of the army estimates, which, he contends, are too large to be borne by the country in its present distressed state, and he proposes that they should be referred to a select committee. He warns the right honourable and gallant officer (Hardinge) against making the estimates on the supposition that the country is in a prosperous state; for depression will follow as certainly as night follows day. The right honourable baronet (Sir R. Peel) made a promise that he would give up the income tax next year.

"Sir R. PEEL: *I never made such a promise.* (MUCH LAUGHTER.)!"

There came Peel—ON HIS TWO LEFT LEGS !

You never made such a *promise* ! True, if we are to apply to words a litigious, hypercritical, quibbling mode of construction—if we are to read them like a Special Pleader, specially retained to maul one of Mr. Maule's indictments—if it be required of us that we should produce in evidence a sort of indented public Covenant, *inter partes*, as the lawyers say, between the Recording Angel of the first part, Sir Robert Peel of the second part, and the People of England of the third part—all regularly drawn, fairly engrossed upon parchment, signed, sealed, witnessed, and delivered,—*then*, you *never* made such a promise ! and your assertion is most true. But, if it be true, as Mr. Williams went on to state, that you, "in making your elaborate Financial Statement of 1842, certainly held out the expectation, as one means of soothing opposition, that the Tax would only last three years; and that it was introduced for the purpose of remedying the disorganised Finances of the Kingdom, and to enable you to

make a great experiment on the Tariff;" and, if we are to understand a plain man speaking a plain meaning, when we hold public converse with you, and not feel it requisite to speak by the card, lest your equivocation should undo us,—if we are to consider ourselves, conferring on such questions, as Englishmen talking with an Englishman, in that good old English spirit which speaks and acts upon the square, and would sacrifice an advantage rather than break through an honourable understanding, or rely upon the peddling construction of a word when it should take the broad and apparent intension of the contracting parties—*then* you *did* make such a promise, and your assertion is—what it is impossible to characterise fully in words, for it is worse than untrue, it is base, mean, unworthy of Sir Robert Peel.

You made no reply to the second appeal of Mr. Williams—I trust you were ashamed of this last specimen of your Political morality, shuffling along on its two left legs. The reply was, it appears, received with "much laughter" by the Marriage-Settlement and Mortgage-Deed Members behind you—let us hope that we are not to accept that as ominous of an intended re-imposition of Peel's Peculiar. Not that we suppose you have chosen these men for your confidants; but a truth will sometimes escape, however incautiously, from lips as cautious as your own; and "much laughter," at such a contingency as would then await the country, might be accepted as a further indication, upon that principle of instinct which elevates brutes into the character of Prophets with reference to foul weather.

What then? Where insincerity has been the rule, and the progressive abandonment of every principle previously advocated, the life-practice, of a man, it may become a question whether the right of others to complain of his deceptions does not altogether perish from efflux of time. When the Irish Horse-stealer confessed judgment, and the verdict went to the jury as a mere matter of form, they unanimously acquitted him! "Gentlemen," expostulated the Assistant Barrister, "he has confessed himself to be guilty!" But the Foreman, who appears to have been a practical Philosopher, not at all afraid to carry out the principle, replied—"Thruce for your Hanner; but we knew him to be the biggest liar in all Connamorc!"

Now this is what the lawyers call "a strong case," nevertheless, I think if you were ambi-dexterous, as well as left legged, you might "run on all fours" with it up to the present time.

COTTON TWIST.

London, 8th March, 1844.

VIII.

STEALING MADE EASY!

A LETTER TO COTTON TWIST FROM PHILO-TWIST.

Cousin Twist—The “Capacity” of “a mere Representative of the Agricultural Interest,” is, says the *Times*, “most intensely stupid and vulgar!”—What, then, is the “Capacity” of “a mere representative” of the Money Power?

Turn with me aside, dear Cousin, and let the Magnificent Exposition, by Cobden, of the issue of Protection on the interests of the Tenant Farmer satisfy the one great object for one little week, and let us seek in the high-and-bye paths of Legislation for two instances which shall justify the assertion and answer the question, proving at the same time, that while *both* Representatives are vulgar—as vulgar as the most hungry and ignorant greed can make them,—and if one be more cunning than stupid, while the other is more stupid than cunning, they are both alike well-matched in dishonest self-seeking—alike, I quote the *Times* once more, but upon a principle broader than it suits the politic policy of the *Times* to take—alike in their “pith and substance,” which “is neither more nor less than to take from the Poor and give to the Rich.”

At the risk of offending the delicate susceptibilities of Lord Brougham, let me add that that is, practically, a God-denying principle; and, with the certainty of extending that offence to a few who call themselves Liberal, and who, if Husting-speeches were conclusive evidence of the fact, might be taken so to be, let me quote my instances without further preface, for the opportunity is brief and the subjects large: They are, the Government Measure for Reducing the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cents, and Lord Worsley's Bill for the Enclosure of Common Lands.

1st. It may seem a great stretch of Quixotism, both in a financial and a popular point of view, to attack this pet

project of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Government stands sponsor to it; the Whig Ex-Chancellor praises its honesty; wealthy Members of the House, representing all interests and all parties, approve of it; the Funds are but slightly affected by it, and "fair people"—indifferent people, fancy because the holder has a given time to dissent, and, dissenting, may be paid out, that all this is right and just enough: then a slice off the Debt is a popular thing, and the country is to save £600,000 per annum at once, and ultimately £1,200,000, and that is a popular thing again! Cousin, these things are as transparent as the purchases of a Government Broker, done with the facetious notion of Sustaining the Market, when, in fact, they sustain nothing but the Broker's commission: the process is neither right nor just.

Is the Country in a condition to pay off this amount of Debt, *bona fide*? No. How then comes it that the more than One Hundred Thousand holders of this Stock are expected—as they are expected for the most part—to surrender one fourteenth of their incomes into the Public-treasury now, and a further fourteenth at the end of ten years, upon a Parliamentary pledge that nothing more shall be taken from them, in this fashion, for ten years thenceforward to ensue? And how comes it, again, that the means are expected to flow in from bidders upon the opportunity, offering to substitute their Capital for the Capital of such as elect to be paid off? The answer is—there is much unproductive Capital in the Country, many Millions lying idle which the holders would be too happy to invest in a marketable security, bearing interest in the mean time at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent,—quite enough of the Millionaire Merchant, or Banker, and of the many-millioned Dealer in money, to rush in and supply all vacancies: the answer, again, is, that of the holders, some 40,000 receive dividends not exceeding £10 per annum, some 25,000, dividends not exceeding £20 per annum, some 40,000, and more, whose dividends do not exceed £100 per annum; and, between their poverty and their age, and their ignorance of what to do, and their bodily infirmities, and the distances they live, and the costs which dissent would incur, and the not knowing what to do at the moment with their little capitals, and the present state of the Money Market—a glut created by Monopoly-robbery, and Tariff-

humbug—these people, the widow and the fatherless, the infirm—the helpless from a thousand causes, lie at the mercy of an ingenious Chancellor—powerless before the Money Power—despoiled of two, several-fourteenths of their little properties by a process which Mr. Goulburn, no doubt, thinks Clever, which Mr. Baring calls Honest, but which I call—Stealing made Easy!

Nearly 40,000 persons receive from this stock, in half-yearly dividends, sums not exceeding £5 each. Many of these have no other dependence, no other means of subsistence, than three shillings and tenpence and a fraction, on the average, per week. They go for the half-yearly £5, and are fobbed off with Four pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence halfpenny! It should be rather more than that,—an undivided fraction of a farthing, which being indivisible, the government will be sure to retain in its own pocket,—it always does. So of the next twenty and five thousand, whose half-yearly dividends are satisfied with sums not exceeding £10: each £10 shall be paid with Nine Pounds Eleven Shillings and Five Pence Farthing, if the Bank does not, as is highly probably, refuse to admit, with Brummell, the knowledge of so insignificant a coin, taking care, however, after the same fashion, to retain it, with its fractions aforesaid. And, as a salve for this sore, they have the consoling reflection, that it is folly for them to live in hopes that the times will mend, as ten years hence, when they are ten years more helpless, and have ten years more of wants added to their present necessities, they will have to submit, with lesseued means, to as large, and, comparatively, therefore, to a larger reduction!

These things seem small; and to men who revel in thousands, by the thirty, and the forty, and the fifty per annum, it may be necessary to speak of more appreciable items. Take the case of the Widow charged with the education of three daughters and a son, and whose whole income consists of some £200 a-year issuing out of these funds. This is comparative affluence; and how does it affect her? It doubles—in ten years it will treble—the Rent and Taxes of the small Cottage, to which, in some retired village, she has retreated from motives of economy: it is £14, and more, taken from her annually, now—in ten years it will exceed £28 per annum; and the little luxuries to which she was born, and which from long use have grown into necessities, must be foregone; the very limited supply of very

humble Marsala must be given up; "No Spring-hounnets, my dears, this year; how lucky those Merinos will turn; the washing must be done at home, and we will all try our hands at clear-starching; 'tis a pity that Bobby's pony should be sold, but lame George, who lives on the edge of the Common, and drives a rude, home-constructed cart, between this and the next village, a sort of Carrier, has heard his fate from a *Times* Newspaper at the Barley Mow: Lord Worsley is coming to rout them all out, and Hay and Oats are out of the question—so Bobby's pony must go!" And these are the holiday patnetics which may reach the daintier apprehensions of the men of thirty, and forty, and fifty thousand a year! I profess no want of sympathy with these; it would be strange did I possess such want: but I confess that my indignation is most earnest when I think of the remorseless cruelty with which this proposition attacks the shillings, the pence, and the farthings of those to whom farthings represent substantial necessities, pennies impart considerations of the value and worth of a penny, and to whom a shilling saved is comparative affluence to their ordinary estate.

Now is this thing worthy of a Great Nation? Can we expect any blessing to attach itself to £600,000, or to £1,200,000 per annum so made up? Should a Government be tolerated which holsters itself up in this fashion? We talk of American Repudiation in a tone highly complimentary to our national vanity; but if American Repudiation be Highway Robbery, this experiment of Mr. Goulburn appears to me to partake of the Kinchin-lay—the pushing of little children into the gutter [*vide* *Oliver Twist*], and taking the sixpences from their hands while pretending to pick them up—the sixpences which their mothers intended for the grocer, or the butcher, as the case might be.

2d. Manifesting the same disregard of individual right, but between men in their private capacities, comes my Lord Worsley's Inclosure Bill—a Measure on a par with the one preceding in moral dignity, but disgusting in another sense, from the hypocrisy which puts it forward as a Measure intended for the benefit of the Poor. "Touching the Free Trade question," said a farmer at a recent agricultural meeting, "he thought it was the duty of every man, in the first instance, to look to his own family, and then to see what he could give to others." Precisely so—meaning, by "looking to his own family," the taking from others, in the

first place, to the full measure of his own satisfaction; after which, he will consider what he will give back—he will *see* about it. Having taken all, he will return the loose sixpences, to pay turnpikes—or, rather, he will “see” *what* he can do! And this is precisely the principle of Lord Worsley’s Bill. The type of his class, he will look to his own family in the first instance: he will take the land, and two Squires and a Parson, with a hatch of Commissioners, to be paid for by the public, will decide upon what accommodation the public shall have in Turnpike Roads! And all this with a hypocritical pretext of benefiting the Poor, from whom the Bill takes all,—the cottage, and the pig, and the grazing for the colt, and the run for the geese and the children,—all at one swoop,—promising, in return, work,—such work, at such pay, as agricultural labourers are blessed with! A monstrous delusion,—a wicked injustice,—land-sharking on the largest scale,—a clutch at all the Commons of England with a single stretch of the arm—all to be taken from the poor and given to the rich,—a statutory right created for the benefit of those who have now no such right,—a wresting from those who have little, the little which they have—a giving to those who have all but this, the little which they now have not;—Plunder by Act of Parliament,—Stealing made Easy, again!

It is marvellous to me how men, who thus seem to act upon a principle which cuts at the root of all right of property, should expect the Poor, who are thus despoiled, to manifest, after such a specimeu of modern “Philosophy teaching by example”, any very high notions of the inviolability of property in the abstract; or how my Lord Worsley, having, according to the old rhyme, taken the Common from the Goose, can, in his magisterial capacity, with any degree of face, commit a poor wretch for stealing a Goose from the Common. If we are to punish offences for their magnitude, and if the one be subject to imprisonment and the treadmill, clearly the other should be a transportable offence.

But let that pass, with many other arguments which might be urged, for the sake of devoting the few lines open to me to a passing comment on a remark which fell from an Honorable Member, in the Debate on the Second Reading of this Bill:—“Mr. Darby would vote for the Second Reading, as, in his own experience, he had invariably found that the most wretched people were those

living on the edges of Commons." A marvellous instance of cause and effect! Mr. Darby is clearly calculated to shine as a logician — an intellectual Darbie! The most wretched people are those who live on the edges of Commons! so it may be said of those who live in the Blind-alleys of London: *Argal*, it is the fault of the Blind-alleys; turn these into Fine-streets, and there is an end of the "most wretched people!" Some such proposition was made, a Session or two ago, in the other House, and abandoned, as it did not very clearly appear how the wretched people could pay the advanced Rents, or what sort of Refuge they could fly to next. So of Commons: the wretched people fly to them as to a Refuge; they do not make them. Nevertheless, hunt them down; it is a glorious crusade, this crusade against wretchedness. We do not like it in our Streets, and one great duty of the Police is to keep it out of our sight; Mr. Darby does not like it at the edges of Commons, where his experience has invariably found it, and therefore he votes for the second reading of a Bill which is, summarily, to eject it from that locality. Poor hunted. Wretchedness, sore-foot, fevered, and wearied, as thou art, will no man yield thee a moment's rest and shelter—no man give thee a crust and a cup of cold water, in the name of God!

PHILO TWIST.

London, March 15, 1844.

No. IX.

THE MISCHIEF OF GOOD INTENTIONS.

A LETTER TO LORD ASHLEY, M.P.

My Lord—Roughly, but forcibly, the old Proverb says that—"Hell is paved with good intentions!" And if the excellency of the intention is to be inferred from, and if it exist in any quantity corresponding to, the amount of folly involved in, and of mischief consequent on, the sayings and doings of that class of Men at which the wisdom of the Proverb is levelled—I do suppose that the Devil need dig in no other Quarry; for, in this one, the supplies of Paving-stone promise to be lasting and plentiful to the end of time!

The very mildest thing that charity the most tolerant can predicate of the acts of such men is, that their lives constitute a series of misdirected efforts; but, upon a sterner, and as I think, a truer estimate of their merits, they may be written down as specimens of humbug, hypocrisy, and sheer fatuity.

Thus, when the Lord Mayor of London, consorting with some idle old women in the City, commences shirt and petticoat making on a large scale, in opposition to the Jew slop-sellers, and gravely propounds in Committee the Resolution that no Sempstress, employed by the Charity, shall be allowed to earn more than fifteen shillings per week,—that is Humbug! For it is impossible that a man who has kept sbop, and bought and sold himself into a fortune, and into the position of Alderman and Chief Magistrate of London, should not know better than to suppose that the "Song of the Shirt" can be changed into a Hymn of Praise and Thankfulness by such means as these. Wherefore we can afford to let the Lord Mayor down easily, and step over him hoddily in our progress, since small evil, except the evil encouragement of a vicious example, is likely to result from such foolscap folly as this: then, a certain amount of humbug seems as essential to the character and office of a Lord Mayor as a certain amount of hospitality; and, indeed, and

perhaps, a little excess of the former may, happily, stand in place of a corresponding deficiency in the latter; but howsoever *that* may be, *this* is Humbug!

Next comes my Lord Worsley with his Enclosure Bill,—or, as Cousin Philo christens it, the “Stealing-the-Common-from-the-Goose Bill,”—brought forward for the practical and palpable object of ousting the Nation from all the Commons of England, for the private benefit of a small but wealthy section of the community, by the conversion of mere manorial and commonable rights, of a shifting, uncertain, and trivial account, into valuable Estates in fee-simple, for their private behoof; and brought forward, again, and supported, on the pretext of affording employment for the poor:—that is Hypocrisy! To be sure it may be Hypocrisy—and “Something more:” as if a man should steal broad-cloth and double-milled kerseymeres by the piece, and then justify the theft on the ground of his intention to employ certain destitute Tailors in cutting out and making up the plunder into coats and waist-coats, for the personal use of the marauder: the act may be “Something more” than Hypocrisy, but the pretext is not the less disgustingly hypocritical.

Last, my Lord, of yourself, when, noticing the wretchedness of the habitations of the Poor, you set up a Joint-Stock Building Society, which was at once to return a good interest on invested Capital, and supply Semi-palaces to Paupers—a project which the smallest Master Mason that ever scraped up employment for himself and one Jack’s-as-good-as-his-Master sort of assistant, would have shown you by the help of an old door and a piece of chalk, was a gross self-delusion; for the wretchedness of the habitation is but the counterpart of the wretchedness of the Tenant, and it is but a howling mockery to ask, from such sources, a Dividend for investments in Mason and Carpenter and Plumber’s work:—that was Fatuity!

Wherefore, I say again, leaving the Lord Mayor and Lord Worsley to pair off at their leisure, and treating you with a Charity the most tolerant, the very mildest thing we can predicate of your acts is, that they are the result of misdirected efforts. Now, I confess that I have a perfect horror and disgust of this class of men, wherever I meet them: I abominate them, whether I find them in the ranks of my own friends, or in the files of those who are politically opposed to me—whether they are to be considered as the Snay-hoys, or the Pests of the

Party to which they nominally belong ; and, to me, the sort and amount of leniency and favour, with which they are treated on all hauds, is as extraordinary in its nature, as it is provoking in its operation, and dangerous in its practical effects. Opponents, trusting and presuming on the tendency of all practical follies to defeat themselves, get up a character for fairness, doing, at the same time, a little mischievous bye-play, by praising the "excellent disposition of the Noble Lord,"—sometimes, also, throwing in the extrajudicious stroke of a stray vote or so ; on the other hand, political friends, of a better ballasted intellect, get rid of an inconvenient burst of philanthropy by—"regretting the impossibility of supporting a proposition so correct in feeling, so evidently the result of that pure and amiable spirit which has rendered my noble friend so estimable to all who have the honour, &c. &c.,—that nothing but the sternest sense of duty, &c. &c.;" and so the humbug goes on, and is echoed by that powerful reflector of humbug, the British Press, until it begins to be believed in, like *Candide's* Griffins ! and, at last, some such nonsense as a Ministerial defeat, in the run of folly, on a Bill for regulating the hours of labour, is the result.

I am almost glad of it, for the lesson it reads, whether that lesson be read to yourself, in the possible success of a juggle to get rid of the entire Bill ; or to the Government, in the springing of a countermine, when they thought that, with Whig assistance, they were strong enough to take off their Whip,—to take credit with your sort of man for making the question an open one, enabling a few who follow you to throw dust into the eyes of the poor, and do a spiteful thing by the Manufacturers at one and the same time ;—or whether, again, the lesson be read to those who fall into the folly of flattering mischievous meddlers, "with the goodness of their intentions!"—a flattery which, after all, however gratifying the absurdity may be to such political Pharisees, is but a polite way of calling a man a—fool ! For each and all of those reasons, I am almost glad, I say, that the lesson has been read ; but, for the sake of the more useful moral, let us trace out this folly to its results.

Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, you know ; *anglicé*, for my Lord Worsley—when he has succeeded in taking the Common from the Goose, let him beware lest the Goose reclaim it, after it has been reclaimed into something more worth the having ; and, sauce for the goose *being* sauce

for the gander: my Lord Ashley cannot object to extending that principle, which is good, applied to one class of factory labour, to every other class of labour whatever, including agricultural labour and the labour of domestic servants.

"Koam, Moidens, gaet oop! eet be vour o'clock a-nigh! Why, Reachard, hist a gwain t'zleep aal day!" Everybody who has sojourned at a farm-house is familiar with these cries. And, let the fashionable Lady be informed, that this is no call to a four o'clock afternoon luncheon, after a supplementary lying down, but a positive, indubitable call to get up at four o'clock in the morning, and out to milking, and the like: four o'clock in the morning!—a very decorous time for the termination of the last Quadrille—a highly proper period at which to order the carriage home from the Card-party; but somewhat early to commence the day's labour—that day which may not terminate till nine at night! Of course, your Lordship will bring in a Bill declaring that if the day of these labourers is to begin at four o'clock in the morning, their night shall commence at two o'clock in the afternoon—of course; the excellency of your Lordship's intentions is guarantee sufficient for that? The cows may low for their evening's milking,—the five-acres may be left three parts mown, or the hay half cocked, with the glass falling,—the pans may be un-set,—the cheese spoiling in the presses,—the horses unlittered,—the pigs unfed,—the mistress in a mixed state of screaming and crying,—the farmer scratching his head, and dom-ing Lords and Commons,—boy Dick grinning! but consistency, consistency is a jewel; and, then, your lordship is such a well-intentioned man!

Have you thought of the operation of this principle on your own Domestic Economy? Of course the Coachman, who takes out the little Honourable Masters and Misses for their mornings' airing, cannot be expected to extend his services beyond the afternoon's drive? The Opera at twelve o'clock at night, or nearer to one in the morning, is entirely out of the question, and could not be supposed by the Author of a Ten-hours' Bill. On the same principle, the Footman, who waits on the Breakfast Table, would he most shamefully need did you require him to hand round the coffee in the Drawing Room at even; and you must be content to dine at Four o'clock in the afternoon, or breakfast at Eleven, or cut your own bread and butter, and forego all luxuries, or keep two Cooks. As to any refreshment after coming

late from the House, it is madness or wickedness to expect it: your Lordship will have to carry sandwiches, or take a snack at Bellamy's—the Clubs will, of course, all be closed,—and so, letting yourself in with a latch-key, creep to your cold bed, and warm you; for the Servants having got up at Nine in the Morning, their night commenced at Seven in the Evening! and this you must do, or

“Compound for sins you are inclined to,
By damning those you have no mind to,”—

as many of your sort have done before—without losing their character for Good-intent.

I know well the risk I run in saying all this; I know the extent of delusion sought to be practised on the Working Classes by their professed friends, and worst enemies; I know that your Lordship stands Patented to the world for an “excellent-hearted” man; and that those who cannot meet the argument, will take refuge in the “amiability” of your disposition; but I care not for that: I speak to the convictions of every man for whose convictions I care one jot; I despise your well-meaning people, who never, by any chance, do a thing right in principle, or beneficial in effect; there is no mischief on earth so mischievous as the mischief of good intentions; I put aside, on the one hand, the cant of philosophy, which speaks of labour as a dignity, and, on the other hand, the cant of pride, which treats it as a degradation; and I say to the working man it is a pure necessity—and from this fact and its consequences it is a weakness and a folly to shrink.

And out of this very necessity of labour, comes the price of labour; and granted that, to over-task the human energies is, in principle, as unwise, as the practical effects of it are painful to witness, there are two objections which are fatal to direct Parliamentary interference, in that empirical fashion which you propose—two objections, which must be evident to every person who will consider the practicability—first, of fixing prices by Act of Parliament, and, second, of fixing the hours at which every man shall commence and conclude his labour for the day, by the same authority. Let every man bring this to the test of his own experience.—Apply it to the prices of the Butcher, and the Baker, and the Tailor, and the Shopkeeper of every class, not forgetting its self-application;—apply it to the every-day workings of every-day life, not forgetting its self-applica-

tion, again ; and the certain issue will be, that every man, to the extent of his own experience, will find the application of the principle to be inexpedient ; and, so far as it interferes with himself, and his own pursuits, he will ask to be exempted from it.

We need not push the argument into its consequences ; since no man, entitled to be considered and treated as sane, could, after a moment's reflection, suppose, for a moment, that any vote of two Houses of Parliament, though the folly were sanctioned by the Royal Assent, could constrain the Masters of England to pay the same wages for ten hours' work which they now give for twelve. Machinery might be stimulated, to the further exclusion of manual labour ; pauperism might be brought into further competition with those who have hitherto contrived to escape this Castle of Giant Despair ; foreign competition might receive a large encouragement and impetus ; the whole industrial economy of the country might be thrown into confusion and embarrassment ; but that the condition of the people could be improved by a statutory restriction on the hours of labour, which is, in effect, a legislation for prices, is a folly which could only enter the head of a very mad, or a very mischievous, or a *very* "well-meaning" man ; and is, altogether, so helplessly absurd, that it becomes really an act of charity to start the hypothesis, that your intentions are too good to be sincere.

What purpose, then, does this diversion of yours serve ? The purposes of a diversion ! It serves as a delusion and a snare to the ignorant and the weak ; it draws off their attention from the only means of escape ; it forms the peg to hang a constructive charge of hardness of heart upon as against the Manufacturers ; it is a set-off to the infamy of the Corn Monopoly, devised—to follow the current cant of the day—in a most amiable, well-meaning, good-intentioned spirit,—but, in the uses which are made of it, and for its practical working, worthy of the Machiavellian mind which mingled "Characteristic"ally in the days of English Carlism—despotism in politics, with atheism in religion—I say worthy of that mind, not ascribing to yourself so long-sighted a policy ; but as remarking how singularly, at times, the extremes of motive and effect seem to meet.

For these reasons, and for the general principle, and because I do not like to see *that* sacrificed to the mere policy

of the day, I have taken up and treated of this subject. For the result I am not anxious: it will be decided almost simultaneously with the issuing of this letter from the Press; I shall not stop for it, because I do not care for it as an isolated event: rather in that respect, let me say, I should be better pleased than displeased by a repetition of your success of Monday night; since, as Peel will tell you, you have only to pass a Ten hours' Bill, and the present Corn Laws cannot last six months. If ever a man should pray for evil that good may follow, now seems to be the time; and that your Lordship should be the instrument of saving the Capitol, would not only be a species of poetical justice, but it would not be altogether deficient in a classical parallel: Q. E. D.

COTTON TWIST.

22nd March, 1844.



No. X.

**A SECOND LETTER TO LORD ASHLEY, M.P.,
ON THE SHORT-TIME, AND SHORT FOOD
BILL!**

My Lord—A man must have a very deep feeling of the gravity of the question, or a very dull sense of the ridiculous, to avoid flying off at a tangent just now, merging all consideration of the importance of the principle involved in a shriek of laughter at the very queer position of parties at the present juncture. For never, "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant" of this, our England, have political landmarks been so confounded, or public men so shaken up and jostled with each other, as now. Free Trader and Monopolist have formed a bond of union; Whig has severed from Whig, and Tory from Tory; the man of fact has gone into the same lobby with the man of fancy,—the man of fun with the man unconscious of a joke; old heads have been knocked together till all clear perception of their whereabouts has escaped them; there has been a split upon the matter among the Six Young Men who make up the party of Young England; Peel stands marvelling, in spite of his experience, at the magnitude of human folly; Graham seems heset with a notion that, somehow or other, he is about to be very wrongfully ejected from office, and, in anticipation of martyrdom, speaks Corn and Currency Pamphlets, treading the stage with a sort of dignity, one hand thrust into his bosom, the other into his breeches pocket; Lord John enacts the part of the "Scurvy Politician," affecting to "see the thing he does not,"—i. e. a possibility of office, on a principle as tenable as sitting astride on a grindstone; and—

"You, the great Toe of the Conspiracy,"

out of which all this absurdity arises, have been christened Jack Cade for your pains!

It seems to me, my Lord, that that sobriquet should stick, for never was nickname more appropriate; and, save and excepting the gentlemen, who fought so heartily in the struggle, each to draw the cap over his own particular head,

I should think that few, even among those who censured the impolicy of the term, remained unconvinced of its truth: its truth, indeed, might, considering the locality, have gone far to explain why its use should have been impolitic. Men laugh at the *mere* joke; but the stinging truth, which takes the *form* of a jest, is altogether a different thing.

You say that Jack Cade was born of oppression. True; most true! Let the fact, which, in the mouths of meaner men, would be sedition to utter, and the inference, which, drawn by a poor Radical at a Chartist meeting, would be constructive conspiracy at least—let the fact and the inference go forth on Lordly authority. The Son of an Earl has said it:—Cade was born of oppression! heware how you apply the same means of forcing into existence a second Cade, for his seed is still in the land; and it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting, when the fasting man has nothing but the sense of his injuries to stimulate his appetite;—the Son of an Earl has said it: so,—heware!

And, so far, it is very true, had it been uttered on no graver authority than that of the humblest Chartist in the land. Jack Cade was born of want, and his father was oppression! Do justice, or—take the consequences! It is a healthy warning; but, what then? If violence stood excused, almost justified by the provocation, shall the philosophy of the violent man govern the Legislature—forewarned of the premonitory symptoms, and challenged to the prevention of all further development of the National disease? Shall “the three-hooped pot have seven hoops?” and will Parliament “make it felony to drink small beer?” Yes, says the Son of an Earl; Yes, says the man who will some day have an hereditary right to legislate for the land: we will go back to the wisdom of the dark days—have our Assize of Wages and of Work, as we used to have our Assize of Bread; we will revive the respectable old Norman principle of the Curfew—Parliament must make it a misdemeanor to work for a longer period than ten hours in the day; the night shall, by statutory enactment, begin at Six o’clock in the evening; and the workman may then get as much wages for the shorter, as he does now for the longer period—if he can.

Now all this is very captivating, no doubt. Everybody likes the idea of giving as little as he can help, in exchange for as much as he can get; and, doubtless, if you were to

carry out the principle, by proposing—that, in future, every pint of beer should be, in quantity, one quart, there are not wanting people silly enough to petition Parliament in favour of the motion, and to address the Queen to dismiss the Unchristian Minister who could oppose a proposition so manifestly calculated to benefit the Poor. Of course, under such a law, the publican would double his prices? There are not wanting those who would prevent *that*, also, by special enactment, and there is no reason why you should not propose it in Parliament yourself. Suppose it carried; why not? the next step would be for the publican to diminish the strength of his leverage one-half; prevent that, he would give up the contest and retire, and the public would be all the worse for a few more bankrupts.

My Lord, how far are you going—on this Highway to Bedlam? At present you stop at the declaration which converts a Pint into a Quart—"the three hooped pot shall have seven hoops!" You must go further yet, and provide that wages shall not be diminished, or, at the very outset, your insanity falls into the embraces of a straight-waistcoat, and finds itself all the weaker for its previous excess.

Not so, you say; there is yet another consideration. If wages fall, there are equivalents which will, upon an estimate of receipts and expenditure, under the two systems, cast up a money balance in favour of the worker. Let us look at these estimates, and we shall see, quoting the expressive rebuke of Mr. Baron Alderson, what "a goose" you are.

Your first instance is that of a single woman, and you say:—

"A single woman, earning 9s a week, would have to pay at least 6d a week for washing; the expense of making and mending her clothes would be 4d a week; and the cost of her tea, which is, under the existing system, carried to her in the mill, but which, if the period of labour was reduced to ten hours, she might get out of the mill, is 1½d a day, or 7½d a week. Her total expenses, therefore, in consequence of her confinement in the mill, and her inability to perform certain domestic duties, would be 1s 5½d a week. But suppose the case of the same person under the ten hours' system; suppose the reduction of one-sixth of the present period of labour was attended with a reduction of one-sixth of her amount of wages. She would then be a gainer of ½d a week, because she would be able to wash and repair her own clothes, and take her meals at home. This was the case of a single woman, stated by herself."

Good Lord ! my Lord, how can you be so silly ? Why, have you no eyes—no head—no comprehension ? Clearly, this young woman has taken a very accurate measure of your capacity, and hoaxed you—considerably. She has spoken to a Lord according to his Lordliness, waruēd, probably, by the success which Dodd had experienced, in passing off his natural lameness as a sacrifice to the Moloch of the Mill. Why, everybody, conversant with the Domestic Economy of the Poor, would tell you that it would be decidedly more economical for a single woman, so situated, to put out her washing at sixpence a week. And can she wash without soap, and starch, and fire ; or mend without an expenditure on needle and thread ? “ Dou’t be such a Goose ! ”

Your next case was that of a family of five persons ; the father out of employment, the mother and two children working at a mill, and earning an aggregate of 17s per week ; but, you ask, what are the outgoings under the present system ?

“ The expenses of washing, which they were obliged to send out, and mangling, was 2s a week ; it cost them 1s a week to employ a woman to assist the husband—who remained at home, performing the domestic work—in cleaning the house ; and a further expense of 1s a week was incurred by the necessity of sending meals out to the mills. Hon. gentlemen were aware that, if a family dined together, each person satisfied his appetite, and any food which remained might be kept for a subsequent meal ; but if the meals of each member of the family were sent to different mills, any surplus food was likely to be wasted. A very considerable weekly saving would therefore result from families being able to take their meals together. But there was another source of loss to be taken into account—that which arose from the cooking being performed by the husband. He (Lord Ashley) believed that no man, whether Frenchman or Englishman, could cook so economically as a woman. (A laugh.) The loss which resulted from the cooking being performed by the husband might be calculated at 1s a week. The total loss of the family was, therefore, 5s a week ; this sum, deducted from the wages of 17s, left 12s a week for rent, provisions, clothing, and other necessary expenses. But he would state the expenses of the same family under the ten hour system, supposing that the rate of wages was reduced in the same proportion as the hours of labour—by one sixth. The total wages of the family would then be 14s 2d a week ; but mark what economy resulted from the happier circumstances in which they were placed. The washing and mangling, which were formerly sent out, would now in a great measure be done by the women, in consequence of their reaching home earlier, and it might therefore be calculated that the cost of washing, &c., would not exceed 1s a week. Then his informant calculated

that the cost of employing a woman to assist the husband and wife in cleaning those parts of the house which required the hardest work, would be 6d a week. The total expense to which the family would be put for these purposes would thus be only 1s 6d per week, leaving a balance of 12s 8d to meet rent, provisions, and clothing. This statement proved, he thought, most satisfactorily, that a family which, under the twelve-hour system, received 17s a-week, and under the ten-hour system 14s 2d, would, under the latter system, effect a saving of 8d a-week."

Fore God! this is a more exquisite joke than the other; and from it we gather the following remarkable facts:—

Imprimis—That *none* of the Mothers of Lancashire, working in factories, have sold their mangles! It will be news to them all to hear that they ever possessed them.*

Item—That the father and one child sit at home, and employ some person at a shilling a week to carry out meals to the working members of the family.

Item—That the washing of a family can be, advantageously, done in six instalments; and, if done at home, then "free gratis for nothing," as they say, in all, otherwise customary, expenses for soap, starch, firing, candles, and the like.

Item—That none but a woman can turn a mangle, if every married woman—a question entirely hedged—have one to turn.

Item—That the average loss on cooking, if performed by a man, is just one halfpenny a meal.

Item—That the means of the factory workers so abound, that, while two out of a family of five live at home in ease and idleness, keeping a woman servant, and a boy to run errands, they contrive, nevertheless, to get more food than they can eat, and can afford to waste the difference.

Item—That, if a woman comes home earlier, in the evening, she can cook the dinner at mid-day, while she is at the mill—a species of ubiquity which seems to prove that the race of Lancashire witches is not extinct, and which, upon that view, does not seem to require the conjuration of a Ten Hours' Bill to bring about.

And, lastly—That for a woman, after ten hours' labour at a mill, to come home to the domestic drudgery of scrubbing rooms, mending clothes, washing, mangling, and cooking, is a "happy circumstance!"

My Lord Ashley, how can you "Make such a Goose of yourself?" One other instance, and I have done. You say you have—

"Been told by operative spinners that, under the present system of working twelve hours' a day, their exhaustion was so great that it was absolutely necessary they should have at least four meals a day; but that, with a reduced period of labour, they would be content with three meals per day."

Further—

"The writer of the letter from which you had been quoting proceeded,—'By this means a meal would be saved, besides the domestic advantages of all taking our meals together. When the writer of this note worked ten hours a-day, in the latter end of 1842, he never had more than three meals a-day, all plain food at home. When working twelve hours in the same mill afterwards, he was obliged to have extras (say, a little ham) for his tea, but which he found by no means so adequate to the maintenance of his strength as short hours and plainer food.'"

And again—

"It had been said that such a measure would prolong their working life for five years; but you had not the slightest doubt it would prolong it for at least three years."

So that among the benefits of legislative interference, we find included—

Imprimis—The giving up the indulgence of Ham with Tea.

Item—The exchange of one-fourth less food for one-sixth less toil; and,

Lastly—A promise of a three years longer average duration of "*Working life*."

I should despair, indeed, of the permanent improvement of the condition of the Working Classes, if, as a body, they are to be misled by such folly as this. Why, is it not apparent that the real mischief lies deeper than such Quack-salving as yours has power to reach? That your process is but a smoothing of the surface of the sore—a driving of the plague-spot inward? The true evil is not excessive labour, *per se*, but *that* necessity which makes excessive labour imperative as a means of existence. Legislate, then, for the freedom of industry—for the extension of markets—for such a healthy state of things as shall make the patrimony of a man's head and hands a thriving and productive inheritance; and you will, at once, give a power, to be exercised at the individual discretion, the only safe discretion, not only of abridging the hours of work, but of increasing the means of existence, and of furnishing a fund which might make the extension of life a period of leisure, instead of a prolongation of toil. Under such a state of things, the man might take his proper place at the Factory,

and the woman her only fitting place at home; but to transfer her for two hours a day from attendance on machinery at a Mill, to standing at a washing tub, and turning a mangle at home, is as ridiculous, as an act of humanity, as the whole statement is absurd in principle and false in fact. Under such a state of things, excessive labour might become a matter of choice, but the offer to give up Ham with Tea, and to surrender a meal a-day, is as trifling, in reference to the grand question of the permanent improvement of the condition of the People, as the conjuration of a Ten Hours' Bill is mischievous and delusive. My Lord Ashley, "Don't be such a Goose!"

COTTON TWIST.

London, March, 29 1844.

* A MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, humbly submitted to *Punch*—“Given, the domestic mangles of Lancashire yet unsold to find whether Lord Ashley's mother knows he's out?”—*Printer's Devil*.

No. XI.

TO THE WORKING MEN OF ENGLAND, ENGAGED IN THE AGITATION FOR A TEN HOURS' BILL.

WORKING MEN—In a Letter addressed, last week, to the Lord Ashley, I said that I should despair, indeed, of the condition of the Labouring Population of England, if they could be misled by such folly as that of which this Son of an Earl has selfconstituted himself the cockcombed and baubled Leader. I am now about to tell you why; and, in so doing, I may come the more readily and frankly to you, if I set out with the statement that I am, not to say, horn, but that I have been bred, and now am, a Working Man. I have no patrimony but the labour of my hands,—no expectancy but that which I derive from their continued occupation.

Now, having said that, let me also say, that I have as ready an inclination to take my ease,—as good a will to do nothing,—or, at least, as little as I can help, as most men; and that, so far from being under-worked, “a *Twelve-hours’*” Bill—if Legislation could touch my case—would relieve me from several hours average of daily toil. I often work eighteen hours per day; seldom, very seldom, so few as ten, oftenest,—most often,—twelve, and more.

If, then, there be a case for legislative interference, mine is that case; and there is no greater difficulty in reaching me, by Act of Parliament, than there is in dealing with any other Labourer,—Factory Labourers included. I am on a par with you all in that respect; and, in some respects, I am more accessible than many of you, the profession I follow having long experienced the blessing of Parliamentary interference, and being, in consequence, afflicted with the curse of Fiscal exaction and Statutorial impediment. Nevertheless, I have so perfect a horror of the “tender mercies” of these People, which, in fulfilment of Scripture, are no better than cruelties, that, were any three Barristers of three years’ standing,

with appetites rendered keen by an equivalent period of brieflessness, to wait upon me, though clothed with the authority of a Royal Commission, it is precious little cold or hot "swarry," as Sam Weller calls it, they would ever eat at my expense. Much as I respect and love the Queen, I should be traitor to her will for once, and refuse to swell the Blue Book and Mr. Hansard's Bill with any information as to my own peculiar and perilous state.

Why? Have I any love for excessive labour, for "its own dear sake?" Not at all. Do I not know that it undermines the health, weakens mind and body alike, and shortens life? I am perfectly conscious of—I feel these facts; but I also feel that there is no help for it but in God and my own right hand; and that to attempt such ridiculous botchery as that of a Statutory enactment, declaring that my day and night should begin and end by Act of Parliament, would be to put the whole machinery of my social existence out of gear, to break through my plans, to attack my means of living, to build a brick wall across the path of my exertions, to trammel my industry, and to destroy the harvest I hope to reap by it.

But the trading demagogue will tell you that your wages are fixed, and flatter you with the promise that, with two hours less of work per day, they will remain the same. It is a folly, or, rather, it is a deliberate deceit which he practises upon you: *my* wages are fixed; and it is only by working the hours I do, that I am worth my wages. Of course I think that I am *more* worth: that is natural; but, whatever I *flatter* myself with, and it is a very satisfactory idea to think so, giving a man a feeling of security, as it were, this I *know*: with a Ten Hours' Bill applied to my case, other help must be called to aid me in the work I do, and that help would have to be paid for in a part of my present means; and so it would be with you.

I put this to the plain, unadulterated, common sense of England, in a plain, unadulterated, common-sense manner; and I ask you to extend the principle of the limitation of labour to ten hours per day to all alike, and to bear in mind that the point is to be argued on the principle either of a reduction of wages to a corresponding extent, or on that of forcing an advance of wages equivalent to one-sixth of their present amount by Act of Parliament.

Take the case of the Doctor. Are medical men to believe each other in watches of ten hours each; and must

our local Directories contain a Doctor's Almanack, showing each Surgeon and Physician's several turns for the year? This would be essential, or you might have to run from Surgery hell to Surgery hell, and the Patient might die before you met with a Doctor whose turn was on. Nor would this be all, for unless sick people would arrange among themselves to average their illnesses, fees and charges must rise, or there must be a common fund, and a common medicine chest, with Medical men.

Take the Lawyer: the cause fixed for the morrow, and every Barrister refusing to touch a paper, his day of ten hours having expired; or, stopping in the middle of a Cause, warned by the striking of the clock, that, another word, and he would be guilty of a misdemeanour.

Do not think I am jesting; or say that these cases have no parity with yours, or that these are gentlemen well paid and well fed, and that yours is a hopeless toil and an unproductive labour; for though the principle may be of more difficult application to the cases of Doctors and Lawyers, it is only a difficulty of degree, since such a fixed limitation of industry must always act with more or less of obstruction; and, in the case of large demands, requiring to be met within specific periods, such a law, applied to you, might be even more inapplicable than in its general application to Lawyers and Medical Men. Again, it is very true that many of these fill a large space in the eye of the world, and have either achieved, or are in the act of achieving, both honours and fortune. It is very true of some; but of others—of the majority—the toil is as hopeless, and, comparatively, more unproductive than, yours. The amount of labour alone, in study, is prodigious on the one hand, as the physical work, on the other, is large in the struggle for practice; theirs also is the curse of position with means less than inadequate, and the eyes which see the splendour of success, know nothing of the hearts broken, and the spirits crushed in the struggle. But take the most successful of them, and it is no mockery to say to you—Be as they have been—do as they have done, and enter upon and enjoy the fruits they have gathered.

The moral of this is, that, with each man according to his ability, and his position, there is nothing to be obtained without labour; and that labour has no hope of a holiday but from the cunning of its own hands. Now, not one of these gentlemen but would run wild with apprehension were

Parliament to say—your daily labour shall extend to ten hours, and to ten hours only; not one of these would have been what they are under such a limitation; and it becomes essential that you should understand, if only for your own clear apprehension of what you are really about—whether you are legislating only for a statutory restriction on the number of working hours per day, or whether you intend, by a Ten Hours' Bill, ten hours' work paid with twelve hours' wages.

Because, if the first, then it is very clear that it is manifest tyranny for you, a section of the People, to interfere with the industry of other men, to the diminution of one sixth of their available means; and, if the second, do you suppose it possible that Parliament could, even by a direct enactment, increase the value of any commodity, leaving the demand and supply of it as before, by one sixth? The thing is ridiculous, and you know not what you do, or what you leave undone, by pursuing this Jack-a-lantern over your Lancashire moors into Palace-yard. Parliament cannot fix a price:—no one pretends that it can, or seeks to explain the conjuration by which this proposed limitation is to work out beneficially for you. There have been assertions enough; but the nearest approach to anything like explanation has been a speculation by that virulent Liar the *Standard*, that you could do as much work in ten hours as you do in twelve; and an assertion of Lord Ashley's, that three meals a-day would then be equivalent to four on the present system. So that, putting the two things together, it appears that you will have to do as much work, on twenty-five per cent. less of food; but—will you get as much of wages? As well might you expect to get a silver shilling in exchange for ten penny-pieces; and you have only to apply the principle to all that you purchase, and pay for, to see that such would not be the case; for, let Parliament alter the weights and measures of the country, decreasing them all to the extent of one-sixth, and would you expect to be compelled to pay the same prices? Witness, for my argument, the introduction of the imperial measure, when everything rose in proportion, and he answered at once.

No, Working Men, if you want higher wages and less work, and cannot help yourselves to either, Parliament is powerless to effect it without equivalent sacrifices. Ask it to fix your wages at a higher rate; and, even with Lord Ashley, the force of humbug could not go so far. Parliament may, it is true, limit the hours of work to ten hours, or eight,

at its discretion. It is a small matter—I mean the discretion and very easily done—I allude to the mischief; but if this was done, wages would proportionately fall; and, if they would not, you are clearly in a condition to do this thing for yourself without Parliamentary interference.

I have said that Parliament cannot fix prices; but there is one thing it can do—increase prices, by Taxation; but the result is, that consumption is diminished and no man benefited. And the very unsoundness of the Ashley-Oastler agitation, is part of the great principle on which, if thoroughly understood, and fairly carried out, the salvation of this Country, and the permanent improvement of your condition in life, depend. — I allude to a principle, which, though practically influencing the better class of Politicians, I have never seen enunciated with sufficient distinctness: the principle is, that—The only legitimate object of Taxation is Revenue; that the proper limit of Taxation is that point which begins to interfere with Consumption; and that the only exception as to the objects of Taxation should be—those articles which constitute the Staple, as it were, of existence, and enter most largely into the consumption of the necessitous Poor.

Depend upon it, my Brother Workmen, if this principle were carried out, your wages would rise, your means of comfort be increased, and such of you as love not excess of labour, would be put in the position of being enabled to make a limitation of labour a limitation of the individual choice, and not a matter of legal necessity. Of course, those who then worked most would get most money, those who preferred a life of Philosophic leisure, would take a more Philosophic fare. But look at those trades in which, when more than ordinarily prosperous, workmen are enabled to work days and quarters, and judge for yourself, the ability of strength and skill being equal, which man is the happiest in himself, and his home—the man who makes as much as he reasonably can of the opportunity, or the man who neglects it? What your case really requires is a healthy trade, affording plenty to do, under circumstances which will enable you to enforce (if there be any disposition to withhold them) adequate Wages; let every man, then, try his utmost to foster such a state of things, and next embrace the opportunity it will furnish for making the most of it. Ask Parliament to legislate so, that masters may bid for

men; but do not go crying to have a log chained to your right leg, and one of your arms tied behind you, lest you should be enabled to earn too much. If you think differently, ask Parliament to give you the security of a clause, which shall fix your rate of wages at its present amount; or, rather, that the Manufacturers shall, under any state of circumstances, pay as much for ten hours' labour, as they would be willing to pay for twelve.

One word for my Lord Ashley, before I conclude. His lordship is a lucky man. Everybody praises him, from congenial spirits, to those who merely say polite things, to get rid of a bore on the easiest terms. I look upon Lord Ashley, on this question, to be as great a Shoy-hoy as Oastler, or Ferrand, or Feargus, with this difference, that he is practically as insincere, without being, innately, a Scamp, and a great deal less efficient, as a Leader, than either of the Out-door Demagogues. By many things concurring, the result of intrigue, miscalculation, insubordination, and trickery, Lord Ashley had the Government at his mercy on this question: that Government must, had he possessed common nerve, as a Leader, have given way or quitted Office. What did Lord Ashley? He gave that Government its only chance; and the Ten Hours' Bill is gone! A new Bill is now introduced, the clauses of which, are more against you than for you,—the whole thing is thrown over the recess,—Peel has called his Majority together, and given them to understand what he expects of them after Easter, and *you ARE SOLD!* I do not say that Lord Ashley is directly a party to the juggle, with a guilty and willing foreknowledge; *but* he is not such a fool as not to be aware of all these things; and, to say the least of it, he has sacrificed you to the conventionalisms of his position.

Brother Workmen, be warned in time. There is no help in these Quacks, nor in these quackeries. Look your position full in the face, and go, one and all, for a perfect measure of Free Trade. By so doing, you may help yourselves, and get rid of all Humbugs, who do but help themselves in meal or in malt, while they are misleading you.

COTTON TWIST.

London, April 4, 1844.

No. XII.

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT
PEEL, BART., M.P., ON IRRESPONSIBLE
LEGISLATION.

RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR,—We were talking—I and a friend—about you, the other day,—and, for the expeditura of time and words, upon that occasion, we hold you “personally responsible!” when it was ultimately agreed between us, upon the suggestion of the party other than me,—“That the eloquence of Sir Robert Peel is essentially a finessing eloquence, and that, like the Mahrattas, he clothes himself in Cotton Armour.” Disliking, and, indeed, despising, the principle of defence, we are, however, far from wishing to see the consequences carried out in your person, beyond the metaphor; and my present purpose of writing, is to call upon you, in one instance, at least, to take the cotton, at all events, out of your ears, that you may listen effectively for a few short moments to the words of “Philo-Twist.”

A Bill is now before Parliament, to which you have more than hinted your dislike; and which Bill, if it were all that its author claims it to be, is no Measure to be brought in and pursued upon any less authority than the authority of the Ministers of the Crown. The Measure I allude to is Lord Worsley's proposition for Enclosing all the Common and Open Land of the Country; and, if you think Ireland may be governed by crippling and enslaving its Franchises—if you think Trade may be benefited by tampering with the engagements between Factory Owners and Factory Labourers—if you think the relation of Master and Servant is to be rendered more tolerable by the interposition of the Great Unpaid in all their trifling misunderstandings—and if you think it a Public Benefit that the Public should be deprived, by a stroke of Legislation, of their undoubted inheritance of access to—their commonable right in, all the Open Land of the Country,—have, at least, the honesty to place all these measures upon the same footing of authority—give us some tangible

instrument of oppression; and do not, in the two latter measures, turn us over, in the one case, to the peddling, meddling disposition of a Tory 'Squire, or, in the other, to the grasping cupidity of a Whig-Lord.

Sir Robert Peel, the country has a right to be legislated for, either for good or for evil, by the government of the country. And although it might be inconvenient, for the sake of the exceptions to the rule, which predicates mischief end nothing but mischief of all amateur legislation, to say that no individual Member of Parliament should be permitted to originate a new law, yet, nothing could be more conducive to the public interests than the principle, that no Bill should be finally passed unless distinctly adopted in some one of its earlier stages by the government, or unless similarly affirmed by an absolute Majority of the House.

The Country is flooded with crude, impertinent, and injurious legislation; and if one half of the average of 1,200 annual folio pages of positive law, to say nothing of the monstrous accumulation of tyranny comprised in private Bills, were put in full operation, there would be no living under it: as it is, the common sense of the people of this country works a practical Repeal of this trash for the most part, either by their suffering it to slumber, contented with pursuing existing and better modes of procedure, or by finding it utterly uncalled for by their wants and pursuits. Still the oppression is not the less in the individual cases on which it may fall; and may be likened, indeed, to a heavy prohibitory impost, levied at discretion, the very fact that it does not fall on all alike rendering it worse, and more injurious in principle, since, if it fell on all, all might then possibly unite in throwing off the burden.

It is monstrous that this system should go on, originating in some instances in mere restless conceit, in others from deeper and worse motives, and fostered and successfully carried out, by a moral fraud on the inattention of the house, by the carelessness of absentees, and by the dishonest and discreditable neutrality of the government. Thus it was that that exceedingly shallow person, Mr. Pakington, had very nearly annihilated the most ancient franchise of the Counties in the Election of Coroners;—thus it was that a more practical gentleman, Mr. Tenant (and Landlord) Farmer Miles, not the young gentleman who represents his father's influence in Bristol, and thinks it would be better if one half of the factories were stopped, as one means, no doubt, of raising the value of his own,—not

him, but Brother William, of the Eastern Division of Somerset,—thus it was that this more practical gentleman was enabled to assess the chastity of a poor man's daughter in magisterial estimation at a sum not exceeding £15;—thus it is that the same party is about to turn over the disputes of Master and Servant to the adjudication of the Master's Brother Magistrates—the merciful gentlemen who transport men for offences which a Judge of the Land would punish with a few months' imprisonment—the impartial gentlemen who refuse to take unexceptionable hail, because the party tendered avows the same political sentiments with the party sought to be bailed—the discreet gentlemen who send a young woman to the treadmill because she refuses to go to her own bedroom through the sleeping apartments of a set of men servants—the intelligent gentlemen who continue to administer the law without any knowledge of its text or principles!—and thus it is that Lord Worsley has brought his Inclosure Bill to the very threshold of a Committee of the House.

But, Sir Robert Peel, this is not the way to govern a Country: it is the abdication of the functions of Government to a fussy and pernicious usurpation; and I call upon you, if it be not worth your attention to interfere with Mr. Miles legislating for the due control of Mr. Miles's Butler, or to increase the upper range of Mr. Miles's Sliding Scale of Seduction,—I call upon you, in a matter so large as the unclosed Land of England, to give over the practice of finessing—to put on armour of better proof than your Mahrattan doullet of cotton, and, for once in your life, to speak out, if not like a man—like a Minister of the Crown.

Is it right, or proper,—is it just, is it generous—is it commonly decent, that the Parable of Nathan should be literally fulfilled in these latter days by authority of Parliament, and on the motion of an irresponsible member of the House of Commons? You, and your class of People, can be eloquent enough upon the criminality and the ruin of a scramble. The cause of Reform was, in 1832, stigmatised as a struggle between those who had and those who had not, and the charitable inference was freely drawn, that those who had not, would take from those who had: what is this? Worse, much worse.—A struggle, or, rather, a free and easy appropriation, of the little left to those who have no more, by, for, and on behalf of those

who now have all, but the little they are in process of confiscating.

Granted that the parties seeking to do this thing have an interest in the land, does it amount to an Estate in Fee? No, for in that case they might run hedges around it, interpose gates at its entrances, dig ditches across it, and in fact, do as they liked with their own. Theirs is an interest in the herbage or soil, but it is not the Estate of an owner; while the interest of the Public—the mere public, setting aside the interest of the small Commoner, who will be as effectually robbed in the process of allotment, or compensation, as it is facetiously termed, as the Public whom it is proposed to swallow bodily—setting these aside, the Public interest, least of all appreciable in the Twenty-pence-is one-and-eightpence comprehension of a surveyor, is by far the most important and permanently valuable interest of them all.

Now if these men be sincere in their desire to increase the cultivation of the country, and to furnish fields of labour—labour indeed on land which for the most part must be confined to pasture!—here is the test to try them:—Assess the value of their interests in this property on the average benefit they have derived from it during the whole term of enjoyment, and before it acquires additional value from its inclosure, in a great measure at the public expense, and by the larger interests swallowing up the lesser ones, and pay them off. If the land must be enclosed, and appropriated, and if the interest of any one individual must be compulsorily merged in another, let the Poor have the benefit of the alteration, and not those who have wealth and to spare.

PHILO TWIST.

April 12, 1844.

No. XIII.

THE NEW FOLLY ON THE THAMES.

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD
MAYOR.

MR LORN—Oh! for the days when a Lord Mayor of London would answer the proud threat of an English King, that he would “remove his Court to Oxford,” with as proud a threat—“Your Majesty cannot remove the Thames!” Not that I desire to see the Sovereignty of London pitted against the Sovereignty of these Realms, and your Lordship proceeding in state to Buckingham-palace, for the purpose of shaking mace, truncheon, and sword in the astonished face of Majesty itself. Brentford were a fitter stage for such a scene than Pimlico; and the “little Lady,” as the *Times*, in its condescending pleasantries, christens Her Majesty the Queen, is far too good a subject for such a joke as that.

No; I look rather at the manifest appreciation, involved in this celebrated retort, of the purposes and uses of that great Aqueduct through which has rolled the wealth of a Tributary World, to swell the magnificence and the vastness of this Metropolis, and its subject Empire. London without a Court, London without an Aristocracy, might have a little less of splendour—a little less of state—a little less of fashion; but in all the substantial elements which make it what it is, London would be the same—it might be less gay, it could not be less great!

The Imports may tell us truly whence this traffic comes—the sources from which it is fed; but the reply of your ancient Predecessor shows a juster conception of the only Channel through which it could flow, so as to advantage London—to create London—to make London what it is.

Now, does your Lordship think that the river frontage between bridges—the wharfage and warehouse frontage—is so superabundant, that a practical 75 per cent of it can be taken away to make a promenade for the West End Idlers? Does your Lordship think that the Strand and Fleet street are so inconveniently crowded, that it is essential to make a foot and carriage way—a high road, up the

centre of the Thames? Does your Lordship think that the navigation is so clear and free, that it is really practicable, without molestation to it, to exchange the present free access to the shore, at all points, for a score or so of narrow outlets, at distant points? Does your Lordship think the Thames so clear, that a perpetual succession of arches, with a stagnant ditch inside, would be of no consequence, as an additional means of accumulating mud and soil? Does your Lordship think that the Thames is so eminently salubrious as to offer the security of counteracting the sewerage, and the animal putrescence, and the vomit of gas and other factories?—or, does your Lordship think that the price of Coal in London is so moderate, and the rates and charges on it so low, as to make it desirable to try the experiment on all these points, at the cost of a new Tax on this article of daily and universal consumption?

Because, unless your Lordship thinks all these things, it does seem to me that it is high time for you to show some appreciation of the uses of the Thames; for a Royal Commission, acting, it would seem, up to a foregone conclusion, since it is difficult to understand their conclusion as a logical inference from the Evidence before them, have reported in favour of cutting the Thames into two strips of water, of unequal width, from London-bridge to Whitehall, by building an Embanked Roadway at a considerable distance from the City shore, with narrow inlets, at intervals, for the intercourse of the Barges and Boats with the Wharfs, Warehouses, and Landing-places now existing; and the cost of the Embankment they propose to pay for by a Tax on Coal!

Now I am not at all surprised at a Royal Commission making such a Report—still less that it should have been against the evidence received. Commissions, generally, especially if there be paid members upon them, look at the objects of those who set them to work, and have “a concatenation accordingly.” I never knew an instance of such a body acting otherwise: they do what they are sent to do—earn the bread they eat honestly, and recommend themselves for future employment. The only marvel is, that such a Commission should not have taken care, before the evidence was given, that each witness was favourable to the plan; but, give me a fussy, silly, old Nobleman or two—very vain, and very proud, and, therefore, very easily cajoled, and crammed,—a clever, busy-body Member of the Lower

House, with a smattering, parvenuish sort of taste for the Fine Arts,—a ditto practical gentleman, with a tendency to Statistics, and who has the reputation of being a man of business, and having, in fact, about as much real knowledge of the matter as a man might be supposed to get from swallowing a tradesman's ledger upside-down,—two briefless Barristers,—ditto a clever young gentleman, keeping his Terms, as joint secretary with a jobbing Engineer; and I will engage to produce a Report, with or without evidence, recommending and enforcing, by the most cogent arguments, any conceivable amount of human folly—"razing London, if you will," and rebuilding it with the same materials on the same site, the people to live in the old houses until the new ones are finished!—and as to the expense, "what consideration could that be to a country so pre-eminently wealthy as England?"

I want to know what are the uses of such an Embankment as this, when made? The *Morning Post* says, the League must be fought by the Landowners with the Weapon of a Ten Hours' Bill; and the *Morning Post* might say that this Dyke, or Embankment, would furnish a good and kindred Field of Battle; but for all purposes of trade, of pleasure, or of profit, what are its uses?

As a subject for profit, the most inveterate and scheming speculator would not have face, or daring, enough to venture with it into the Royal Exchange, with ever so ingenious a Prospectus, with the view, or hope, of selling a single Share in the nature of a Joint Stock Investment for carrying out the plan. The whole thing is ridiculous in this view; and surely the Tradesmen of the Strand, and Fleet-street, and Cheapside, are by no means interested in turning the stream of population aside. As well might they turn the contents of their shops into the common sewers, as send their customers into the middle of the Thames.

As a means of pleasure, the project is no less absurd. A man may go from Chelsea to London-bridge, for fourpence, in a Steamer; and the difference of time alone is worth the money—to say nothing of its greater ease, its better security from the weather, and its superior freedom from the nuisances which beset the shores. And we are asked, at an enormous expense, to give the few who would choose to walk, the choice of walking—to provide a lounging place for the mere idler—another marvel for the

country people to gape at—and all at the expense of the poor local consumer of Coals. Now, taking into consideration fogs, winds, rain, and the general nature of our climate, it is not too much to say that for three-fourths of the year, or nearly so, such a road would be useless as a general public highway. In that view, it would be only practicable during the finest and hottest of the summer months—at every other time, bleak, damp, and dangerous. At its best, then, fancy, my Lord, only fancy the Sniff! “Blue Billy” floating on the stagnant waters; dead dogs and cats rising to, and above, the surface, until the larger half of them grow green and yellow in the sweltering sun; the nameless accumulations caught by the eddying tide, and clinging, and climbing, one abomination above and around the other, all about the arches and the piers; the dark and sluggish filth welling from the dismal holes which give forth the refuse of the City; the compound of villanous smells from Drysalter’s, and other, Warehouses, and from the Wharfs and Factories which line the shores; the reek from between the Barges—the atmosphere above! Fancy it, my Lord—only fancy it; and think of it as a result from a Tax on Coal. No Doctor Reid could purify such a pestilential accumulation as this, even at the cost of a cramp in our limbs—the price paid at the Old Bailey for a current of air; but I should fully expect some such project from that worthy Philosopher, (who has traced the impurities of the House of Commons to forty Cahmen smoking in Palace-yard,) as a series of Windmills, erected along the line of the embankment, to be worked by steam, and throwing off the vapours of chloride of lime at so many cubic feet per minute, with the view of disinfecting the natural, and unnatural, reek floating so thickly around—impelled upward by the accumulating volume beneath, but kept, at the same time, suspended, at a convenient height for the human nose, by its own inherent density and weight.

Lastly, as to the utility of this project, for the purposes of trade. I have glanced already at the undesirability of diverting the stream of street traffic, from the shopkeepers’ frontage to the middle of the river, that the shopkeepers aforesaid may look at their customers from their back attics, if no river-fronted warehouses intervene; and I have not omitted, either, the consideration—whether the present free access to the Shore can be satisfactorily converted into some dozen entrances, or so, into a narrow channel, which bids fair to present one mass of barges, locked up one by the

other, without room to turn, much less to navigate them to and fro : and, bearing in mind what London is, and what, in defiance of enterprize and capital, it must have been, had the River Thames not been what it is, I wish you to consider whether it is at all desirable, for the interests of London, that the River Thames should be sacrificed for the purpose of making a promenade for all the idle people who have nothing better to do, in fine weather, but to walk up and down, and amuse themselves by looking at the steamers? And, observe, that it is only the trading portion of the Thames between Bridges, that it is proposed should be taken away. The Embankment is to stop at Whitehall. The Great Men, who live in the Privy Gardens, have no objection to the facility, or pleasure, or whatever it may be, of such a place of resort or convenience, at the cost of the Masses who consume Coal. If they do not like it after it is built, or, if it do not prove sufficiently pleasant or attractive, or, if the interest wear off, they can fall back on the Parks ; but the Great People, who live in the Privy Gardens, and whose pleasure-grounds attach upon the Thames—more's the pity, and the shame, that the Banks of a great River should ever be other than public property—these Great People have no notion of being shut out from the full river frontage themselves ; they will neither be overlooked nor incommoded by the public—not they ; and, therefore, the “ Royal Commission,” with a perfect knowledge of the extent of humbug, and folly, and wrong, likely to be palatable in influential quarters, stop short with their Embankment at Whitehall !

One more last word upon the nature of the Tax with which it is proposed to defray the cost of this Idlers' undertaking. There are some people who seem to think that the idea of Taxing Coal is very clever ; and, upon the strength of the notion, they set themselves up for expert Financiers. It is a grievous mistake, and about as vulgar and superficial a notion as ever entered into the brains of man. A Tax on Coal is the common resource of every man who has a pet scheme, which he chooses to treat as a great public question, and the cost of which he does not know how otherwise to meet. Coal, is the great resource, whether it be with the view of abolishing a Bridge Toll or of rebuilding London, in detail, in the shape of Metropolitan Improvements. Now, I say nothing against either of these objects. Metropolitan Improvements are

not only abstractedly good, but they are inevitable in these times; and, although, no doubt, great mistakes are made, and much joggling ensues, still the thing is not without its corresponding benefits. So of Bridge Tolls: much of selfishness, perhaps, there may be in much of the outcry against them; but it is, nevertheless, very desirable in a City like this, that its Bridges should be free. It does not, however, follow that the suggestion of a Tax on Coal manifests any very extraordinary degree of acuteness; or that a Tax on Coal is always the most expedient and best that can be proposed.

Projectors, generally, have looked at the extent of the consumption, and at the facility with which the Tax may be collected; and it has been said, again and again, "It is only another threepence, or another sixpence, the ton; it will scarcely be felt in the price:" and now it is proposed to increase the impost to one-and-sixpence! Without doubt there is a point of taxation which Coal might bear, without materially increasing its price, or checking its consumption; but, press taxation beyond that point, and, in a moral point of view, a Tax on Coal stands on the same elevation as a Tax on Food, a Tax on Cleanliness, a Tax on Light, a Tax on Health, or a Tax on Prudence. A Tax on Coal, so pressed on, is, in London, a monstrous cruelty, and a grievous oppression; and had your Corporation, my Lord, fulfilled its public duty, instead of abandoning itself to gross jobs, and grosser enjoyments, it would, in the place of Taxing Coal, have bent all its energies towards making the Trade in Coal—Free. A cheap and plentiful supply of Coal is, next to a cheap and plentiful supply of Food, most needed for the comfort and health of such a population as that of London; and had you, my Lord, seen, as I have, some shivering Old Woman, creeping out, on a cold damp morning, from some blind alley in the Strand, with rags all insufficient for the purposes of decency, not to say of warmth—with the battered remnants of an old tin saucepan in her hands, going to the small dealer's shed for the miserable pennyworth of slates and dirt, with here and there a bit of the veritable "Lord Mayor's" nondescript among them, for the purpose of warming up the extinct tea leaves, or the coffee slops and grounds, which the charity of some little tradesman had furnished her with—you, my Lord, must have felt with me that the necessities of such an object of pity are no proper subjects of taxation for Improvements, which, so made, and so supported, are but a fearful contrast to, and a wicked mockery of, her wretchedness.

April 19, 1844.

PHILO TWIST.

No. XIV.

TO RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

SIR,—I think you and I may draw our chairs together, and congratulate one another on the natural end of folly, knavery, falsehood, and blackguardism. So long as you and the League, and the Manufacturers of England, were the objects of calumny, vituperation, and lying, on the largest scale—so long as agitation merely served the purpose of stirring up ignorance to acts of violence against Mill-owners—so long as recklessness of assertion only put the Manufacturers to the trouble of disproving falsehood after falsehood—and so long as the result promised nothing worse than the ruin of a few Lancashire Capitalists, the whole affair went on swimmingly under the Ashley-Oastler-Ferrand auspices; but so soon as the agitation broke up the Ministerial majority—so soon as the falsehoods came home to the Government Leaders and their friends—the case was entirely different; and Lord Ashley became a “Jack Cade,” and Ferrand a “Bottle Conjurer!”

I always saw it would come to this; and if the result does not read a lesson to Peel, whose hands, in this respect, are not altogether clean, then is he less qualified to draw lessons from experience than I take him to be.

As to the motive of these people, of which so much is said, I leave that to be settled between themselves and their Maker. All that I know, or care about, is, that they are, one and all, from Lord Ashley to Oastler, proved disseminators of falsehood, and that I find them working together for a common end, by means which are one and the same. As to the manner of the thing—the mere question of vulgarity, I care very little for that. It would be strange if this Son of a Peer, with at all events the breeding and habits of a Gentleman, did not stand out, in this light, in advantageous contrast to a couple of vulgar fellows, one endeavouring to force himself into good society, by the aid of his innate impudence, and the other, by the same help, endeavouring to provide for his future existence by an appeal to the same misdirected sympathy, which has just liberated him from

gaol. It would be strange, then, I say, if some difference did not exist, as to the *manner*; but, as to the *matter*, the statements of Lord Ashley are false—the statements of Ferrand are false—and the statements of Oastler are false,—and, as to the *motive*, I know nothing at all about the excellence and purity claimed, but this I know—when Oastler, as Steward to Mr. Thornhill, took his master's money, the same goodness of intention was challenged for him. I have been told myself, and by dupes of no common position, that the act was a mistaken one, but the intention good; and, I reply—Possible,—just possible, barely possible! but had the case been mine, and had the proceedings taken the form of the Queen against Cotton Twist, instead of Thornhill *versus* Cotton Twist, I should have very much desired to be a Clergyman of the Church of England with Lord Abinger for my Judge;—upon which point, let me refer Lord Ashley, by the way, to his noble Father, whose experience might give weight to an opinion which, from so clear-headed a Nobleman, would, in any case, be worthy of the weighing. It is a great pity that the Son cannot inherit these qualities from his Father with the title of Earl.

This, however, was not my object in addressing this Letter to you; although, for my heart, I could not let the opportunity pass by without adverting to these things. Of all men I know, I should say, judging from what I have seen, heard, or read of you, you could best afford to suffer such men, and such materials, to run their wild course, until they dropped from sheer exhaustion, and rotted away in fulfilment of their natural tendency to corruption; and this from a certain sedateness, the result of estimating a Lie at its full value, and from a fixed faith in the eternity and strength of Truth. I have spoken, however, of these things, partly because I was so moved thereto that I could not well help it; and partly because it is well that such things should be impressed upon the public mind, less as a means of triumphing in the present over the past, than as safeguards against future deceit: let these men go forth, ticketed and labelled for what they are, and men will learn betimes to estimate them, and what they say and do, at their true value.

But my wish is to draw your attention to a point in which I think we, the Free Traders, are deficient. The ubiquity of the League has grown into a proverb: it is marvellous—the wonder—the “Great Fact” of the time; but the Local

Committees have not done what they ought to, or what they might, do.

Necessarily, when a Deputation from the League visits a provincial town or district, they are bound to plunge *in medias res*, taking for granted a certain amount of previous knowledge in their hearers. They cannot begin with the A B C, and proceed onward, through the spelling and putting together, to easy lessons, consisting of words of two and three syllables, and so forth. No; they are compelled to confine themselves to the question in its most perfect shape; and, consequently, among many, and, it is to be feared, among the majority, of their poorer hearers, much of the substantial effect of the speeches is lost. Doubtless there is conviction; for the question of Free Trade is so broad and intelligible that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err." But the conviction is not a sufficiently informed conviction: it rests where it begins; and the next great object of the League should be to ensure to its hearers the opportunities of grounding themselves in the fundamental parts of the question, so as to place them on an intellectual par with the Deputation, in the full comprehension of what is said on these extraordinary occasions, and to raise up a local corps of Home Missionaries, who would carry as full a knowledge of the facts and principles into their factories, and workshops, joined to the capacity of stating and enforcing them on all convenient occasions.

I propose to effect this by instituting,

1st. A Central Committee of Education, in connection with the Anti Corn-law League, to act in communication with Local Committees.

2d. Local Committees of the same character with corresponding secretaries—the object being, of course, as well to keep up a continued chain of communication, as to carry out this particular thing.

3d. The Institution by the Local Committees of Normal Schools of Economical Education—the mode of instruction to be—

I. By Lectures, delivered weekly, or at intervals less frequent, if that were impracticable: and,

II. By the Establishment of Loan Libraries, the Books to consist of any description of work calculated to illustrate the Principles of Free Trade, and to add to the facts bearing directly on the question itself, or having reference to the Struggle in which Free Traders are engaged.

The last point is a very plain one ; the first, which refers to Lectures, may admit of some further explanation.

It appears to me that the intervals of the Lectures should not, where practicable, be more than a week ; that the Lecture should never be allowed to exceed one hour and a half in the delivery ; and that the Great Question should be sectionalised, some one gentleman taking that branch of it with which he is most acquainted, and devoting as many Lectures to it as would be necessary to bring all the facts out. It seems to me, also, that where one Section was long of its own nature, it should be further sub-divided, so that each Lecture should be, so far as it went, complete in itself, in order that the subjects might be diversified from time to time.

Perhaps, also, I might better explain my views by pointing out a few subjects for Lectures, which occur to me at the moment.

1st. An Inaugural Lecture should in every case be given, as the best possible mode of popularising the proceeding from its outset ; and, for this purpose, a gentleman of the most comprehensive grasp of mind, and with some reputation for elocutionary power, should be selected.

2nd. The Sugar Trade and Duties furnish materials of interest and information ; and if some of our friends of the Society of Friends could be induced to take up this division, not only might much interesting detail be elicited, but the public mind might be very effectually disabused of the canting hypocrisy with which monopolists have beset this part of the question.

3rd. The effect of commercial restriction on the Shipping Interest, an important branch of the question, which requires only to be entered fully into to be set at rest ; for, to quote your own words at Bristol—"Free Trade means more Trade, and more Trade more Ships."

4th. The question might be treated as it affects the Master Manufacturer and the Capitalist—the Wholesale and Retail Tradesman ; and

5th. In its relation to the Artisan and the Labourer, with reference to their wages, and to the necessities and comforts of their family, in food and clothing ; and, let me also add, with reference to the means of putting by something for "a Rainy Day."—"A little for the hack, and a little for the belly, and a little to keep ye from the parish, my darlings !" as I once overheard a west-country dame say to her children.

6th. We have got rid of the reproach of "Shakspeare by Act of Parliament;" but some of our legal friends might lecture on Commerce and Manufactures in the same point of view; and the Statutes at Large supply materials enough to make the hair of Common Sense stand on end.

7th. Opportunity might be taken, at the proper periods of the year, to Lecture upon a very important branch, if not of the subject of Free Trade, at least of the means of success—i. e. on—The mode of getting and keeping a Vote. It does appear to me that by so doing not only would Free Traders be stimulated to take care of their own qualifications, but thousands of unpaid Registration Agents would be called into the field to counteract Clerical, and Official, and Paid Agents on the other side.

8th. We might, possibly, procure some Minister of the Church of England to lecture on the folly and wickedness of treating the food-monopoly as a question of Tithe. And

9th. A similar Lecturer, or a Dissenting Brother, might point out the facilities which an extended Commerce could not fail to afford in Civilising and Christianising the World.

I throw out these suggestions, crudely enough, but possessing, as I believe, the initiative of much good, in the full assurance that, if circumstances should prevent their being acted on, they will, at least, be received in the same spirit in which they are made; but I hope to see them acted on; and, should they be adopted, I cannot but believe they would be found materially to prepare the Universal Mind of the Country for the visits of the League, pioneering your way, and placing your hearers on a vantage ground, advantageous both to themselves and to you,—accelerating the general movement; and carrying the agitation and the information into channels which public meetings cannot reach, but in a mode much slower and more circuitous. These are my objects, and thus I commit the subject to the better consideration of yourself and your associates.

COTTON TWIST.

London, April 26, 1844.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL.

SIR,—I do not like your Budget : I call it *your* Budget, because you seem to regulate your subordinates on the principle of Hamlet's direction to the Players—"Let not your Fools speak more than is set down for them!" wherefore, I say, I do not like *your* Budget. Of course I am prepared for the small and characteristic retort of—"There was no thought of plessing Cotton Twist when it was projected;" but I care as little for that as I do for the position of your hands, provided those hands are kept out of my pockets; and I look round,—and where so appropriately as into the sayings and doings of Sir Robert Peel? for some phrase to describe it, and your whole financial policy, which appears to me, quoting your unkind suggestion with regard to your quondam friend—Ferrand, to partake as much of the nature of "Bottle Conjuring" as may well be.

We were to have a magnificent attempt to retrieve the Finances of the Country, and a bold experiment worked out to relieve its industry, to an extent more than equivalent to the direct taxation levied, not only on its fixed, or realised property, but on its labour fund. To me this last ever seemed like a new application of the old story of the boy killing his goose that laid him golden eggs; but Columbus's discovery seemed as nothing in the eyes of your supporters, when compared with your deliberate invasion of the National Pocket; and men were found to land, as well they might, that comprehensive and penetrating intellect which taught its right hand to take a full grasp of gold and silver from every man's till, while its left was employed in dribbling back farthings—bright new coined farthings,—but farthings, nevertheless.

I call that Bottle-conjuring—as I call the reduction of the Three and a Half per Cents a plain-faced knavery, and as I call the proposed attack on the Savings' Banks a Bottle Conjunction again. I have said my say upon the first of these subjects; upon the latter, let me add one word

before I offer a comment on Mr. Goulburn's last much-ad-about-nothing:—after one, or two, more such specimens, you should both have a Patent for the Manufacture—two such Bites—I quote you again—surely never angled for, or nibbled at, a Budget.

But the Savings' Banks:—the Savings' Banks were instituted for the grand purpose of dispauperising the country. It was thought, and wisely, by the great Philosophers of the day, that nothing more was required than the opportunity of investing their surplus cash, to convert all the Working Classes into independent annuitants. The Philosophers were wrong for once; the Working Classes had no surplus cash, and, consequently, the Savings' Banks have been resorted to, principally, by Benefit Societies, by small Tradesmen, by Clerks, and by the poorer class of Respectables. The interest they derive is about Three per Cent, the government paying a trifle more, the cost of management being defrayed out of the difference. If Savings Banks were permitted to invest in other securities, no doubt the Directors might well afford to pay the present rate of interest, but they are restricted to the Government, and the depositors must therefore follow the fate of the holders of stock, with this difference, that, under the now proposition, the net interest will but slightly exceed two and a half per cent. A very pretty investment, truly, and a tolerable price to pay for government security, to say nothing of the great encouragement held out to provident habits. You have contrived, amongst you, to "win a loss" by these Savings' Banks, and now you think the premiums on provident habits in the people inconveniently high!

Still, as the Depositors may withdraw their accounts, there is a colourable case to go upon, it is said; but how comes it that £30 per annum is too much to be placed in a Savings' Bank? You seem, all at once, to have made the astonishing discovery that no person, who is not in a position to be above the facility of a Savings' Bank, ought to save more than £20 per annum. That he ought not to possess more in a Savings' Bank than £150 would seem an equally novel idea, did not Mr. Goulburn come out with the proposition that it is desirable to limit deposits to £120, and accumulations to £150, in order that parties, possessing so much, may be forced to purchase into the funds. Mr. Goulburn may whistle to catch them; and very ignorant must he be of the matter

if he expect to catch them: still the reason is an intelligible one; but why the amount of deposits which can be made by any one person, in any one year, should be further restricted from £30 to £20, remains a mystery, unless the poor Respectables are getting rich and independent too quickly.

A very popular thing this attack on the Savings' Banks is likely to prove—as popular as your fundholders robbery—as your gold panic—and as popular as your impending attack on Banks of Issue. They are part of the price—the shillings and pence columns, of the sums charged for your Bottle Conjunction of a Budget.

There are not wanting some who consider this Budget of yours as a Step in the right direction. A Step, quotha!—a wriggle of the foot, rather; for, if *this* be a Step, you may, upon the same principle, take to hard running, without losing your wind, or beating a Tortoise. At this rate of progress, your grand experiment would take a quarter of a century to work it out. The Nation is bound hand and foot, and you loose the first joint of its little finger! why the Nation will be dead before it gets its hand to its mouth, at this rate!

These people talk, too, of the recognition of a Principle, consoling themselves with the idea that *that*, at all events, is something. I once heard a Judge say, “Prisoner at the Bar, your’s is a hard case—a *very* hard case, and the Sentence of the Court is, that you be imprisoned with hard labour for two months.” That, now, was the recognition of a principle, joined to a touch of practice, and both very much in your style and way. Besides, of what conceivable use, or value, is the recognition of a principle by a Statesman, now-a-days, when that “rascally virtue—Consistency” is as ragged a colt as ever grazed where he could find grass to eat? It is a very pretty ground of quarrel, it may be, among your own friends; but your recognition of principles to-day, has, with me, about as much value as your recognitions of principles years back have with the reluctant portions of your present supporters.

You put forward a repeal of the Excise Duty on Vinegar, and take credit for it in the double sense of a relief to Trade—Vinegar entering largely into manufactures—and, as a set off to the Income Tax. It is part of your grand quarter-of-a-century experiment, under which we are to pay five millions sterling a-year for an annual remission of about half a million of Taxes. The Excise Duty on Vinegar is 2d

per gallon, when made for sale,—the Import Duty—untouched—eighteen guineas per tun. Nothing so easily made as Vinegar; and, as the duty is only chargeable when made for sale, manufacturers who require it in any quantity make it themselves. So much for the first pretext. The best Vinegar comes from abroad; the import duty acts to encourage the home makers in the lazy manufacture of a bad article—so much, by the way, for the wrong end of the stick. The consumption of a family may, probably, average a pint per month; Vinegar is about 10d per quart; *argal*, our wives must, under the new dispensation, buy it at 9½d, to save threepence per year. There's a set-off for the Income Tax! There's a working-out of a magnificent experiment!

Glass forms another great item in the Bottle Conjuring Budget. Flint glass, which pays 2d per pound, is to be put on the same footing with Bottle glass, which pays ¾d. If anybody wishes to know what he will save per annum by this means, he has only to weigh the glass he purchases to find that one shilling would go a long way to discharge the duty. True, the trade will be relieved of much vexatious Excise interference; but that is another question. Our Excise Laws, generally, seem devised with that devilish ingenuity which seeks to do mischief for mischief's sake. As much, or more, of Taxes might be collected, and, if properly distributed, be scarcely felt; all that is wanted is to turn the Excise-man out of the Manufactory, and to transmute him into a sort of Home Custom House Officer. It is not so much a *repeal* of taxation that we require, as the entire remodelling of the system, and an equalization of the pressure.

Currants are a kind of Insoluble Pill, and the reduction proposed on them might, if the public obtain the difference, reduce the cost of a Pudding, sufficiently large for a family of eight persons, and costing altogether about two shillings, to the extent of one penny, minus a fraction. If that be not buying indigestion cheap, and saving sixpence a year, to pay for Doctoring, there is no faith in figures—nor in physic.

Coffee is a repetition of the mixture—to be repeated as before; and a very bitter draught it is without Sugar, which we are promised in a roundabout way, after the fashion with which the old duties on the other article rendered us so familiar. The reduction, however, of the differential duty to

2d, from 4d, is wise—indeed, nearly the only wise thing in the Budget, and this idea you stole from the Whigs.

I may say pretty nearly the same of Marine Insurances; although you retain the same unwise policy of taxing those highest, which are most hazardous, and therefore are, as I think, less obnoxious to taxation.

The last article is Wool; and the free importation of this, is to benefit the Home Growers, by the opportunities it will give for mixing! Then, of course, the Home Growers intend to become Importers? or the process seems rather difficult. Wool pays, if not of one shilling value, $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb; and at and above that value, 1d per lb. If a man will weigh his coat, he may ascertain this set-off against the Income Tax, always supposing that the Importer, and the Dealer, and the Clothier, and the Tailor, give the public the difference—a very moot point, indeed, for these fractions seldom turn into significant figures.

I don't say that these things will benefit nobody; but this I do say, that the benefits will not reach those who pay for them in ten times their money value; and that, as a set-off to the Income Tax, it is all Bottle-Conjuring.

In all things, there is a point of Taxation which does not materially affect prices, or check consumption; and the true relief to Trade is not so much the freedom from *all* impost as the ascertaining of this point, and the removal of absurd restrictions and Excise surveillance in the processes of manufacture. If you would propose to yourself the elucidation of this problem, you might save yourself the trouble of taking off Taxes, and, with much greater popularity, economy, and public benefit, put a great many more on; since it is by equalising the pressure, not by heaping it upon one part of the body politic, that relief is afforded; and I feel certain that, not only might industry be left practically free, but that trade might be stimulated, and the national energy so brought out that our fifty-two millions of Taxation would be felt as nothing,—if your great experiment would take this direction, instead of repealing duties, in toto, which have a scarcely sensible effect upon prices, and are, indeed, in that view, unworthy of public regard.

May 3, 1844.

COTTON TWIST.

No. XVI.

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART, M.P.,
ON HIS MARVELLOUS QUACK-SALVING IN
CURRENCY.

Right Honourable Sir,—You are a Great Man!—The greatest man at a small matter within the experience of your own age and generation. The March of Intellect seems to have written on the blank page of your mind a sort of—"This is a specimen of my handwriting, after taking Six Lessons of Messrs. Straight-stroke and Pot-hanger, the finishing Writuig Masters!" It is beautiful to look at the regularity of the up-strokes and the down strokes,—to witness the flowing facility of those angular ovals, your cyphers—beautiful, indeed! and still more delightful is it to think that the first have no parallels, and that the second have—nothing in them! Give you a Butterfly to break upon the wheel, and, Lord! how you hit it! Give you a wooden block to dissect, and you flourish chisel and hammer as if you held the scalpel of an Astley Cooper! Pick you up a fallacy which has been trodden down in the mud and forgotten, and the triumph of Peter Ramus over the Aristotelians is as nothing to your display of logical acumen!

But of all wind-blown elahorations,—of all dishes of froth whipped into apparent bulk without any real substance, your Seven-columns-and-a-half-column (*Times* measure) Speech of Monday last, exceeds all previous examples. Seven columns and a half a column!—the longer half of the whole devoted to Preparatory School information, about the currency;—about your pet subject—your great subject, the subject on which you pride yourself—without which you are nothing, the only peg left you on which to hang one pretension to consistency;—surely something in the nature of a Volume, in effect, was to be expected from you on such a question, and following such a preface,—and what have we? Let no man search the *Times* City Article for an answer; the men upon 'Change have a faith which is not the people's faith, and, no doubt, a reason for the faith that is in them;—

but what have we? A declaration that the great Panacea for all the ills which Trade, in relation to the Money Market, is heir to, is—as it regards the Screw-propellers—the nominal separation, for nominal it can and will only be, the nominal separation of the Deposit and Issue departments in Threadneedle-street; and, as it regards over-issues, the limitation of commercial facilities in paper, to £14,000,000, in the Notes of the Bank of England, and to the average of the last two years with all other *existing* Banks!

And for this the House of Commons listened to you for three mortal hours with exemplary patience, the greater portion of the time being occupied with matters so trite—so common-place, that had they been delivered at a Mechanics Institute, by any other than Sir Robert Peel, the audience would either have left the Lecturer in disgust, or have hissed him from the Theatre. Why, Sir, is your mind so trivial in itself, or do you so over-estimate the value of those commonest of the common rudiments—the a. b.—ab, of the subject, without previous acquaintance with which no man has a right to listen to a Lecture, and hope to comprehend it,—or do you so under-value the intelligence of the House of Commons, or is that House so deficient in intelligence,—that it is necessary, upon such a statement as you had to make, to descant, through four columns of the *Times*, on matters familiar to every school-boy in the land? “The meaning of a Pound, is neither more nor less than a certain definite quantity of gold, with a mark upon it to determine its weight and fineness!” You *don’t* say so! *Seriously?* Then you really mean to put *that* before us as information? Why, Sir Robert, what manner of men do you take us to be? The Children in our Nurseries know all about *that*, or for what purpose do they read their Penny and Saturday Magazines? Nevertheless, trite and trivial as all this may seem, the influence of example in high places is great, and who knows but Sir Robert Peel may set “the fashion.” We may then, expect, in future, that Lecturers on the Belles Lettres will begin their course with Horn-books and Readings made Easy; and that Budgets will henceforth be prefaced with a recital of the Multiplication and Pounds-shillings-and-pence Tables!

“The meaning of a Pound is,” &c. &c. *Argal*, a Pound means a Sovereign, full weight, and pix-assayed; and, *therefore*, we’ll have a separate Bank of Issue, the Old Lady of Threadneedle-street shall have no more than 14,000,000 threads to her Screw, and if she wants more, on an emer-

gency, let her come to my shop in Dowling-street, and I'll make it not worth the trouble by pocketing all the profit of the excess. And then, as to the Private Banks, the rascals are fed too fat—there shall be “no more cakes and ale” for them; the People, too, have had too many facilities for getting rich, for making something out of nothing—their enterprising spirit has led them to anticipate to-morrow and the next day;—the facilities for all this must be cut down to the average of the last two years; and, to crown all, there shall be no additional Banks of Issue!

Now, setting aside the gross *non-sequitur* involved in all this; and laughing to scorn your humming about the Foreign creditor, which pre-supposes a disposition and a power in this country to become Bankrupt, through the agencies of its capital, its energy, its manufacturing ingenuity, and its productive power—both which ideas are howling absurdities—let us look at the present state of the question, quietly, and at what seems to be, properly, required.

We have, on the one hand, the £5 Bank of England note legal tender clause, as a security against temporary local panics: we have, on the other hand, the absence of paper of smaller value than £5, which renders the actual presence of a gold currency to us, in considerable extent, absolutely indispensable, and well worth, as I conceive, the boasted difference of the superior economy of a “Shin Plaster” currency, by preventing the possibility of a paper price and a gold and silver price, and by presenting, also, an absolute bar, at the discretion of the public, to anything in the shape of over-issue, except what may arise from the common liability, of all commercial transactions, to fraud, and in the encouragement which such a facility of coining credit is supposed to give to what is called “over-trading.”

Now, setting aside the mighty question of one, and one only, Bank of Issue, and that Bank strictly a National one—at which question you only nibble, and which question is not now under discussion, and is, indeed, too large a one to be discussed incidentally,—setting this aside, what is the one, tangible complaint, against the existing system? What is the complaint—not of the Brummagem Quacks,—but of the Common-sense People who have pretensions to be considered sane, and have no call for strait waistcoats? That a little knot of Corporators, who have an interest in tampering with the currency beyond the legitimate interest of bankers, should

have the power of robbing their betters by operating upon prices in the turning of a Screw—that is the great evil, and the one complaint; and how that is to be remedied by constraining the same parties to open two shops under one roof, by the mere erection of a separate counter,—is a mystery which the machinery of your measure has to solve, but from which, the less we anticipate, the less shall we be likely to reap disappointment.

Now, with these preliminaries — which seem rather to prejudge your measure, let us look at that measure, a little more closely.

First, it has Monopoly written upon its forehead. Existing Banks of Issue are to have it all to themselves on the average of their transactions in issues for the last two years. There's present consolation for them; although, if your measure points at anything, they are doomed to ultimate extinction. People who think that the Paper Currency of a Country should be in the hands of a really National Bank, are conciliated with a hope that their principles may come into operation a quarter of a century, or so, hence; and existing Banks of Issue are bribed with the prospect of having it all their own way in the meantime, and will no doubt embrace the facility offered for making hay while the sunny opportunity remains to them. But, the public? The public will, doubtless, be considerably well served (out) amongst them!

Secondly, I want to know how you propose to regulate the issues of the Country Banks? Take a Bank with many Branches: the number of its Notes must always considerably exceed the amount in actual circulation. They are deposited at its several Branches, to meet the calls upon them. How is any one Firm to strike an average from day to day, and from hour to hour, with its several Branches? and how are the exigences of trade to be kept at such an undeviating point, that the call for accommodation, and the necessity for paper, shall arise from day to day, and from hour to hour—the Customers rung in by a Dinner Bell, as it were, and their wants set by the Clock, as if the business of a great Country was a piece of timed machinery, ticking seconds, and striking quarters? Must a Country Banker write up, after the fashion of an Horologer, "Time-keeper to her Majesty's Government," and "Downing-street time accurately kept here?" Or should he say to his Customer, "Any dis-

counts wanted? We have a few undisposed thousands of the Peel limitation at your service, on approved securities!"—or, "Really, Sir, we have not the remotest objection to this Bill, or to the parties to it; and we should, indeed, be happy to do it for you; but we have already reached the average issue of the last two years, and Peel forbids us to go further!"

Thirdly, I want to know upon what principle you dare to say that the wants of this country are limitable, or ought to be limited, to £14,000,000 of Paper Money of the Bank of England, and to that of the last two years' average of all other Banks of Issue? What do you mean—to raise the value of money in relation to the products of industry? What do you fear—the bugbear of an over-issue? No doubt the first of these propositions may seem a fine thing to the Squires, with their rent-rolls—to the mere Money-Monger, with his floating capital—and to the sleepy-headed Manufacturer, who would cripple Trade, and narrow it to the limits of his own small means and lazy mockery of exertion. No doubt: but throwing aside these two last as utterly unworthy of consideration, let the Squire understand that the fat thing he anticipates is not without its drawbacks; and that if he has been in the habit, a very common case, of anticipating his rents at the County Bank, he will find, under the new system, accommodation, in that respect, not so easy a matter as it has been. No doubt the practice of eating the Calf in the Cow's belly is a bad one; but those who have nothing else to eat, must eat *that*, or die. Then as to over-issues, what do you fear? A Banker is subject to the common casualties of all traders, and may trust, and rue his trust, as all traders do in their turn; but, does a Banker trade on any other principle than tradesmen do in general,—in the full expectation of being paid?—Does he issue his paper for no consideration? Or does it not rather represent value received in some shape—either in Bullion, or in Securities which he deems good? Surely so. And to say that mistakes are made, and that frauds are committed, is to say nothing, for mistakes are made, and frauds are committed, in all trades; and if there be an argument in one case, it is quite as sound to contend that the transactions of all professions should be similarly looked after—that every dealer should be required to publish his weekly balance

sheet, and every Trader be restricted in his dealings to his average of the two last years ! But it is all nonsense, humbug, foolishness ! The interest of every Banker, trading on the square, is to do no more than a legitimate amount of business ; if he do more, on no head do the consequences fall so heavily as upon his own ; but it is very certain that to limit the facilities of a paper currency so guarded as ours, to the average of the last two years, is to limit the trade of the country, pretty nearly to the same average, except some expedient be devised for supplying the artificial want which your measure is calculated to create. And that expedient will, in all probability, be an extension of the system of long-dated bills—prevalent, I believe, in the North—and which, passed from hand to hand, are, in effect, a Currency existing at the cost of the Stamp. It seems too far-fetched a notion to suppose that you had this fact, and its possible effect upon the Revenue, in your eye, when you concocted this measure, although it would be perfectly in keeping with the “Shave for a Penny” policy which seems to have been the governing principle of your paltry Administration.

10th May, 1844.

COTTON TWIST.

NO. XVIII.

THE HANOVERIAN MARRIAGE LAW.

COUSIN TWIST—Leave Lancashiro to Cobden, and the Currency to the Expansion and Contraction Quacks: the former subject is far too far advanced for us to influence; and, in the latter, power and cupidity combine to sacrifice those who have no money to those who have. It cannot be helped; and we must abide the issue. But, if the Ghost of Cobbett walks, let Sir Robert Peel—the man of premises leading to nothing, and of inferences drawn from no-where,—the mind without a middle term—let Sir Robert Peel expect to be visited. Nevertheless, leave these matters, I say, to time, which will work out, not alone the results, but its own and our revenges; and give me leave to speak of a subject which should be dear to every English heart—I mean the case of the Son of the late Duke of Sussex, now seeking to vindicate the honour of his Mother, and to assert his own filial rights at the bar of the House of Lords.

A dry legal question is, of all others, the least fitted for the columns of a Newspaper; and I, for one, could have been well content to have left *this* question, at least, to the judicial care of the House of Lords, as one to which that assembly was likely to bring all the requisites essential for fair and full enquiry, deliberation, and decision. It seems, also, to me highly indecorous to interfere with a question in full hearing before a competent tribunal, and upon the very threshold, as it were, of ultimate decision; but when I see attempts made to influence that tribunal, and indications thrown out of a foregone conclusion on the part of the Government, it is but fair that so much should be said and done on the other side as shall, at all events, meet and answer what is so unfairly and extra-judicially urged.

The *Morning Herald* and the *Standard* set themselves up in the eyes of the world as government organs. Both Papers have, the *Standard* most repeatedly and ostenta-

tiously, disclaimed even allusions to questions *sub judice*: how comes it, then, that both *Herald* and *Standard* devoted their several leading Columns, on the very day that the case of the Sussex Dukedom was opened in the House of Peers, to elaborate arguments in law hostile to that claim? It is not too much to assume that they received their cue from the Government: let us hope for the credit of all our loyalty, that it goes no farther than some meddling Member of the Cabinet; but at whosever instigation the attack has proceeded, instruments more weak, or more worthless, could scarcely have been selected.

The *Herald*, with a capacity scarcely equal to spelling a volume of Reports, much less to expounding their meaning, blunders on the case of *Birtwhistle* against *Vardell*, and "apprehends" that it "has some bearing upon the claim of Sir Augustus D'Este." The very phraseology marks the solemn and pompous Ass; and in order to judge of his right to speak, even, to the question, let us contrast this case with the case of the Sussex Dukedom.

Two parties resident in Rome, and incapable of marrying according to the Law of Rome, are married according to the Rites of the Church of England by a Protestant Resident Clergyman of that Church; and such a Marriage is good—that is unquestionable in law. But in this case there is a Royal Marriage Act, avoiding marriages contracted by descendants of George the 2^d, except in certain cases, unless with the consent of the Crown; and the question is—whether the provisions of that act can operate upon marriages contracted out of England:—that is the case of the Sussex Dukedom.

Two persons living together, in Scotland, have children, and subsequently marry according to the Scottish form of marriage. A Legal incident of *that* marriage, is to legitimatise the offspring previously born; but the Judges of this country held, and their judgment was borne out on appeal to the Lords, that while the courts of this country would recognize the legitimacy of the children, and give effect to the Scottish form of marriage, from the date at which it took place, they could not recognize all the legal incidences of the ceremony, in a retrospective view, *quoad* Scotland, so as to carry with it the inheritance of Land situated in this country, because there was a positive Statute which said that persons born before marriage should not succeed to the inheritance in England:—that was the case of *Birtwhistle* and *Vardell*.

The Scotch case is known amongst lawyers as the case of the Ante-natus; the Sussex case may be described as the case of the Post-natus; and the simple distinction is between a party seeking an inheritance in a Country, in the very teeth of the laws of that Country, and a party setting up a marriage which is good, according to the Laws of the Country in which it is intended to operate, subject to the question of whether those Laws are specially controlled, in the given instance, by the particular operation of a Statute, the principle of which is opposed to the spirit of those Laws, and which is, in fact, a monstrous usurpation and tyranny over natural liberty.

The *Herald* asks how can Sir Augustus D'Este "fairly claim the benefit of a most indulgent extension of the law of England, while he, in the same breath, asks exemption from a specific and important Statute of the Code?" Bah! Goose, he answered from your own mouth, and have done quacking. For, says the *Herald*, "If he denies that an English Law can be held to fetter a marriage, contracted in a foreign Country, how can he claim the benefit of the indulgent principle which gives to an *informal* ceremony, performed in a foreign State, the force of a valid contract?" It is not an *informal* ceremony; but a ceremony of both form and substance; and the two things are essentially distinct: so much for the *Herald's* law!

I have a notion that the *Standard* knows better, for it does not repeat the *Herald's* law, not even by transferring the leader to the irresponsible part of its own columns; but, after expressing a doubt whether the marriage was good, for another cause—the minority of the Duke—it goes at once to the point, by contending that the Royal Marriage Act does extend to the descendants of George the Second, wherever they may be; and further, the *Standard* defends the Act, on the ground that the Female Aristocracy of England would snap up all the Male Branches of the Royal Family in no-time, keeping Chaplains in their houses, and Licenses in their cabinets, for the especial purpose.

Now, with regard to the question of minority, the *Standard* must be a very poor lawyer not to know that such a cause could only render such a marriage (not void, but only) voidable, if at all; and, further, that the time for the objection has long passed away. With respect to the other points, the first is the Issue itself, and the second is but one more proof, among many, of the strong Democratic tendency

of the *Standard*, and of its invincible hate and scorn of the British Aristocracy.

The *Standard* thinks this a good reason for controlling these alliances; and, because Parliament would have to provide an income for the parties and their descendants,—as if Parliament had not always to do the same in the case of German alliances:—but the *Standard* admits that—

“An opinion has long prevailed, and prevailed very extensively, that the object of the act of 1772 was the absurd one of limiting the royal family of England to marriages with members of reigning houses; of course excluding English alliances. This purpose may have in part influenced the King; indeed, the disposal of his own children in marriage, in so many cases unfortunate, while the King exercised authority, seems to prove that George the Third, good as he was, was not free from this monstrous folly.”

Precisely so; it was the return made to this country in payment for all that it had done, and was doing for the House of Hanover. Why if the Little German Potentate Sophia had conquered England, instead of the Crown being secured to her descendants by an Act of Parliament, a stronger sense of our inferiority could not have been manifested. The insult, considering from whence it came, and at whom it was levelled, is absolutely laughable. Was it a question of wealth—what was Hanover? Was it a question of power—what was Hanover? Was it a question of natural position—what was Hanover? Was it a question of blood and pedigree—what was Hanover? Immeasurably inferior was Hanover—ridiculously inferior on all these heads to England; and if we are to take the lower view of a state provision, as set up by the *Standard*, where was the balance of probability? In the case of an English alliance, it might not have been necessary, except as a point of honour, and an example of liberal feeling; but in a German alliance, it goes to essentials—it is a sheer question of bread and butter; the young people must have it, or starve.

Without reference, then, to the decision on the Sussex claim, which should and must be left to its appointed judges,—it is time that all this was put an end to; and the People should demand with one voice the Repeal of the Royal Marriage Act, and the legitimization, if necessary, by Statute, of the issue of the Duke of Sussex by the Lady Augusta Murray. That Act does not affect alliances contracted with foreign Princes, and it is inoperative as it regards Ireland. The first fact does away entirely with the notion

of any real parental control, and points the insult home ; the second may lead to a Civil War, if ever the descendants of Sir Augustus d'Este live to find their rights in collision with the descendants of a junior brother to *his* father, failing the issue of our present Queen.

London, May 21.

PHILO TWIST.



No. XIX.

SUFFERING FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD
LYNDHURST.

MY LORD,—You have been lately trying your hand at Legislation, with the benevolent object of keeping the Dissenters from scratching one another to pieces for a very inadequate object, since it does not appear that much benefit would arise from the full liberty of litigation, in the matter of their Chapel Trusts, except the benefit to the Lawyers, in a pecuniary point of view, and the benefit of laughter to those who look on, caring neither for the principle nor the issue. It must be confessed that you carry out this benevolent object at such a sacrifice of principle as is calculated to make an Equity Lawyer stare : and the amount of thanks you seem likely to get, therefore, from those parties in whose affairs you have interfered, promises to reach the usual remuneration to good-natured people who interpose in Family Quarrels—small thanks on either side, and a very unenviable amount of abuse and buffeting from one of the belligerents at least.

Allow me, my Lord, to propose a less questionable matter for the exercise of your power and skill ; and, in so doing, I beg to introduce to your notice an “Address” from certain residents in Lancashire, Members of the Society of Friends, to the Magistrates acting in, and for, the said County.

It is a grievous reproach to any state of society which requires anything more than the fact of a wrong done, to secure attention and sympathy, and to lead to redress. Nevertheless, to say that all men stand on an equal footing in this respect, is but a poetical figment, whether it be said of the Legislature, of the Law Courts, or of the Public of England. That we, as a People, and as a Government, are purse-proud and aristocratic, is a Fact, as great as the League ; and, therefore, it may be as well to say, that the Address in question is authenticated and supported, both as to the facts stated, and as to the respectability of the complainants, by the names of the Brights of Rochdale, of the

Ashworths of Turton, and by some dozen others, resident at Liverpool, Manchester, and the like, who would be men of mark and likelihood, even upon 'Change—which is submitting them to the severest test in Art or Nature; and, indeed, if, searching the filth-channels of Party, I were looking for aught to be said against the least among them, I should search no further than the Paper which would turn out of the House of Peers every Lord who is not rich in acres, or the semblance of acres, and the writings of the Man who has never forgiven the Quakers, because his father shot one of their body, and stood his chance of being hung for that same.

Now, of what do these gentlemen complain? Not, in the present instance, of Tithes, Church Rates, and Easter Dues, in the abstract. Had they done so, I am not so sure that, in the matter of Tithes, I should have troubled myself much on their behalf. Because, in some shape, and that shape should be the shape least injurious to agriculture, and least obstructive to improvement—because, in some shape, Tithe is National Property, and I have no notion of suffering it to be absorbed into Rent, for the benefit of the Landowners; nor am I so sure, if Government were to seize on it to-morrow, and apply it altogether to secular purposes, that the public would much benefit, or that Government would apply it to any very better purpose than that to which it is now applied. Nor do I see the exact right of any body of men, upon plea of conscience, to disintegrate themselves from that Governing-state in which they live, and to say, This tax will I pay, and this tax I will not pay. At all events, if they do, I cannot admit their double right, first, to the honours of martyrdom, and next, to exemption from its penalties.

The question of Conscience is, however, a wide question; I do not seek to argue it by implication; I only allude to it to mark distinctly the ground which I take: and, with the simple remark that Church Rates and Easter Dues fall within a very different category, if not of principle, at the least of law, wisdom, and discretion, let us see of what it is that these Gentlemen complain, and ask ourselves calmly, if they have not good ground of complaint, and good reason to expect that something will be done to remove the cause.

However we may differ as to the propriety of the original refusal to pay these demands, I take it for granted that no man whose opinion is worth having, would contend, for a moment, that the recusancy of these gentlemen should be punished beyond the law. The law says they shall pay a

certain sum; they refuse, and legal process is instituted to compel payment. Let us put aside, for a moment, the principle, and admit, for the sake of the argument in gross, that, so far, all is right; what then: should this be made the means of despoiling them of their goods, out of all proportion in value to the sums sought to be recovered? Surely that is a grievous wrong, and a crying injustice in the sight of God!

Here are five cases in this Address, in which the several amounts sought to be recovered, and varying from seven shillings and threepence to three pounds four and elevenpence, make an aggregate of seven pounds five shillings and ninepence only, and the value of the articles seized was—what? Double the amount?—More! Treble the amount?—More! Four times the amount?—More! Five times the amount?—More! Six times the amount?—More! Seven times the amount?—More! Yes, more than seven times the amount in default—nearly eight times that amount—no less than fifty-five pounds eleven shillings and sixpence!

In two of these cases, the amount demanded being one pound nine shillings and tenpence, the value of the goods taken was twenty-one pounds and ten shillings—nearly fifteen times the sums in default; and, in these cases, no account has been rendered, although, in one of them at least, it has been applied for! In the other three cases, the account stands thus: Amount of demands—five pounds sixteen shillings and one penny; value of the articles seized—thirty-four pounds one shilling and sixpence; amount for which they were sold—thirteen pounds eight shillings and sixpence; charges for distrainments—four pounds two shillings and threepence; overplus (with-)“held in hand”—four pounds and fourpence!

I now quote from the Address itself some further facts—facts only; and I entreat your Lordships’ attention, and the attention of every Christian man, and in particular of every friend of the Church of England, to the statements.

“The case of Ralph Neild, of Grappenhall, may serve to shew the character of these proceedings in the neighbourhood of Warrington:—A demand was made under the act for the commutation of tithe, for £4 11s 8d; for which his household furniture was seized and carried away, to the value of £10 12s. Another demand was also made upon Ralph Neild for church-rates (so called,) amounting to 4s 1d; his house was again entered, under the authority of the law, and articles of furniture taken of the value of £6 15s 0d. In the first of these distrainments upon the property of Ralph Neild, no account was given of any

overplus; in the latter case there was. It appears that the officers who carried out the distraint and sale, instead of desisting from selling, as they ought to have done, when they had realised sufficient for the demand and costs, and of restoring to Ralph Neild the remainder of his unsold goods, persisted, contrary to law, in selling the whole of what they had distrained, thus inconsiderately, if not wantonly, converting his chattels into money, and increasing the expense and sacrifice; a balance in money was thus made to accrue, and the sum of £2 6s 3d was afterwards left at his house during his absence from home. From numerous distraints which have occurred in the neighbourhood of Preston, we select the following as deserving of notice:—A demand was made upon John Wilcockson, under the act for the commutation of tithes, for the sum of £4 14s. Two of his cows, of the value of £26, were driven away and sold, and afterwards a return was made of £5 19s 3½d; leaving for demand, and expenses incurred, the sum of £20 0s 8½d. Demands were also made upon several of our members in Preston, for payments, formerly called 'Easter Offerings,' now termed 'Easter Dues.' The applications were made in the following form:—'St. John's Ward. Mr. ——— For Easter dues, 1843. Housekeeper, 5d; tradesman, not housekeeper, 0d; widow, or widower, not ditto, 0d; boarder, 0d; Communicant, 0d; arrears, 0d; total, 5d. You are requested to pay the above amount to my collector, R. Tomlinson, No. 77, Church-street, opposite the *Holy Lamb*, otherwise proceedings will be taken against you for the recovery thereof. Signed, J. O. PARR, vicar. Preston, April 17th, 1843.

"The applications for these payments not being complied with by our Members, distraints were made upon the property of three of them, and the attendant charges may deserve your notice.—Case of William Toulmin: Demand for 'Easter dues,' 5d; charges—for warrant, 10s; executing, ditto, 5s; assistance, 2s 6d; advertising sale, 5s; bellman, and posting sale bill, 1s; auctioneer, 5s; writer, 2s 6d; appraising goods, 1s. Total, £1 10s 11d.—Goods Distrained: One weather glass, value £1 1s; mahogany table, 18s. Total, £1 19s.—The sale of the weather glass and table did not realise sufficient to cover the demand and costs, and a charge for deficiency was afterwards brought in amounting to 6s 5d. At the same time other seizures and sales of property, on account of these demands, took place; and we are informed, that the officers employed made a similar bill of charges in every instance. The advertising of the sales, for the whole of these distraints, consisted merely of five blank forms of auctioneer's sale bills, which were filled up and posted on the walls; for doing which, the sum of five shillings was charged to each party."

"*Opposite the Holy Lamb:*" very opposite, indeed! My Lord, is it wonderful that that eminently quiet and passive People, called Quakers, should at length be stimulated into asking the Magistracy of Lancashire, as upon a matter which is believed to be very much within their control—Whether, setting aside the principle of the Law, and the propriety of resisting it, they, the Members of the Society of Friends, are treated with

common fairness in its administration? It is high time they asked that question: to have remained silent under such intolerable wrong would have been not only the manifestation of a weakness, but of a criminal indifference to that cause of justice which should be, at once, common, and sacred, to us all.

One other question they have not asked: let me ask it for them. I desire to know what this treatment is the reward of? Is it the reward of Quaker Loyalty? The Society of Friends are among the surest subjects of the Crown! Is it the reward of Quaker Morality? The Society of Friends are an example to the world in all their social and domestic relations! Is it the reward of Quaker Charity? The Society of Friends are foremost in the promotion of good!

It appears to me, speaking as a Churchman, that of all unwise things it is most unwise in Churchmen to offer this People an excuse, even, for active antagonism; and that of all wise things in its nature, it would be most wise to manifest towards them a feeling of Christian charity and kindness. I have always thought it well for the Church that this Society was so eminently conservative in its faith; for if the spirit of Propagandism were added to the simple energy of its purpose, I think it calculated to become the most formidable enemy an established Church could have.

Such a state of antagonism is just possible—barely possible. As the case stands, the principle of Quakerism is purely a principle—almost an abstraction,—certainly not a preaching, or a practice, offensively speaking; for they are by no means proselytising, as a sect, while, as individuals, they are ever found anxious to work with all Christian men, for all Christian purposes.

It would, then, be a wise and a worthy thing in you, my Lord, to apply your unquestionable ability to the devising some means by which the paltry vexations of Easter Dues and Church Rates might be altogether swept away, and by which the enforcement of the recovery of tithes—say by making the seizure of coin imperative where coin could be found, and by restricting the costs to some peremptory and proportionate amount—might be prevented from being turned into an instrument of oppression and robbery, altogether out of, and beyond, the contemplation of Law.

June 7, 1844.

PHILO TWIST.

HINTS TOWARDS SUPPLYING A STANDARD OF DRUNKENNESS.

A LETTER TO COTTON TWIST.

Cousin Twist,—I think the work is going on pretty well. Peel still continues his beggarly policy of ruining everybody gratis, conceding principles in a manner to offend his friends, and carrying them out in the mode best calculated to disappoint everyone. His Chancellor of the Exchequer announces, with the utmost *sang froid*, that the West Indies have a crisis to go through, into which his Leader very kindly pushes that interest; the *Morning Post* cries—Ruin! the *Herald* answers with the fact that the Tariff has produced nothing to the Consumers, who pay Five Millions sterling a year for it—that is the ultimate result; in the process, the effect was to paralyse Trade for a twelvemonth, and to destroy the Agricultural Markets. Yes, it works very well; and Peel goes on with a Devil-may-care sort of style, like a Drunkard who calls for Pot after Pot, and is unconscious of the chalking-up behind the door: his last achievement is to set the “Religious World” in antagonism to his Government; and we shall see what comes of his Currency nostrum, which, if worth anything, must go to heat down the price of every man’s labour for the benefit of Capitalists, and of Capitalists alone.

After all this shaking of the cask, I suppose the liquor will settle down, and become fine at last. I have great faith in the prevailing strength of common sense, and sigh most earnestly that its reign may quickly come, for I confess that I do not understand the position of parties just now, nor the principles upon which public men act. Every man seems to be fighting on his own hook, Peel included; and it is marvellous to see how the State Coach goes jolting along, rocking all ways, while the horses kick in every direction, until some unseen hand suddenly pulls one or other of them up with a force that turns him over upon his haunches! If any one can tell why, or wherefore, or which way we are going, he is a wise man, and I should be

thankful, for one, to share in his lights; for, at present, the purpose of all this is very dark indeed.

Here is the *Standard*, now, for instance,—a clever sort of fellow, with all his vindictiveness,—has taken to foam at the mouth, and kick over the traces, in a most fearful, and altogether unprecedented, sort of manner. I should like, above all things, to know what the *Standard* would be at, or what the *Standard* means; and, casting about for a reason, as nobody seems prepared to give one, I can only understand the *Standard*, by supposing the *Standard* to be very drunk indeed. Like Mad Tom, in the old hallad, he has been at Booth's, or Barclay and Perkins's, and

“Laid himself all along,
With his mouth close to the bung !”

And the suggestion is not uncharitable, for if the *Standard* be not drunk, the *Standard* must be mad; and the stocks, and five shillings fine, are at any rate, better than a shaved head, a cart-whip, and a straight-waistcoat.

But let us examine the Drunkard-hypothesis; and, first, we shall find that a drunken man is always apt to charge his offence on other people. “Brother Tadger, you're drunk!” says the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, in “Boz;” and, says the *Standard*, of the 24th ult.,—The Ten Hours' Bill is denied, “Because some Drah-coloured Mon of Manchester (*who themselves begin the morning with a dram*), tell us that the people are very had, and will consume, in public-houses, any time left to their disposal.”

Having thus settled the question of *fact*, let us trace the degrees of drunkenness, as illustrated in the progress of this unfortunate Victim of Intoxication.

First: we all know that the effect of good liquor is to stimulate the inventive faculties, and to awaken latent humour: there will be always found a cross of good nature in this style of drunkenness; and if the specimen, I supply from the *Standard* of June 1, have a slight acidity, we must allow a little for the state of the stomach. The *Standard* says—“The Six Traversers are, in fact, merely the Dupes of Mr. O'Connell and Lord Normanby; and, as the Noble Lord cannot be made to share the lodging of his Accomplice and Master, we regret to see their Dupes in his place.” This is a specimen of the Standard of Drunkenness after *Two Swigs* at the several Spigots of Barclay and Booth!

Secondly,—Proceeding to the second stage of intoxication, we arrive at “Maudlin Drunk”; and the *Standard*, waxing quite affectionate, begins to slaver his old enemy, Sir James

Graham, in a manner marvellous to behold. "He," quoth the *Standard* of May 31,—“He,” meaning Sir James Graham, “may think that every other Home Secretary would act with the same conscientious diligence, the same sagacity, and the same humanity, which distinguish his administration of the department; but though the opinion is natural to an honourable, candid, and modest man, it is not *our* opinion.” No; it would not be natural, the *Standard* being neither honourable, candid, nor modest.—Drunken men are so careless! Again, quoting as before, “It is a rare and happy accident to have a Home Secretary as zealous, acute, humane, and just, as Sir James Graham!” And this is a specimen of the *Standard* of Drunkenness, after taking *Three* several Swigs,—*Ubi sup!*

Thirdly,—“Sufficiently (or self-sufficiently) Drunk” is the next stage we arrive at: my illustration is from the paper of June 6, wherein it is said, “We shall easily get credit for the reluctance with which *we* have touched upon the subject; * * * but a Ministry, uninformed by the Press, might ignorantly rush upon ruin; as, unquestionably, any government in this country *must*, if it perseveringly slight the Christian feeling of the people.” It is clear that the *Standard* should be made Archbishop of Canterbury, with a seat in the Cabinet; and this is a specimen after *Four* several Swigs,—*Ubi sup!*

Fourthly,—It is clear that the *Standard* had better have abandoned Booth and Barclay at the last stage of Drunkenness. To know *when* to stop is always a great proof of wisdom; and, mark the consequences, the scene begins to darken and we arrive at the stage which may be called “Mysteriously Drunk.”—“We (says the *Standard* of May 31st)—We all know that there is nothing, for example, to prevent such a man as Mr. ——— being a Home Secretary; and *we* also know that if Mr. ——— had been Home Secretary about a month ago, Mary Furlley *would* have hanged by the neck until dead, on the 6th ult.” By the way, the *Standard* is great on subjects of Murder and Hanging. The *Standard* boasts that it knows who killed Eliza Grimwood; and, for scenting a gibbet afar off, it is a perfect Gallows-Bird. To see how Genius lives in the Blood! And this is a specimen after *Five* Swigs,—*Ubi sup!*

Fifthly—The reasoning powers now being about to fail there is a sort of brightening up before death, after the

fashion of a peuny candle, with a premonitory stink. This stage may be termed "Logically Drunk," and is thus illustrated by the *Standard* of June 4: "If the Noble Lord, (Russell) after a Rohbery of his House, should detect his Silver Spoons in the hands of Ben Coningsby, the notorious fence, would he accept Benjamin's excuse, that, if he did not take the swag, there was his brother *Caucasian*, Moshee Sidonia, who had the crucible always on the fire?" And this is a specimen after *Six* Swigs,—*Ubi sup*!

Sixthly,—It is to be observed, that a man loses in drink the power of drawing correct conclusions before he forgets utterly that two and two make four; and the reason is, that one is more an effort of mind, while the other is more an act of memory: thus we arrive at the stage of Arithmetical Drunkenness, when a man cannot see why twice two shouldn't be nineteen as well as four, or why less should not be more; and the *Standard* of the 4th inst. says—"It is our firm belief that a total break-up of our American Trade, of course—still preserving the trade of our own Colonies, would donhle the commerce of Great Britain in seven years." And this, which makes substraction equivalent to multiplication, is a specimen of the standard of Drunkenness, after taking *Seven* several Swigs at the *Seven* several Spigots of Booth and Barclay!

Seventhly,—*"Pig Drunk,"* or, as some call it, *"Mendaciously Drunk."* The *Standard*, of June 6, says, "We are enahled to state, and as we believe confidently, that the visit of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia to this country was immediately determined by the publicity given to the maritime note of his royal highuess the Prince de Joinville!" Another specimen from the paper of the 31st ult. says:—"The shocking sacrifices of life [*i. e.* by Whig Home Secretaries unmercifully hanging every body] previous to Sir Robert Peel's accession to office, proves that a very respectable nobleman or gentleman may be a very insufficient court of appeal in criminal cases." If, disposed to be hypercritical, I should draw a distinction between these two last specimens, classing the first as Pig, or See-the-wind Drunk, and the second as Mendaciously or Ferriand Drunk; but looking at the degrees as marked in the glass, I am, in my strict regard for truth, compelled to say—This is a specimen of the *Standard*, &c., after *Eight* several Swigs, as before!

Eighthly,—The Sailors under Captain Cook used to save their grog for a month, with the view of keeping Christmas

"like Christians." And, not that there appears to have been any saving knowledge in the case of the *Standard*, it is in that sense I designate the next stage as "Religiously Drunk." Thus the *Standard* of June 6, stigmatises the faith of the Unitarians as "their accursed Doctrine;" and suggests, "If the Government has been entrapped by the crafty and dishonest *infidels*, who only can benefit by such a Bill, [*id est*, the Dissenters' Chapels Bill] the exposition of the fraud will at once enable Parliament to relieve them from all difficulties." And this, &c., after *Nine* several Swigs!—*Ubi sup!*

Ninthly,—The down-draught of the unfortunate Victim of Booth and Barclay must have been long apparent to you, Cousin Twist; and, now that irreligious intolerance is added to the other evil passions which this excess of Half-and-Half and Blue Ruin is fast awakening, it is no wonder that we find the *Standard* in the next stage becoming "Spitefully Drunk." Quoth he, on the 5th instant—"Mr. Justice Burton has been, for the forty years of Mr. O'Connell's most mischievous and disgraceful life, the intimate personal friend of Mr. O'Connell." And this is a specimen, &c., after *Ten* Swigs!—*Ubi sup!*

Tenthly,—The spirit of wrathful contention, and universal warfare, being now fairly awakened, we come next to the "Malay stago;" or, the "Run-a-muck Drunk." And here, as is customary with drunkards, the unhappy old man (who, according to his own confession, has been twenty years balancing daily the law of libel between his evil passions and his fear of punishment) falls foul of his oldest friends and associates—the Irish Bar. He says (June 5), "These (mendicancy, falsehood, and slander) were offences unfitting him (O'Connell) for the society of *gentlemen*, but it seems that the Irish Bar either did not consider that such crimes unfitted him for *their* society, or—they were unwilling to disoblige the attorneys whom Mr. O'Connell might influence."—And this is a specimen, &c., after *Eleven* Swigs, as before!

Eleventhly,—We arrive at the last stage of all; and let us, in the spirit of a Merciful Charity, rejoice that it is the last stage—for who knows what insanity might not have produced, under the double influence of liquor and the flighty recollection of the murder of Eliza Grimwood—of shooting Quakers—hanging Rebels—cursing Infidels, and tholike! Yes, we have, thankfully let it be said, arrived at the last stago, and that is—"Dead Drunk." I take the illustration from the *Standard*, of May 31st; with no

other alterations from the printed copy than the supplying a few interjections, which the Amanuensis, employed for the occasion, and anxious to lose "no drop of this Immortal Man," faithfully recorded in the M.S.;—which the Compositor, whose duty it became to "follow his copy, even through a window," as the Printers say, as faithfully set up; but which the Reader, without any regard to the interests of science, most rigorously expunged from the Proof! How I became possessed of the original Document, I leave the *Times*, which procured and printed a copy of Lord Durham's Report in advance of the House of Commons, to explain. Here it is:—

"The y-y yongg (hiccup) and com-com-pa-ra-ratively (hiccup! mind tha-at, f-for tha-at's the g-gist o-of the 'argument—com-pa-ra-ra-tively; have you got that down? hiccup! Very well; wha-at's next? Oh!) inexperienced young men who are sent to the c-colonies make ex-exlent (hiccup! no—e-ex-cell-e-n-t, lent; excellent) J-Judges, (hiccup!) absolutely (yes, ahslutely) e-equal, and relatively (yes, retatively, no relatively, hiccup!) supreor (pshaw! su-pe-rior) to the J-Judges of Westminster Hall (that's a caulker!)"

And this is a specimen of the *Standard* of Drunkenness, after Nature and Art have done their uttermost with the Spigots of Booth and Barclay; for here there was a prolonged snore; and tho Amanuensis packed up his papers for the day.

A LETTER TO THE LORD BROUGHAM, ON
CIDDLE-IFICATION OF THE LAW.

My Lord,—It was once said of you in Westminster Hall, that, if your Lordship had but a little Law, you would have a little of everything! It is seldom that so much wit is pointed by so much truth; and I suppose that, of all the Admirable Crichtons of modern times, there never was one yet whose greatness was made up of such a host of small matters. Law, Legislation, Science, the Arts, Political Economy, Criticism, General Literature, History, Divinity, Government, War, *cum multis aliis*, go to make up the Catalogue of your pretensions, in subjects, on all of which you undertake to pronounce, *ex-cathedra*, until you remind one of those dirty blue wrappers to the Old Monthly Magazines, on which the title of every branch of human knowledge was emblazoned, with little or no reference to the information within.

Profundity, or exactness, in a mind so constituted, or rather, in a memory so stuffed, is not to be expected; but it may serve to explain, *a priori*, the peculiar characteristic of your genius, which, by the consent of all grave observers, has been long recognised as eminently destructive, and entirely deficient of any one element of construction.

The Sheffield Baptist Minister, who likened you to that Devil Machine, whose business it is, amid a great noise and a dusty confusion, to tear rotten rags by the hour, might have found a more classical and less offensive simile—he could hardly have hit on one more apt; but, whoever glances back upon your past life will see, that in attacks all your successes have been achieved, and that in proposed remedies all your failures have been most conspicuous. Give you an opportunity of rending a Bishop, and lawn sleeves and black silk apron fly in tatters to the wind; set you down to write a Book on Natural and Revealed Religion, and a precious piece of patchwork you make of it. Furnish you with ignorance and the Schoolmaster for a theme, and how eloquent you are; but give you pen and

ink, and a sheet of draft paper, and your Bill will receive no better fate than a shrug from your friends, and a sneer from your foes. Let you loose on the abuses of the Law, and you can talk by the hour; ask you for a remedy, and the remedy shall be worse than the disease.

There is another reason for all this, growing, necessarily, out of a loose and uncertain extent of information. It is so easy to abuse: there is the moral certainty that nine out of every ten who listen know even less of the subject than you—no fear that the undigested nature of your cram, and its consequent mistakes, will be detected; there is, again, the most certain certainty that the Public, generally, has too ready a tendency to believe in the existence of a wrong: tell the Public the basest and most improbable lie that ever was coined, and if it affects others, and those others exist in high places—and whether it re-act on the Public or not, the Public will begin by believing it; and the difficulty is, not to convince a cautious mind, but to disabuse a mind incautiously made up. I do not, by any means, seek to accuse you of wilful lying, but I point to consequences and effects; the insufficiently-informed, who puts himself forward to instruct others, must lie, practically, to his followers; and, whether his denunciations be levelled at men, or things, the moral of my position works itself out, and the effects are the same.

I take up the last Part of your "Political Philosophy," just published, under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, or, rather, by the rump of that Society, of which you are the Chairman. I have taken it up for an illustration, certain I should discover one; the Book opens of itself at the 73d page, and there I find it written, that "A man may have a million in the Funds, or as much Capital invested in Commerce, and he is unfit to represent a commercial town, unless he have also £300 a-year in *Real Estate*." That is your mode of pointing out the folly, and injustice of the supposed anomaly. I glance my eye up the page, and I find the Law, upon which you found this complaint, thus stated by you:—"In England, all but Members for the Universities, and Peers' eldest sons, must have £600 a-year clear, in *landed* property, to sit for Counties, and £300 to sit for Boroughs; the eldest sons of Persons qualified for County Members, being presumed to be themselves qualified." What, then, is a Peer

qualified to sit for a County? That is the logical and grammatical construction of your sentence; but you did not mean that: it is your mode of writing, which is as loose as your mode of thinking; which, again, is as loose as your amount of information.

But this you do mean: you mean to assert it, as Law, that a qualification *in land* (with the exception of Universities, and for Peer's eldest sons, and for the eldest sons of persons qualified to sit as County Members) is essential to sit in Parliament. I turn to the statutes at large, and I there read an act, which received the Royal Assent on the 27th of July, 1838 (1 and 2 Vic., cap. 48), and, then, in its second section, I find the qualification extended to "*Personal* estate, or effects of any kind whatsoever," and to "the interest, dividends, or annual proceeds of any such *personal* estate or effects!"

After this, it is not marvellous that your Lordship should, with the utmost nonchalance, push back the Feudal-system into the Saxon Era! but in a Lord—in a Legislator—in the great Royal-road Schoolmaster of his Age—in the Chairman of a Society for the Diffnsion of Useful Knowledge—in the Speaker of uncounted Speeches—the Writer of unheard of Books—the Public Teacher—the Sage—in the March-of-Intellect Man who has retailed the arts and sciences at Sixpence a piece, and allowed his scholars a fortnight to perfect themselves in each—surely such an error as this is hardly to be excused, even in a Philosopher of the *De Omnibus Rebus et Railroad School*.

I make no apology, my Lord, for addressing you so familiarly, claiming, as I do, a sort of Irish fraternity with you. Your Lordship has a notorious Twist in your mind; and a Twist in your eye, I have thought, would not much further impair your beauty, either mentally or physically. Indeed, I had some thoughts, of having your mask engraved, and appending it as an explanatory note to this article, because,

If to your share some venial errors fall,

Look at your face, we comprehend them all;—

for lifeless, and, so far, inexpressive, as the effigy would have been, the characteristic of extreme restlessness—the snail-horned sensitiveness—the wrathful and *crass* impatience—the moral spasm—the index of your mind is there. Like Signor Benedict, you will be talking, in the very face and

presence of Lady Disdain, though nobody marks you ; and, like Wamba, the son of Witless, you are not content to ride your mule like a decent Christian, but now you are astride, and now you are aside, now on the crupper, and now upon the brute's neck—now lying flat upon its back, and now sitting facing its tail,—until, what marvel that the patience of your hobby should be exhausted, and that yourself should be pitched over its head, to fall floundering in the mire ?

My Lord, I am not sufficiently fond of the fun which is born of mischief, nor sufficiently the enemy of your opposing Qnixote—Lord Camphell, nor sufficiently tired of the House of Peers, nor sufficiently disgusted with my country, or the laws of my country, to relish this Westminster Exhibition of yours ; and I therefore hail your appearance, scissors and paste-pot in hand, piecing up, with little labour, and less knowledge, a measure for codifying the Criminal Law, from the Reports of the Commissioners, as a glorious opportunity afforded me for demonstrating—to use a well-known judicial expression—"What a goose you are !"

(To be continued.)

A DIGRESSION ON TAXATION.

If Barrelling up in a Pickle Tnb will keep a subject a week, it may be inferred that Lord Brougham and his codification projects will keep so long, even independently of the hebdomadal refresher, rubbed periodically into his back and head by the plentiful hand of *Punch*. But there are other subjects—and this week there is an excess of subjects—which will not preserve their relish so long; and the most pressing of them all, seems to be a word in season as to the *rationalc* of Taxation, which ppeople, who cannot be supposed not to understand it, seem disposed very generally either to misunderstand, or to overlook.

The subject is a dry one; and two others, far more piquant, offer strange temptations to diverge into the questions of, the miserable plight of Peel and his Majority, and that of the unmitigated blackguardism, which has turned the British Post-Office into a Sardinian Spy-Shop. But, never mind; when the Session has closed, we will see if we cannot take a few leaves out of Lord Lyndhurst's Log-book, and show up the troop of "Spaniel Dogs," and "Ill-bred Curs," as they call one another in Parliament, together with their juggling Master, who has brought them to stand on their hind legs, to heg, and to dance; not forgetting Sir James Graham—the sleight-of-hand man with thick fingers—the village conjuror—the clumsy Fouché!

Thirteen "Free Traders *par excellence*," have voted with Peel against a reduction of 4s per cwt. on the importation of West Indian Sugars. The Majority of Peel was 22: it is, therefore, matter of Arithmetic, that, if the Thirteen Free Traders had clubbed forces with the hulk of their friends, and gone out with them, and with the Russell Men, and the Fixed-Dnty Men, and the Rump of the West India Interest, and with recusant Young England—Peel must have been in a Minority again; and, such being matter of Arithmetic, it follows that, as a matter of Logic, in a party seuse, the "Thirteen Free Traders *par excellence*" ought to have done so. Hence, there is

soreness in the Clubs; and Whigs, who do not like the League, and some with a latent feeling for Protection, and a silent dread of the principles of Free Trade, but whose necessities make them acquainted with such strange Bed-fellows, and all the little aristocratic jealousies of the Manchester Men, are at work to inoculate others with the idea that "Really it was too bad of Cobden;" and "If men will not act together, there is an end of all;" and that "It is always the way with these extreme people."

There are many induced to believe this; some, who think that any reduction in any tax is a benefit *per se*; some, who think a Tory Minister ought always to be left in a minority if possible; some, who think a chance of office gone by,—some, who think of nothing but that there was a whip: so there is a soreness manifested in the Clubs towards Cobden and Covent-garden, and one is sorry to see Covent-garden and Cobden manifesting a soreness in return.

I dare say necessity, and good sense, will interpose to heal all this shortly. As to the Clubs, they will soon talk their spleen away, and subside into iced Claret and the current slang; and much may be forgiven Mr. Cobden, who has done so much, and who, standing in the position he does stand, as a public man, self-created such, has borne his honours with wonderful equanimity and modesty.

It seems to me that the quarrel, if quarrel it can be called, may be arranged after this fashion: concede the vote of Friday—which, as read by the League Members who supported the Minister, was a proposition to give £800,000 per annum to the West Indian monopolists, from the public taxes—and the vote of Monday was, nevertheless, a mistaken one, as the question had merged into one of confidence or of no confidence. The true course, as it seems to me, under such circumstances, was to withdraw from the Division; and, had the Thirteen Free Traders done so, Peel would have been left to the poetical justice of a majority of nine, furnishing a very remarkable historical parallel to the Whig Division on a West Indian question, prior to their secession from office in 1842.

But supposing the Thirteen Free Traders had voted with the minority, and so changed the fortunes of the Division—what then? Peel might have dissolved, or the Duke of Richmond might have been sent for; and did not the lackeys of the Press, the *Herald* and the *Standard*, tender their ready allegiance, by anticipation, to the ultra-Protec-

tionists? Little was it to them who won the Consulate. Type and men were all at the disposal of Protectionist, Tory, or Free Trading Conservative: but who thought the Whigs were coming in? No one: the time is not come; the Market is not, nor are the dealers and chapmen, ready. The Whigs must have a policy before they can bid for office, even; and, as yet, they are in a state of transition. In a long-headed point of view, then, the issue is a good thing; for the mischief is done to the Government and their supporters—the seeds of disunion and dislike are sown successfully among them; and although a more striking and exciting sort of embarrassment might have been got up by a second Government minority, the embarrassment which has been achieved promises to be infinitely more permanent and mischievous. The Tory Party might have been renovated by a more palpable danger; but left to Peel, in Peel's present position, they are divided, and will be destroyed.

These considerations may serve to facilitate the allaying of all angry feeling, if the feeling existing amount to anger; in a fiscal view, there is scarcely room for argument, so apparent is it that the public had no interest in the reduction proposed.

It is not true, whatever Mr. Hume may say, that all reduction of taxation is, *per se*, a benefit to the public, or that it has the effect of increasing demand; for, in the first case, the benefit may be so small, that, even if it reach the public in a reduced price, the saving may be inappreciable, or it may be so small, that the dealer or manufacturer will be enabled to put it in his pocket, and benefit by the difference; and, in the second case, if the reduction do not bear some relative proportion to the price and the nature of the article, and its consumption, that reduction must result in positive loss to the Revenue—a loss which, if recovered at all, will be raised by other means.

The case of Sugar, the article under discussion, may serve to illustrate this principle fully. Sugar may be quoted, with regard to the bulk of the consumers, say at 7d a pound. The reduction of 4s the cwt. proposed, does not amount to one halfpenny the pound. Does any one pretend to say that the result would have been that Sugar, now selling at 7d, would have been reduced to 6½d? This would have been for the West Indians to make less than nothing by their motion; and nothing of the kind was intended or thought of, by those who thought at all; although some men

who think that reduction is reduction, and others, in whose minds pounds and penny pieces acquire the same specific gravity, have talked with reference to this question, very vaguely, about Cheap Sugar, and the Poor. Not so: the 4s reduction, amounting, on the West Indian Import to this Country to £800,000 per annum, would have been as much given to that interest, as if the sum had been voted specifically to them in a committee of supply.

But suppose it had—Suppose Sugar had come to be sold for 6½d per pound, what then? Where would have been the effect upon consumption of a reduction of one-fourteenth upon every sevenpence? The family of a labourer may purchase a pound of Sugar per week—as much as it does—but say one pound,—what shall it do with the odd half-penny? Purchase an ounce more, at the positive loss of the difference of thirteen to sixteen in the division of the pound-weight? And if it did, will the duty on an ounce replace the loss to the Revenue?—no; not fifty per cent of that loss. Take the case of a family in good circumstances, using three pounds of Sugar per week, the saving of the Duty, joined to an extra farthing, will enable them to purchase another quarter of a pound! Will they do it Pshaw!

No: such reductions are clearly absurd: they do not reach the public in reduction of price; if they did, they would not be worth the public having, as a matter of saving; and they cannot be recovered to the Revenue in increased consumption, because they bear no operative relation to the price and consumption of the article to which they refer.

The true principle to carry out would be to reduce the duty on all Sugar to one penny per lb, and it might then be sold in our shops, good qualities at 5d per lb, and inferior qualities at 4d per lb. This is an appreciable difference, which would at once enable everybody to add one-third to his consumption, on the average. The increased demand would stimulate production, and lead to greater cheapness and an accelerating increase of consumption, re-acting again on imports and exports. Sugar would enter far more deeply into the category of necessities, as an article of food; it would draw after it Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Rice, and Fruit—Home Industry, Commerce, Shipping, and Revenue, until the Babyland of England should clap its universal hands, and join its tiny voices in one prolonged shout for the age of a new three Ps—the toothsomest of them all—the age of Pies, Puddings, and Preserves.

22d June, 1844.

COTTON TWIST

No. XXIII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR R. PEEL, BART., M.P.

SIR,—I have been trying, for the last six months, to “screw up my courage to the sticking point” of addressing a letter to your Colleague—or Cad, as the case may be—Sir James Graham; for Sir James is precisely the sort of man whom a gentleman would rather write *at* than *to*. I had hopes of him at one time—that is to say, when he quarrelled with Ferrand; but his late thick-fingered attempts at the conjurations of Fouché induce me rather to fall back on my original conception, and to exclaim, with Byron,

“Arcades ambo—*id. est*, blackguards both!”

wherefore I address this letter to you. And I do so, not because of this alone, but because, also, you are the great Pronoun of the Administration—the

“*I*, the little hero of each tale;”

so that, in spite of the danger one runs from your own fears, or fictions, and from the ready yelp of the “Spaniels” and “Curs,”—these are Parliamentary phrases now,—behind you, one is compelled to hold you responsible for all.

Sir Robert, take the advice of one who wishes you no more harm than is necessary for the good of the Country, and be warned by the men who have united to condemn the infamy, and be warned by the man who has come forward to excuse and defend it, and be warned by the majority of 44, that this Post-Office Espionage—this burglarious violation of letters—this forgery of seals—this fraudulent alteration of Post-marks, is not for England at the present time.

Be assured that this matter has done more to damage your Administration than the Copper-gilt Bonapartism of Ellenborough in India—the prostitution of justice in Ireland—or the invasion of Guernsey. I have taken the most ridiculous, the most infamous, and the most useless, acts of your Administration, not as comparisons of themselves, but as illustrations of classes of criminalities, and worse than criminalities—you will understand the distinction—faults; and for all practical endangering purposes at Elections, and with the People, this burglary, and fraud, and forgery, at the Post-Office, is the worst.

It is useless to talk of State Expediencies to this People ; for, if State Expediencies involve the sacrifice of moral and honourable feelings, the People of England are hard of hearing, and impenetrable in their understanding of what they do hear. We have a national faith in these matters—a national feeling against taking unfair advantages—a national horror of all breaches of trust—a national sympathy with the oppressed of all countries—a national sense of the hospitality due to the stranger, and in particular to the refugee—and a national dislike of Foreign Governments, which are not Constitutional. Such are we, the People of England ; and you talk to us of State Expediency ! Sir, it is not good that we should listen to you ; it would be bad to argue with you ; worst of all would it be for us as a Nation—for as a Nation our character would then be changed, and stand degraded—could we accept the excuse, or refine upon the argument which ends in the startling fact, that the State is not bound by those honourable ties which bind the individual—that it is not necessary for the State to have a conscience—a sense of fairness, even ; and that a Statesman may be, individually, the soul of honour, while, in his official capacity, he may be the veriest Scamp that ever practised meanness and deceit.

But there is a Statutory Right to open Letters in the Post-office ? Granted ; and let the fact stand forth patent to the world for so much as it is worth, and for no more. There is a Statutory Right to delay and open Letters—it is no part of the Common Law ; for to take and open Letters, by the Common Law, is a felony. And this Statute was passed—when ? At a time when the Throne and the Succession seemed anything but on a settled foundation ; and when England was torn, if not with conspiracies, at least with discordant feelings and passions, and with strong tendencies to change. It is a Statutory Right to detain and open Letters, by warrant from the Secretary of State, when passing from or between suspected parties ; and when the Chartist Delegates were sitting in open conclave in London, the right was daily exercised by the Whigs. What then ? It was openly done—there was no forgery of Seals, no fabrication of fraudulent Post-marks ; men knew the responsibilities under which they wrote and received their Letters. It was the exercise of a simple act of power of the stronger over the weaker party, in a state of notorious antagonism ;—it was a tyranny, if you will, but it was an avowed

tyranny, in which the subject might say, with a frank scorn, "Do your worst,"—and the actors, with as frank an exercise of their Statutory right—might do that worst, and with very little harm, or, indeed, good, dono, after all, on either side.

And this, it appears to me, should be the course of every Secretary of State, as most consistent with his own honour, and the Letter of the Law. For the Statute requires a warrant, and such warrant is to be issued for cause: Keep the power, then—discreditable, and in violation of the Common Law though it be,—keep it, if you will; exercise it under a full sense of its baseness and its responsibilities; but, having done so, forge no Seal, falsify no Post-Mark, but write on the cover, frankly and boldly, "Opened by the Secretary of State."—"Oh," says the heavy-headed Machievel—"that would be to warn the Seditious that they were suspected; the object is to watch them closely, and catch them in the fact." Precisely so; it is the wicked practise of a low-minded policeman, who, his duty being to prevent crime, stands furtively by, tacitly assenting to its committal, that he may recommend himself to notice, by the activity with which he springs upon the offenders. If an Englishman he suspected justly, fine and punish; if wrongfully, acquit him: in either case, he is entitled to know the accusation, and who is the accuser; and rest assured, Sir, that the State has no real interest in this Lion's-head system of accusation,—this secret prying into men's Letters—a practice which has only to be blazoned abroad, to prevent anything political, not to say seditious, from passing through the burglarious fingers of a Home Secretary, or through that great Establishment for forgery,—misnamed a National Post Office.

But show me a case in which the Whigs, in the spirit of truckling to a great power, or in God knows what spirit, unless in the kindred spirit of a fraternising littleness with a small power;—show me a case, I say, in which the Whigs ever strained this Act of Parliament to convert the British Post office into a spy-shop for Continental Despotism. Yet this is the black blackguardism of your Home Secretary: the British Post-office is made accessory to the Sardinian Police—to the rope and dungeon despotism of the two Sardinias! The two Sardinias! Why, if antiquity gives respectability, there is a western corporation, which has jurisdiction over a far more venerable and better territory—the two Holms, flat and steep, in the Bristol Channel.

I apprehend, Sir Robert, that no decent man can come to

a different opinion as to the moral proprieties; but *coute qui coute*, the Home Secretary must be saved from the perils of a committee, and why? Because this Act—a *British* Act of Parliament, passed for *British* purposes, must have come under inquiry, and it could not have failed to be perceived, on inquiry, that the Act gives no such power as has been exercised. The exercise of this power then, it would follow, would be clearly illegal,—and if, upon further advice, this should appear, as no doubt it would, to be the true reading of the statute, Mr. Mazzini cannot do better than place the matter in professional hands, and indict your Home Secretary for the misdemeanour.

PHILO TWIST.

29th June, 1844.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE—A DIGRESSION.

Once upon a time, there lived a Drunken Parson, in a City in the West of England, who rendered himself notorious by playing "Morgan Rattler," on a fiddle, one Sunday morning! On being remonstrated with by his Landlady, he insisted that it was a Church tune, and, to convince her, repeated the air in very slow time, singing to it the words of one of the Psalms of David! The same worthy had a peculiar gift of preaching most eloquent sermons, on the misery and wickedness of intemperance, and as peculiar a practice of rolling through the streets in a state of staggering intoxication. Now it happened, "once on a time," when in this state, that he ran full against the Parish pump, and, mistaking it for a human being, exclaimed, "What do you mean, Sir, by insulting me? I'll have you taken up!" "Oh, Doctor, Doctor!" cried a passing Vestryman, "is this the way in which you carry out the Doctrines you preached last Sunday?" "My good f-fellow?" hiccupped the Parson, "Don't you do as I do; but do as I tell ye!"

The race of Drunken Parsons is now pretty well extinct; but it is extraordinary how prevalent is the Philosophy, such as it is, of the example I have taken; for it seems to me, that in nine-tenths of the moral Lecturing, with which the upper Classes favour the Poor, it is but a singing of the Psalms of David to the air of "Morgan Rattler," played in slow time; while it is perfectly clear, that the Poor, if they hope to be good and honest, must not do as the Rich do, but as the Rich tell them.

If a poor woman was to lend a neighbour a washing-tub and a scrubbing brush, and then die, and the orphan child should apply to the Bailee for the brush, and manifest no knowledge of the washing-tub, what would be thought of the honesty of the party who, instead of confessing the loan, and returning the property, should render the smaller article only, and hide the larger one in a back kitchen? This might be the issue of a momentary temptation; but suppose, upon full deliberation, and finding the name of the late owner burned in upon the side of the tub, the Bailee should take

a carpenter's plane, and plough it away, putting the tub thenceafter to her own use solely,—what would be thought of that?

A party, purporting to be the heir of a deceased person entitled to certain funds, of the value of £3,000, applies to the Bank of England for the money, and it is known to the Bank that a further sum of £6,000 is standing in the name of the same party, and, in like manner, due with the smaller sum. It furnishes the information? Not so: it gives up the scrubbing-brush and retains the washing-tub; and it marks the transaction, as palpably as does the carpenter's plane, by taking its pen and writing "Dead" against the £6,000! What should be thought of this?

The House of Commons is seized with a sudden fit of virtue. It seems members might not, by order of the House, vote at the usual sittings of the House for measures in which they are personally interested; but a doubt existed whether this order extended to Committees, and therefore members have ordinarily voted on such occasions—the principle being, that what was considered wrong and tending to corruption when the Speaker was in the chair, became right and pure in the presence of Mr. Greene. The anomaly has now been got rid of; and, of course, we may expect the Corn Laws to be repealed at once, as, under this order, the gentlemen who make marriage settlements for their children, and fulfil their covenants by taxing the food of the poor, will be disentitled to vote, upon their own showing? Not at all. The morality of the House of Commons stops at Railways, and ends in declaring that no member of that Honourable House shall invest any of his spare capital in shares,—railway, not Plough-shares!

A case has been tried this week in the Court of Exchequer, the object being to decide which lot of a certain number of Lords, Gentlemen, and Jockeys, should have certain Stakes and Bets dependent on a Horse Race—the decision turning upon whether one particular horse—the winner of the Derby—was three or four years old; that is the extent of the "wretched fraud," as Mr. Baron Alderson called it, which, joined to a refusal to suffer the horse's mouth to be inspected, has induced a Learned Judge to sacrifice the quiet decorum of his seat, and to *rave*, all but, of transportation, and the like. "Produce the horse," thunders his Lordship. "Yes," says the Counsel, "to enable the other side to get at its marks, and to swear that

the horse is not itself, but some other horse." The suggestion is ingenious; and, however untrue in this respect, not at all unwarranted by legal experience of horse causes and stable witnesses. Of two Veterinary Surgeons called in to inspect the morbid anatomy of a horse that died of disease, I once heard one swear that there were tubercles in the lungs, and the other that there were not; and when it became necessary to test the presence of disease by the sinking or the swimming of the lungs in water, one Veterinary Surgeon swore that they swam, and the other that they sank. This may serve to illustrate the morality of horse cases, generally; and, when the "wretched fraud" of mistating the age of a horse by one year is so strongly insisted on, what shall we say of the practice of betting against one's own horse, and then withdrawing it at the last moment, or selling it to a party who intends to withdraw it—and in both cases with the purpose of winning the bets? That is the practice of the Turf; and it is adopted in effect, and, indeed, vindicated by the Turf Professors. But is not this a "wretched fraud," also? Nay, is it not worse than the case of Running Rein,—for here there is no protection, while the age of a horse is legibly written in his mouth?

No doubt, Turf practices are calculated to create "great regret and disgust" in every well-regulated mind; but what are the great moral lessons read to the public on the disclosures of this case?

"It has shown," says the Judge, "Noblemen, and Gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of low rank, and *infinitely below them in society*. In so doing, they have found themselves cheated and made the dupes of the grossest frauds. They may depend upon it that it will always be so, while Gentlemen associate and bet with blackguards."

Improving upon this, the *Times* says that "Noblemen and Gentlemen of rank have no business to bet with Tailors;" and, vulgarising upon this, the *Herald* says, that "a Gin-spinner, if he be impudent enough, may bet with a Lord!"

A Gin-spinner, it may be observed, is slang for a Distiller, but Distillers, as a class, are not sporting men; and the antithesis may therefore be referred to the hypothesis, that this writer is more conversant with gin than with the fitting-rooms of Stultz and Nugee, and *vice versa*. Clearly

the liquor was in his head; and, "when the Drink is in, the wit is out," says the Proverb! But what is the moral of all this?

The first thing that strikes us is, that the Judicial Tribunals of the Conntry have been prostituted, and an able and excellent Judge degraded in station, and betrayed in temper, to settle the disputes of a set of swindlers and fools; the next idea we take from it all is, that a vast deal of indignation has been wasted on a very unworthy object; and, lastly, we conclude that the moral lesson enforced is a very low one, and has taken a very wrong direction.

Is a tailor good enough to find strings for a sporting nobleman's kites? Why should he not bet with a Lord, as well as discount his accommodation bills? It may be that it is ridiculous for a man to seek acquaintance much above, or much below, his station in life. I hold them equally vulgar and snobbish. But there is no evil, but much good, in the various classes of society mingling freely together in National Sports; and if I believe a horse will win, and choose to back that opinion with a bet, the thing may be idle enough, but it is English, and there is no great harm done, though I bet with a Lord and be but a Tailor. No: that is not the evil—and, with all respect, the reference of Baron Alderson to "Noblemen and gentlemen of rank associating and betting with men of *low rank*, and *infinitely below them in society*" is quite as snobbish and vulgar. The true evil, is the practice which has degenerated a national amusement, into a Gambling Trade—"a Trade," says the *Herald*, "by which not merely Jew swindlers, broken-down gentlemen, gamblers, and brothel keepers try to subsist, but by which members of our first families, men of acknowledged social position, mainly live." True; and the evil is not that high-born gentlemen and noblemen associate with low blackguards, but that they have a common bond of blackguardism to unite them with each other. Their purpose is one, their conversation and appearance are one,—their morality and practice scarcely dissimilar. Yet this is the class which the Legislature has stepped in to save from the penalties of open violation of the Law by a special Act of Parliament! That is the Practice: what is the Precept? Read it in the law against Lotteries; in the treatment which the Artists and the Art Union have received; and in the attacks on the *low Hells* and the *Thimble Riggers*, led on by that strong-minded man Sir James Graham.

Yes, the "noblemen and the gentlemen of rank" bid the "men of low rank," who are "infinitely below them in society," not to "do as they do, but as they tell them;"—singing the Psalms of David, to the tune of "Morgan Rattler," played in uncommon slow time.

July 5, 1844.

PHILO TWIST.



A NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

To the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*.

Sir,—The old stock argument of the Agriculturist Protectionists was,—nay is,—for they are not ashamed of it yet, and have recently re-produced it with considerable force—That it is not good to be dependent on Foreign Countries for our Food: that is the principle upon which they set out; and, in practice, they say—The Consumers shall not import it, but shall purchase of the Home Grower. But neither Law nor Equity, in this Country, knows of a one-sided Covenant, a Contract to benefit one party without a Consideration to the other; and, from this constraint to purchase of the Home Grower, arises the implied condition, on his side, to furnish a sufficiency for sale. That is good, undeniable law; and it is only because of the want of individuality in the Parties, that the contract cannot be enforced in the Courts;—for if the matter in issue, instead of laying between two great sections of the People, lay solely between Richard Cobden and His Grace of Buckingham, Mr. Cobden would have nothing more to do, if advised to prefer a suit in Equity to an action at Law, but to file a Bill for Specific Performance, instead of bringing in a Bill for Total Repeal; and he would find a Court of Chancery, with Lord Lyndhurst for a Judge, a much speedier and more effectual redresser of his wrongs, than a House of Commons led by Sir Robert Peel.

But, such being the case, let us place the matter in *Foro Conscientiæ*, as it were, and ask the Monopolists—What right they have to have had Harvests? and—What they mean by having no rain, or by a wet season? They cannot complain of want of facilities—the Statute-book is theirs in fee; and, not content with that, they must thrust themselves into the Common Prayer, and set all the Established Clergy of the Land praying for whatever weather may best suit the particular Parish, and the particular Crop at stake? To be sure it may be a selfish Prayer, and, in some senses, an impudent, if not a mocking, Prayer; but what is meant is, That all the powers of Heaven and Earth, so far as the Law is concerned, are invoked, and

put in requisition, in favour of the Agricultural Parties to the Contract. They cannot say that their Covenants are Egyptian tasks; and still the question recurs, and each time with a fuller force—What right have they to fob us,—who are constrained to fulfil our conditions,—to fob us off with bad Harvests? and, if it be a question of Sun and Rain,—Why don't they get Sun and Rain? They cannot say that we engaged to supply either.

Here is a case which I have cut from the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday—a case which occurred at the Marlborough-street Police Office, and which I will thank you to insert conspicuously in your Paper:—

DESTITUTION AMONG AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.—Between 30 and 40 stout young labouring men, from the agricultural districts, assembled, on Wednesday, before the entrance to the Marlborough-street police-court, in the hope of attracting the magistrates' attention to their situation. Mr. Maltby despatched Clements, the principal usher, to inquire what they wanted. The men said they had come from different parts of the country to work at haymaking, but as the season had been so adverse they had been disappointed in obtaining labour, and they were now reduced to great destitution. They had gone to the parks and had lain about on the grass, but the police had interfered, and had directed them to apply to the workhouse in Mount-street. They made application as directed, but they were refused relief, and told to go to Marlborough-street police court. They had done as directed, and they now wanted an opportunity of bringing their case under the notice of the magistrate.—Mr. Maltby, taking into consideration the badness of the haymaking season, and being of opinion that it would be advisable to clear the metropolis of so large a body of compulsory, and perhaps desperate vagrants, provided it could be done at a small expense, desired Clements to ask them if they would be willing to go on their respective roads, if some small assistance were given to them. All the men readily and thankfully declared their willingness to go out of London, in search of work elsewhere. They were not vagrants from inclination, but from the utter impossibility to get any suitable employment. Mr. Maltby then directed Clements to pay the men sixpence each from the poor box. The men were ranged in a line, their names were taken down, and they each received sixpence, with an intimation that if found begging in town, they would immediately be sent to the treadmill for two months. In about ten minutes the streets were again clear.

It is clear that these men acted upon the implied Covenant to grow Hay, on the condition that the Horses of England should not be fed upon Foreign Provender; and the question again recurs—By what right have the Farmers violated their engagements with the owners of Horses, fobbing them off with a bad Haymaking Season? Hay, Monopolists! Hay is your Covenant. "Good sweet Hay,"

at a reasonable price ; not a scanty scraping of Withered Grass, at a price equivalent to that of Oats ! Don't tell us about the want of Rain ; that's not in the Covenant. " Five Shillings to One on it, with any man who knows the Statutes !" Besides, you have had the Parsons ; and if, according to the doctrine of one of the breed, who had more Religion in him than Peel and all his Majority,—Praying was found useless while the wind set in that quarter, you might have sent to Lapland, and bought a Son-wester of the Witches there ; but, at any rate, it was your business, not ours.

A few other reflections, suggested by the case which has led to these observations, may not be inaptly spoken in winding up this brief letter.

It appears, then, that it is an offence to lie on the grass in the Parks ; and that there, as elsewhere, the Police fulfil one great end of their existence, by compelling Poverty to " move on !" Then, it is also very clear that destitution is a crime which may be punished with two months' labour at the treadmill. To be sure this is an improvement upon the paternal government of good Queen Bess, under which the punishment of Vagrants, as the houseless Poor are facetiously termed by the Law, began with the whipping-post, the stocks, and the cage, and ended on the gallows ; but, considering the march of intellect and the growth of wealth, it does appear to me that the Treadmill, as a punishment for want, is somewhat behind the Intelligence of the Age.

The laborious consideration of the Magistrate is also not less remarkable.

Imprimis—He takes into consideration the badness of the Haymaking Season.

Item—He is of opinion that it would be advisable to clear the Metropolis of so large a body of *compulsory*, and

Item—Of, *perhaps, desperate* Vagrants ; but, with a saving provision,

Item—If it could be done at a *small* expense.

Wherefore the considerate magistrate, with legal caution, enters into a contract with the men to go out of London in search of work elsewhere, on condition of receiving some *small* assistance ; and, all the men having " readily and thankfully declared their willingness" to submit to these terms, for they " were not Vagrants from inclination, but

from the *utter impossibility* to get any suitable employment," were ranged in a line, each to receive Sixpence from the Poor-box, coupled with a threat of—Two months' imprisonment, with hard labour, as the penalty of breaking their bond!

With what an appetite Mr. Malthy must have gone to his dinner that day; with what a feeling of internal satisfaction must he have laid down the *Morning Chronicle* on his breakfast table the following morning! Thus men "Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame!" And, happy London, that, out of the stray benevolence of a Police-office Poor-box, canst, at the rate of sixpence per head, relieve thyself from the peril of some thirty, out of some thousand, compulsory, and, *perhaps*, desperate Vagrants, by sending them on "their respective Roads,"—*perhaps* to the respective Rick-yards of their respective Parishes.

COTTON TWIST.

July 12, 1844.



No. XXVI.

THE PEEL GOVERNMENT A REPUBLICAN
ADMINISTRATION.

A LETTER TO SIR ROBERT, AFORESAID.

SIR: You have been, within the experience of the existing generation, Ultra-Tory, and Liberal Conservative—a Protestant Ascendancy Man, and a Catholic Emancipationist—a Defender of Slavery and an Anti-Slaver—a High Churchman, and a mere Latitudinarian, if not an Enemy of the Church—a Monopolist in practice, and a Free Trader in principle ! In all this we have known you as a Monarchist ; but whoever watched, or thought over, your other vacillations, could see no substantial reason why you should not become a Republican at last—and a Republican, it appears, you have become.

If a Chartist had proposed to supersede Queen, Lords, and Commons, and to delegate their functions of Repealing Acts of Parliament (and if to Repeal, why not to make Acts of Parliament), to a Commission of three persons, with a power to confiscate property, and a provision which might centre all these powers in one man,—what would be thought of it?—what would be said of it?—what would be done in it? It would be thought—this is madness ; it would be said—this is treason ; and nothing short of information, apprehension, committal, indictment, trial, conviction, and punishment, would have been done in the matter. And why should not all this have place in your case? Why should it not?—Why should it? you will ask ; and I will tell you, Sir Robert Peel.

A lot of cunning cupidities, called Landlords, a knot of jobbing Justices, a man with a Quarry, somebody who wanted to enjoy himself under the colour of being a Surveyor of Roads, and Tom, the lawyer, have conspired in certain cases to procure Turnpike Bills where Turnpike Bills were not wanted ; the resulting oppression has led to an insurrection in the Principality ; and insurrection to the wise notion—that something must be done ! I don't object to the

notion, but the something proposed is quite in keeping with most of the other measures of your administration ; it manifests small regard for the rights of property, and utter recklessness as to the mode in which its propositions are to be carried out.

Everybody knows that Turnpike Trusts are, for the most part, nests of jobbing, and models of bad management ; and that many of them are alike bankrupt in means and reputation. Some of them, if they were in the hands of private adventurers—Traders within the scope of the ordinary laws of the country, might have stood some chance of being adjudged fraudulent Bankrupts. But one thing is certain, that they have stood on the faith of Acts of Parliament, and that if any parties are to blame, it is the Jobbers in Parliament and out of Parliament ; and that if any parties are to suffer, and these cannot be made to suffer, the suffering should fall upon the County Rate where the injury arises.

For on the faith of these Statutes the property of the aged, the widow, and the fatherless, has been invested in Turnpike Bonds ; and Turnpike Acts, which authorise such loans, authorise them on the credit of the Tolls, and give powers of redress, in full reliance on which innocent individuals, and well intending Trustees, have been induced to advance their money for a legal purpose, the public interest in which stood patented to the world by the common assent of the three Estates of the Realm.

Now it is not necessary to inquire how far these Welsh Turnpikes have been mistakenly erected, or mismanaged, or abused, or whether or not they are obnoxious to the censure cast upon some Trusts, which “ for obvious reasons shall be nameless ; ” for, whether this be so or not, the case of the creditors stands equally good ; and if, as would seem to be the fact, from the provisions of a Bill brought into the House of Commons by Sir James Graham, some at least of these Trusts are insolvent, the Counties to which they relate are, it is to be presumed, not so ; and, if the local gentry have traded in Gates beyond the capital of the Tolls, let them pay for their whistle in a County Rate, for they, through their lands, must ultimately reap the benefit. Now what does this Bill propose ?

It proposes to erect a Commission of three “ Competent ” persons, to be appointed by the Treasury, or by the First Lord thereof—that is to say, of three persons who would like a good situation at the Public cost, and who can be sufficiently thrust upon *you* by Parliamentary Influence.

I think that is about the English of their competence. But two of these may act, the chief being one, with a casting vote in addition to his own vote : *argal*, the powers of the Act may vest in an individual. Then there is to be a host of Secretaries and Clerks, all to be paid for by the Public ; and to this Commission, or this Commissioner, is deputed the power of calling all creditors before it, or him—of compelling the production of papers, and the attendance of witnesses, and of—what? paying off the Debts? No : of declaring what every man's mortgage is worth, and ordering that sum to be paid, and no more.

But what is the worth of a man's Mortgage Deeds, if not the sum expressed in the Bond, or the property which he holds in pledge? Has he his choice by this Bill? No ; if in possession—he shall be ejected ; and if seeking possession—the suit shall be stayed, after the new-fangled practise of an application to the Courts—pleading the Act, and paying costs up to the time of application !

But not only are all the Courts of Common Law and Equity thus thrust unceremoniously aside, and the stream of Justice turned from its course into this stagnant Legislative puddle, now so much in vogue ; but this Commission, or this Commissioner, is empowered absolutely to repeal any existing Turnpike Act under its, or his, sign manual or seal. Why it used to take the three Estates of the Realm to do this ; but now three “Competent” persons, or one Competence, may do it. We have hitherto lived under a government of King, Lords, and Commons ;—a new principle is now introduced, and we are commencing to live under the government of three “Competent” persons !

But that is not all ; if the claim be not preferred within a year—it is utterly to fail. Here's a Statute of Limitations for you, which prescribes for a year ! God help those who happen to be abroad ! It is bad enough for those who happen to be at home ; the value of their Mortgages may be written down with a *Q. E. D.*, since it is to be estimated, minus a remedy. Give me the protection of Lord Denman, or Lord Lyndhurst, and that of “the Books,” and I am content with the worth of my property, whatever it may chance to be ; take from me that protection, and me, miserable man ! indeed, for mine is a hopeless case ! with such a Competence to decide, it is no competence for me. That, then, it will be seen, is bad enough ; but who shall help the creditor abroad? I am miserably swindled out of part, it may be the better part, of

my demand,—he is cheated of all; and out of this plunder Government purposes to reduce the Welch Tolls!

If this be not teaching violence the way to confiscate property, and how well a Crowned Monarch and two Houses of Parliament may be dispensed with, there is no force in example. Truly, Sir Robert Peel, you move with the Times!

What remains is a small matter by comparison, and I mention it only to have a parting kick at the Bill. It is proposed that the future management of the Roads should be in Boards, appointed by the Local Magistrates? Oh, Lord!

PHILO TWIST.

London, July 19, 1844.

PAUPERISING INFLUENCES OF THE NEW POOR LAW.

Among the many arguments, some sound and some fallacious, which were relied on against the continued existence of the Old Poor Law, there were none urged with more seeming, or with greater effect, than its assumed pauperising influence, under the system of paying wages out of Poor Rates, as it was called. No doubt it was a great abuse—a most criminal and unchristian abuse! but, criminal and unchristian as it was, to degrade the Labourer into a Pauper, in the struggle to throw a certain portion of his wages upon the shoulders of the Rate-payers generally—it had, at least, this good effect,—that, if it treated the Labourer as a Brute, gauging his stomach and his howels, as it were, it did require that he should be treated no worse than a Brute, and he was insured as much as he and his could eat,—a horse could ask no more!

Now the Philosophers took very unnecessary trouble to set forth and prove all the evils of this system, which, for the matter of that, stood patent to the world; and, considering how sharp and clever they were upon this point, it is really wonderful that they could not anticipate the workings of their own wonderful nostrum, the Workhouse Test, which, as everybody must have seen, who cared to think at all about the matter, would, and must, have a pauperising influence of its own, with a difference altogether against the Poor. As thus: Given the Workhouse Test, and make the workhouse as wretched and repulsive as you can, so as to keep out of it every one with one atom of a man's soul left in his body; and given the consciences of the employers of such helplessness to screw down wages to that starvation point, at which, with one turn more, the wretched and repulsive workhouse would be a better thing; and given a hearing of the miserable pauper so tortured, with Masters tendering evidence against him of offers of employment, at the "current rate of wages," and, for

judges, a board of guardians, deeply imbued with the philosophy of political economy, as taught in the Schools of Somerset House,—and what a position is this for the Poor! He is ground, as between two millstones, into the most abject and slavish pauperism; and it is so much worse than its parent infamy, that it takes from its victim the protection of a Brute, which that afforded, and instead of gnawing and filling him with bread, it blasts his very stomach and bowels, by way of reducing, one would suppose, their natural capacity for food.

Here is the case of a Pauper detailed in the very last number of a Paper issued by the Poor Law Commissioners, under the title of “An Official Circular.” The contents consist of orders, directions, correspondence, and other matters of information, connected with the New Poor Law and its administration; and it is printed for the use of Boards of Guardians, and their Clerks. Let us look into this case, as set forth on unimpeachable authority, or at least an authority which the Poor Law People cannot impeach; and we shall see how well it bears out the remarks with which I have commenced. I thought at first of merely stating the purport of the document; but, upon second consideration, and to avoid the slightest suspicion of mis-statement, here it is entire:—

XVI.—WORKHOUSE—PAUPER REFUSING TO QUIT WORKHOUSE.

FEB. 12, 1844.—*Mr. Kearsay, Warnford, Droxford Union*—Stated, that James Adams, a young, stout, able-bodied, pauper, belonging to the parish of Warnford, was in the Droxford Union Workhouse, where he had taken shelter during several winters, under pretence that there was no house for him in the parish. In summer, Adams left the workhouse with his family, and was employed in brickmaking, and earned from twenty to thirty shillings per week. He had recently offered to take Adams out of the workhouse, provide him with a house, and give him constant work, either till next Michaelmas, or for twelve months, at the same rate of wages as was paid to other labourers in the parish. This offer Adams had rejected.

Clerk of Droxford Union—Stated, that Adams had been repeatedly urged by the guardians to accept the work offered by Mr. Kearsay, but his objection to doing so was, that Mr. Kearsay would not employ him unless he consented to hire himself till Michaelmas next; to this he objected—no doubt for the reason, that he could earn considerably more in the summer months by brickmaking. Adams would be willing to leave the workhouse and go into Mr. Kearsay's service by the week or month, but he would not bind himself for any lengthened fixed period; and on the other hand, Mr. Kearsay would not take him on any other terms than his binding himself till Michaelmas. The guardians were desirous of knowing how far they

were empowered, under the above circumstances, to insist on Adams leaving the workhouse, the man having a wife and four children dependent on him.

Ans.—The commissioners would be disposed to infer, from the reluctance of Adams to leave the workhouse, that the management of the workhouse, as regards work to the able-bodied, and the discipline of the house, is not such as might be desired. The commissioners think, however, that the case referred to is a peculiar one. The great object of the guardians should be to administer the poor-rates so as not to interfere between employer and labourer. The commissioners, looking to the condition of a permanent engagement, which Mr. Kearsey requires the man to enter into, would not advise that he should be turned out of the workhouse; but this course might be pursued—warning might be given to him, that after a given day application will be made to the justices for their decision, whether he is, or is not, punishable, under the third section of the Vagrant Act, for refusing to work, being able to do so. The offer of employment must be proved. It appears to the commissioners, that it is open to any rate-payer, at present, if he can prove the facts, to originate proceedings under this section.

Now look at the facts, and at the argument, here. This man, capable, during the summer months, of self-extrication from pauperism by resorting to his trade—a peculiar one, a summer occupation—is to be forced, upon an admitted strained construction of law, to be administered by a couple of middle-headed magistrates, and on the penalty of imprisonment and the treadmill, into positive Serfdom—into a bond-labourer for a year,—for the alternative to Michaelmas, covering the better prospects of his summer months, is a mockery,—with the moral certainty of ditto repeated next year! In effect, he is required to become an agricultural Serf for life; and, naturally enough, he revolts from such a proposition. Is it to be wondered at that he should? Would it not be marvellous if he did not? Desperate, indeed, must be his hopelessness,—fearful the pressure of the Workhouse Test, if poor Adams had consented at once to the Slave-trading proposition:

That is the view which not alone every humane man—hint every fair man—every prudent man, who does not wish to manufacture rick-burners by the score, and who sees the signs of the times and the workings of discontent,—that is the view which all such would take of the matter. But what say the commissioners? That Adams should refuse to be ground upon the nether millstone of Mr. Kearsey, is, to them, *primâ facie*, a proof that the upper Millstone of the Workhouse of Droxford has not pressed upon him with a sufficient pressure! Is it possible to admire the logical precision, and conclusive force, of

this argument as it deserves? The Commissioners take it for granted that the Pauper must, by force of his natural instinct, even, know when he is best off: that is their postulatium: then, if the Workhouse of Droxford were not better than perpetual slavery, with a farcical fenn once in the year, or an alternative at Michaelmas worse than the original proposition, his house-room and wages to be settled by the Serf-buyer and the Serf-seller, the Serf himself having no voice in the matter, except the option of taking the worst of two very bad alternatives, and the penalty of hard labour and a gaol, and separation from his family, as the punishment of having a wish or a will of his own in the matter,—if, reason the Commissioners, the Workhouse of Droxford were not better than this, this, as a logical conclusion, would James Adams choose in preference to the Workhouse of Droxford—*ergo*, say the Commissioners, with a chuckle over their own cleverness—*ergo*, there is *prima facie* evidence that the Workhouse of Droxford is conducted on very inefficient principles. It does not grind fine enough:—Screw the Pauper Mill still tighter!

I leave the other portions of the cold blooded instructions issued in this case to their own condemnation: they are but a carrying out of the principle; and of that principle itself, I shall trust myself to say no more than this:—it is an un-Christian and a God-denying principle, which can bring nothing but evil in its train.

London, 26th July.

PHILO TWIST.

LORD BROUGHAM'S CODIFICATION OF THE
CRIMINAL LAW.*(Continued from the Weekly Chronicle of June 16)*

My Lord—I would apologise for neglecting you so long, but that your restless egotism is self-fed, and in such quantity, as to render you aliko jealous, as impatient, of notice and praise from external quarters; and sensible to external censure no further than as it affords you the agreeable excitement of an excuse to rend and destroy. But as the Session now draws to a close, and as other matters will press upon this column of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE, I think it well to re-advert to your codification projects relative to the Criminal Law, with the view of showing how fallacious they are in principle, and how absurd and pernicious in their application, and, at the risk of offending the minnow Philosophers, who dabble their small fins in the shallows of law and legislation, fancying themselves, the while, Fish of the sea, at the least, in the act of cleaving the Atlantic.

And, in the first place, it does seem strange that Lord Brougham, with all his wonderful energy, and as wonderful want of settled industry, should, amid his other avocations, and considering the range of the Statutes at Large, and the sort of reading required to give any show of pretensions to a projected Code, founded upon their several provisions in relation to the Criminal Law—it does seem strange, I say, looking at the premises, that time ever should have been found by you to carry out such a project, to the extent of laying a Manuscript Code on the Table of the House of Lords. Yet there it is: nay, more—it has been committed to press, and the text alone would undoubtedly fill the greater portion of two WEEKLY CHRONICLES, to the exclusion of every other particle of matter, from the "History and Politics," which commence its first page, to the imprint, which terminates its last!

How is this? says the astonished world. Surely we can believe our own eyes: here is the Code itself! How could he write it even?—how ever could he read the Statutes upon

which he has founded the several Articles of his Code?—how find time to digest, and arrange, and label, and connect them, as he has done? So do the ignorant make miracles of very plain matters, to those who know! Your Lordship neither wrote the Code, nor read up for it; but took a pair of scissors and a pot of paste, making free with the Reports of the Criminal Law Commissionors, and turning the whole over to the copying care of some half-dozen Clerks, at so much per folio!

So much for the magic wonders of Lord Brougham's labours; but it is ever thus: your Royal Road Men, and Universal Geniuses, who astonish the world, are always the shallowest of pretenders, with less of knowledge, less of industry, and less of real practical research, than those commonplace people, who are content that their light should burn steadily and usefully to mankind.

Having thus disenchanted your pretensions to be considered a Conjuror,—although, indeed, any one with the smallest pretensions to be heard upon the subject, must have inferred as much from the simple necessities of the case, and the mere question of time,—it may be as well to offer a few remarks on Codes, which to many well-intentioned people have recommendations, the seeming force of which are likely to weigh upon their convictions, if something like argument is not resorted to upon the other side.

Now what is a Code? If a mere digest of the Law, so far as legislation has carried it, better digests already exist than you, my Lord, are capable of, were you to lend all your ability to the task,—better even than has been drawn up under the authority of Parliament and printed in the blue books, from which you have pilfered in the present instance. If by a Code, a substituted Statute is meant, for all existing Statutes, thereby proposed to be repealed, it is difficult to understand how long that is to help us, setting aside the unsettling of everything which it would for a time occasion, since, unless the stream of legislation were stayed, a very few years would place the Code in pretty nearly the same position as the Statutes at Large.

In fact, a Code-proper is the stigmatizing mark of a barbarous country, or of a despotic power. A free country like England, makes laws as it lives on; and if the power of legislating be abused by a too rapid fabrication of laws made in ignorance or misapprehension of existing ones—that arises only from a defective machinery in Parliament; and a Code is no more the proper way to remedy that evil, than a

standard size for Tailors to make coats to, is calculated to provide against misfits.

That which is really required is—a cheap reprint of the Statutes at Large, with full indexes, carefully digested, and pointing out how each subject and section have been progressively modified, altered, amended, repealed, and otherwise provided for: this, with regard to past Statutes; and, with reference to new cases, every Bill in Parliament should be submitted to competent legal authority, charged with the duty of reporting to Parliament in what manner every proposed Bill is calculated to operate, not only in relation to its object, but with reference to existing laws. Other measures might be resorted to, to check hurried legislation at the end of the Session; and full indexes should be appended to every annual volume of the Statutes, with a periodical consolidation of such indexes—at stated intervals of years apart.

Here would be a readily available guide, offering lessons from History, and furnishing facilities, from time to time, of consolidating Subjects, the provisions in regard to which had become scattered and difficult, under one general act. For this purpose, persons skilled in the separate branches of the law might be employed, with every prospect of protection from the defects of haste and want of skill. But, as the case now stands, there is so much presumption in the very idea of attacking the subject, that those qualified to judge of its difficulties, reason, *à priori*, on the incapacity of the Professor of Codification,—concluding, from his very readiness to the task, that he knows nothing about the labour it requires, and is not possessed of the requisite skill to entitle him to one moment's trust.

But what have Parliament done in fulfilment of these very simple requisitions? Nothing, or worse than nothing. A set of the Statutes at Large, and those imperfect, are not to be purchased at a much less cost than £40. Of the Queen's Printer they would cost double that sum. Every year a volume of some 1,200 pages is added, without even an index; printed, on paper which will not bear ink, and which rots beneath the fingers, at double the cost of Parliamentary Papers, which are printed on paper infinitely superior! In the reign of George the Third, the Statutes of the Realm were printed in compliance with a vote of the House of Commons; but the vote stopped short at the accession of

the House of Hanover; and the project was carried out by getting up twelve splendid folio volumes, too large for real use, at a cost of £40,000 to the public, to whom copies were offered at the moderate price of some few shillings less than £40! Here was wisdom, to stop short at the most important period, and turn the whole thing into a mere piece of antiquarian lumber, at a cost which put it out of the reach of every one who had not a large income, since, from its very nature, it did not, and could not, supersede the necessity of purchasing the Statutes from the same period in the ordinary editions.

Such, then, it seems, are the wunts of the question. Cheap printing,—good indexes—machinery for the better winnowing of proposed new Laws, and periodical consolidations of subjects. Now, what does Codification propose to do? It is a sweeping manner of Repealing a whole Body of Law, the meaning of which has been well sifted and ascertained; and substituting for it a series of Articles, in which the very self sufficient cleverness of the dilettante Philosopher fancios it can say everything in a half a dozen words! That is the common mistake of your very clever, and very shallow, sort of person.

The two difficulties in construing an Act of Parliament arises, first, in clearly ascertaining the meaning of its words, and, next, in applying them properly to the question in issue. And it is only by the rival ingenuity of counsel, each devoted to find out the weak parts of the other side, and by judicial care, in weighing the reasons adduced, and watching over the practical application of legal principles, that the correct decision is ultimately arrived at. A new law, therefore, must always be of more uncertain application than an old one, which has been subjected to legal analysis and decision, and of which, therefore, the meaning, force, and effect have been pretty fully ascertained.

And here it is proposed to re-write the whole body of Statutory Law as it relates to one principal division;—and the necessary and inevitable result will be that, while no Code can, by possibility, do away with that uncertainty which must ever attend the applicability of a given law to a new case, it must, from its very novelty, tend to increase that uncertainty,—from its very brevity, give more occasion for those charges of quibbling and special pleading, so often levelled against Judges and Barristers, and too often without either judgment or good cause; while all the uncertainty, which can arise from the unascertained mean-

ing of the Text itself, must be re-settled anew—to the utter confusion of the Courts, the scandal of the public, and, it is to be feared, the escape of criminals from deserved punishment. No doubt the ingenuity of the Bar, and the acumen of the Judges, would at last lick the abortion into something like shape, but by that time, it is not too much to expect, occasion would be given for a New Code, by the mere progress of Legislation.

Lastly, there is another evil—that of giving new life to tyrannical Statutes, which now remain in deserved oblivion, but which, if included in a New Code, as they would be, and are in yours, would become intolerable nuisances and scourges to the People. The subject is, however, worthy of a Letter in itself; and with that Letter I shall, next week, close the subject of Codification.

I am, my Lord, yours, &c.

London, 2th August, 1844.

PHILO TWIST.



CASE OF ADAMS, THE DROXFORD PAUPER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir : Convinced as I am that the New Poor-law is a sound and humane law, I regret your able correspondent, "Philo-Twist," has adopted what appears to me a morbid opinion with reference to that law. I admit this opinion is frequently manifested in the leading journals of the day—conservative, as they are styled ; but, as they would conserve all the evil a misadministration of the old Poor law had generated, I think our friend, "Philo-Twist," had better not join such a mischievous party. Had "Philo" been compelled to serve the parochial offices it has been my lot to serve during the last thirty years of my life, I think he would have arrived at a very different conclusion respecting the answer given by the Poor-law commissioners in reference to Adams, a pauper in the Droxford union workhouse. Much as I admire the talent displayed by "Philo," I think, and I am prepared to contend, that the Poor-law commissioners have given a correct answer. Whether Adams is to be taken before "two muddle-headed magistrates" to have his fate decided, remains to be seen ; and I confess that I am sufficiently muddle-headed to be guilty of thinking that Adams is wrong. No able-bodied man has a right to palm himself and family on the funds of the industrious rate payer, if he can obtain employment ; nor has he a right to refuse work merely because the party offering employment is desirous of contracting for a certain period of time—if, when he refuses, he relies on re-admission to, or remaining in, the workhouse ; but if he refuses, and relies on his own or other resources for employment, he is perfectly justified : his labour is his own property, and he has a clear right to make the most of it, and apply his exertions in the way most agreeable to himself. When the pen is wielded by such a writer as "Philo-Twist," the argument used, whether right or wrong, will inevitably have a powerful effect : and I fear the effect of his comments on the answer given by the commissioners in the case of Adams, if read by some of my neighbours, who, like Adams, are brickmakers, will induce them to believe they have a right to do as Adams appears to have done—make the workhouse a residence, and refuse employment unless the employer chooses to employ them in any way they may dictate ; this, I am of opinion, is creating a sort of destitution the poor-law was not intended for, and ought not to be encouraged. I trust "Philo Twist" will agree with me in thinking that the system most conducive to the welfare of the poor and to the community at large, is the system that teaches a reliance on honest exertion for maintenance. I most readily admit the poor are unfairly treated ; had, selfish laws enhance the price of their food, but this cruel evil presses equally severe on the small industrious rate-payer as on the rate-receiver, and

furnishes a most powerful argument in favour of a careful and honest expenditure of the rate; but, if a man chooses to become and remain a pauper in the manner Adams, in the Droxford union, appears to have done, and the parish authorities submit to the claim, then I say the industrious rate-payer has not the benefit of a careful and honest expenditure of the money taken from him by what is called a poor-rate. I hope your paper will never be employed in advocating a system that must increase pauperism, not only bodily but mentally. Advocate, as you have hitherto done, the interests of all classes of society, whether rich or poor; pursue the same manly, independent course, that has stamped your journal with so much credit; do this, and, I am quite certain, your subscribers will remain as I am,

London, August 2.

A MUCH PLEASED SUBSCRIBER.

REPLY OF "PHILO TWIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I thank you for the considerate courtesy which has afforded me the opportunity of reading the Letter of your "much-pleased Subscriber," in type, before it has appeared in your columns: it is much more convenient, both for yourself and the Public, that my rejoinder should be printed simultaneously with it, and then the controversy, if controversy it be, may be at once closed, seeing that I shall confine myself strictly to explanation, and to explanation alone.

With regard to yourself, there are no grounds for anticipating that the opinions of PHILO TWIST will, or can, influence the policy of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE: you play your part—I mine; and, using with the fullest freedom my own chartered liberty of speech, I have no pretensions to change a principle of yours, beyond the legitimate operation which argument cannot choose but have on all those who, like you, look at facts for themselves, and weigh the arguments of others upon those facts, as one means of bringing your own mind, in the exercise of its independent judgment, to a right conclusion.

With your Correspondent I can have no possible ground of quarrel, as he states his own views with a most commendable frankness, and with a degree of temper as enviable as it is rare; while, towards myself, he is pleased to express opinions far beyond any estimate I have formed of my own powers, and sufficient to satisfy a vanity the most inordinate, as I think: still I must take leave to reiterate the opinions I have formed in, and stated of, this case of the Droxford Pauper, and for the cause before assigned, and herein, farther enforced.

But it may serve to narrow the question between us, if I state, most emphatically and distinctly, that I do not set up the Old Poor Law in contradistinction to the New, exclaiming, on the one hand, "Lo, here is excellence!" and, on the other, "Infamy is there!" On the contrary, I look upon the Vagrant and Pauper Laws to have ever been more, or less, a disgrace to a civilised community, and a practical repudiation of Christian principles. I have as keen a sense of the abuses which had crept into the mere administrative operations of the Old Law; and, much as I dislike and doubt the issue and operation of the substitution, for the good old Saxon principle of Local Government, the Norman feudalism of Centralisation, I should have accepted, as the worst of two evils, such a Central Board as that now sitting at Somerset House, if it had fulfilled its only required mission in reforming the machinery of the Law, rendering it more capable and less costly as a ministerial system, controlling local jobbing, and enforcing local economy, and a business-like management, and control, of the Pauper Poor.

But the Commissioners and their run-abouts have gone beyond this: they have set themselves up as a great national Excise Establishment for the Stomach, gauging the Bowels and regulating the Dietaries of the Poor;—they have gone about tasting the Small Beer of the village Workhouse; and Reported such things of the Farmers' Daughters, that if the Farmers' Sons had cropped the ears of the fellow who did it, any Jury of Fathers or Brothers would have brought in a verdict of "served him right!" Moreover, they have set up a principle that Pauperism is a thing to be put down by Act of Parliament; and that destitute men should not be fed with food convenient for them, but with reference to the food which men are enabled to obtain who perish rather than submit to pauper fare. They have sat in a Room, and, upon the faith of a system written on paper, issued ukase after ukase, with about as little knowledge of human life and its wants as the Book-taught theorist generally possesses, and with his full measure of self-sufficient assumption and self-laudation: they are the legitimate descendants of the old army contractors, with whom a pair of shoes was a pair of shoes, and under whose rule, and the corporal's, one man was crippled with tightness, and the other galled into lameness by the looseness, of the fit. If any one desires to be disgusted beyond measure, he has only to read one of these Reports,

on the case of some pauper who is alleged to have died of starvation, or some poor pregnant wretch who has perished, or all but perished, in a cab, rattled from workhouse to workhouse, and refused by all. Yes, the principle they have set up is a hard, a cruel, and an Unchristian principle!—with its workhouse test, dragging down the temporarily depressed, and meritorious artisan, into irrecoverable pauperism;—with its Dietaries of Gruel, Dish-dash, Concrete Yellow Soap, and infinitesimal bits of Meat;—with its boasted reductions of rates, which may, after all, be no better than the price of blood, represented by the wasting forms of those who are dying, and by the verdicts of Coroners' Inquests on those who are dead.

I am sick of the whole thing and of its hypocrisy, which applied the abstract dogmas of a questionable philosophy to the case of the Poor, and manifested so tender a regard for the marriage settlements of the Rich; and if the Poor Law had eaten up the Land, it would have been but a just visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children; and had the principle been as practically applicable, and just, as its projectors and supporters declare it to be—this was the wrong end to commence from; but it commenced here, and it did so because its operation was directed against the poor and the helpless, by the hands of the wealthy and the powerful, who can take, and have ever taken, especial care of themselves. No doubt our fiscal enormities operated to increase our Poor Rates; and no doubt many innocent persons suffered with the guilty, and, so far, suffered undeservedly; but it is with nations as with individuals—the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children; and as it was, and is, a national crime, so was the punishment national, and so will it continue to be.

Now, having said this much, and so far discharged my feelings, I take up the case of Adams, not upon any such principles, but upon the sole ground of its impolicy, even upon the principles of the new Poor Law. "I am willing," he says, "to take work at the ordinary rate of remuneration, from week to week." "No," says a bidder for his labour; "I will have you by the year, or until Michaelmas, at which period of the year your case will be so hopeless, that you will not want to leave me;" and hereupon it is asked whether the Pauper cannot be forced into this contract, which shuts him out from his summer chance of bettering his condition, by working at his own Trade; and because he demurs to quit the Workhouse, and to enter upon this Bond-

Slavery for life, with a farcical show of renewal once every year, the Poor Law Commissioners, with a smirking self appreciation of their own cleverness, consider it as a *prima facie* case against the Droxford Workhouse, that it is much too comfortable for the purposes of the New Poor Law !

There is but one method of testifying one's feelings against such a mode of reasoning—and that is the Eastern one, of spitting on the ground ; but let that be :—if the purpose of the New Poor-Law be to extinguish Pauperism, what is it but to manufacture Paupers, if its powers are to be wielded as an engine to force working men into the position of Bond-Slaves, taking from them their last chance of self-extrication ? It is not only to make them Paupers—but its positive and inevitable effect is to keep them so, by breaking down and grinding into powder the last particle of independence within them. It will do yet more—such men will become the fathers of Paupers ; and villainage may again become the practice, as it is still the unrepealed law of England.

It is a mistake in your Correspondent to say that Adams refused employment, unless employed in any way he might dictate. What he did refuse to do, appears from what I have heretofore written, and here again write ; and I think him, both morally and legally, entitled so to refuse.

London, 9th August.

PHILO TWIST.

FRENCH WAR FEVER AND FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Let the Papers print what they please, and Mr. Cobden speak as his own better sense may dictate, one thing is very clear—the People of England are getting out of temper with the braggadocio, and the vapouring threats, of the French Press; and, in the very bottom of his heart, John Bull is not at all disinclined to try conclusions with Johnnie Crapeaud!

It may be very true that this French manifestation is but a Paper manifestation—the yelping and chattering of an Animal something between a Poodle-dog and a Monkey,—of an intellect fed with Brandy and bad Tobacco; but it is difficult to make the People of this country understand this, or the habits of the Animal whose existence, and malevolence, are made so audibly manifest. A philosopher might refer the moral condition of these incendiaries to the state of their moustaches, which, *on dit*, would swarm, if anything could live or crawl in so filthy a world; but this cannot be expected of so plain, straightforward an intellect as that of England, which only knows that we have fought the French—have been generous enough to forget that we have beaten the French—and which has long cherished towards France, and her People, feelings the most friendly and kind.

Do the French require proof of this? Let them contrast the reception we gave to their Republican, Imperial, and Monarchical Hero, Soult, whose prowess we have felt and admired, with the coldness evinced by us towards the Russian Autocrat, who had fought by our side, and whom France looks upon almost as her natural enemy. Let the visit of our Queen, and the cordial feeling of this country in her graceful act of condescension to the Monarch *de facto* of France, with the anticipative welcome raised in England to a reciprocation of this act of amity and goodwill, bear witness for us. The English, as a people, are uncenscious of

an angry thought towards France since the termination of the war; and, during that war, even, we could scarcely be said to hate them. Therefore, to us, as a People, this exhibition of malevolent feeling, this absurd jealousy of a progress which it is not in the way of the French to emulate even, although they forsake that course which is most congenial to their tastes and talents, and in which they also might defy competition,—this threat of invasion, and of reducing, by such aggression, the confessed pre-eminence of England to a third-rate power,—seems as mad, as it is unprovoked—as ungenerous as it unwise and unjust.

Is it marvellous, then, that in society we should meet so many,—men, not of a vindictive or sanguinary spirit,—not young bloods thirsting, like the sucking hero Joinville, to acquire distinction by premeditated murder—for war, without an unavoidable necessity for it, indeed, all aggressive warfare, is murder,—not soldiers, whose trade is war, whose law is the articles promulgated at the Horse-guards, and whose first duty is to kill, and hurt, and take, at the word of command: not such as these, but generous-minded lay-men,—men conscious of the blessings of peace, and adverse to the spirit of contention—is it marvellous, I say, that one should find, among such, a clicking of imaginary Muskets, and a grasping of ideal Swords,—a conjuring up of shadowy Bayonets, and a planting of airy Cannon, against the Common Enemy of the world? It is by no means marvellous that such should be the case; and, if it were at all so, the marvel would sink to nothing, in comparison with that marvel which presents to us a Nation, which seems, upon the exposition of the French War Press, to have no common centre of action, among the four Dynasties which contend for its Government, but that singular blood-thirsty and aggressive policy which makes them aspire to achieve position, not by the legitimate acts of Trinket and Doll-making, in which they so eminently excel, but in the same course of throat-cutting, house-burning, and picture-stealing, which, under Napoleon, marked them out as a Nation of Murderers and Thieves.

It seems strange that France will not be content to teach the world to dance, and to supply the toilette of the fairest portion of creation with the newest Parisian cut. It is a grievous mistake, in them, to suppose that they are a Great Warlike People; or that, if such be the tendency of their

genius, they will be permitted to exercise it at the expense of Europe again. It is all very easy to bombard an unresisting town like Tangiers,—to play at skirmish with a horde of wild Arabs, who would drive them into the Mediterranean, if Officered by Europeans, and appointed as an European Army is,—to pick a quarrel with a poor, defenceless Woman,—and to bully a Consul, who has not a gun to fire in his defence; but, nevertheless, the Prince de Joinville is not Napoleon—not even De Grasse, with the exception of his tendency to braggadocio and talk; and when the dirty mustachioed men of the French War Press invade England on paper, and so reduce her to a third-rate power, how easy, emulating the Pistol vein, yet how much more true, to say, that, if England choose, being compelled to put forth her power, not only can she maintain her admitted supremacy, but her Navy might then ride over that of France, crushing it amid-ships, without feeling the shock.

But what have the People of France, as a People, to do with this folly? They cannot rival England in her productive resources, her industrial energy, and her steady perseverance: that is to say, they cannot rival her in the same walks of business; but the world is wide enough for us all, and France is not destitute of all the elements of progressive power, no more than we. To forsake these, then, where competition is not even offered, for a struggle in which competition would be hopeless, and not alone hopeless, but injurious, is as if the Cock should despise the sweepings of the Farmer's Barn, and insist on ploughing and sowing for himself.

Now all this may not be very agreeable, but it is very true: and when it is said that War is injurious to the interests of Commerce and Manufactures, a truism is uttered, which may be at once conceded, without involving the consequences which some at once infer. For it is very certain that a Great Nation, smitten on the cheek, cannot act upon the principle of turning the other cheek to the smiter: if she did, it is very certain she must soon degenerate into a tributary state. Therefore, when it is admitted that War is injurious to Trade and Manufactures, it does not follow that, for that reason, there shall be no War, if the national honour render War imperative; because, in the national honour the national existence is involved. And we may rest very well assured that,

if we must not fight, lest the export of Cotton Goods and Hardware should be impeded, we shall end at last in ceasing to export either Cotton Goods or Hardware.

The true view of the case is, that the more extended are our commercial relations, the more difficult is it to quarrel; and not alone is it rendered more difficult to quarrel, but the causes of quarrel are narrowed so infinitely small, as to leave very little chance of any misunderstanding, sufficiently serious to imperil any man's ledger. Manufactures and Trade are most conciliatory things; and if the commercial relations between this Country and France had been improved since the Peace, to the extent they might have been, that sucking hero, the Prince de Joinville, might have been, even now, presiding over scientific boards, and patenting steam boilers, instead of writing pamphlets on the invasion of England and committing murder on the coast of Africa; and the dirty-mustachoed men of the French War Press might have been occupied in the more congenial process of penny-a-lining, instead of floundering in the porilous waters of international policy, sputtering, splashing, and swearing, like an angry Fish-woman who has been pushed into the Thames at Billingsgate on Oyster-day, in the early morning.

If, then, England be forced into a War by the reckless insanity of the French War Party, we shall have another item to enter into the great account between us and the Monopolists; since, but for their equally reckless insanity, our Commercial Relations must have become strong enough to have put down the cry for blood, if it had not altogether prevented it.

Still, as War can only be preductive of evil, let us pray for Peace, while Peace can be kept with honour; and, indeed, why should the French be in any hurry to fight with anybody? If they will but wait, they are likely—and not at any very distant period—between their Orleanists, and their Bonapartists, and their Bourdeauxites, and their Republicans: to have, what seems quite as congenial to their characters, fighting enough among themselves.

16th August, 1844.

COTTON TWIST.

NO. XXXI.

LORD BROUGHAM'S CODIFICATION OF THE
CRIMINAL LAW.

(Concluded from the WEEKLY CHRONICLE of July 27.)

MY LORD,—In my Letter, under date 26th July, I remarked upon another evil of Codification, “that of giving new life to tyrannical Statutes, which now remain in deserved oblivion, but which, if included in a New Code, as they would be, and are in yours, would become intolerable nuisances and scourges to the People.” For, in the midst of all this bending to nominal changes, there is a clinging to substantial defects, which you have so far sacrificed to, in setting yourself up for a Brummagem Justinian, that we find in your Code all these old enormities retained, revived, and put into available shape, for the purposes of oppression.

Thus we have the absurd nonsense of the Statute of Treasons (25 Ed. 3, St. 5, C. 2) sought to be restored into a state of galvanised existence; and it is gravely provided that, as cases of Treason may arise not specified in the Statute, the Judges, in all cases of doubt whether the crime amounts to Treason or Felony, shall “tarry, without any going to judgment, till the cause be shewed and declared before the King and his Parliament, whether it ought to be adjudged Treason or Felony!”

All the old No-Popery follies are also reduced into an intelligible form; and Jesuits are warned to abstain from the Kingdom; and lay subjects of the Crown, in course of education in Popish Seminaries abroad, are ordered home, under the exceedingly Elizabethian penalty of suffering death for these very facetious Treasons!

The 82d article sets up a new offence—“any contempt against the Person of her Majesty or her Royal Dignity, by means of any contumelious, insulting, or disparaging words, acts, or gestures.” But surely the experience of the age has outgrown the imagination of Lord Brougham in this respect; and can any one tell me what is a contumelious or disparaging gesture? The Omnibus-box, in

its jealousy, set up some such charge as this against the dancer St. Leon, and the *on-dit* of "well-informed" circles was, that St. Leon kept Cerito on the off-side, and touched his nose with his finger at the *omnibii*. But surely Lord Brougham does not anticipate such a scene with any present or future Sovereign of England, King or Queen.

By the 87th article Bum-Bailiffs are brought within the protection of the law, and anything tending to bring them into contempt shall "incur the penalties of the twentieth class." This is manifestly levelled at *Punch*, whose admiration of Sheriffs' Officers is very much akin to his admiration of Lord Brougham; and *Punch* may therefore expect, if he do not mend his manners, to be "imprisoned for three years, and fined at discretion,"—a provision which, if Lord Brougham should happen to be his judge, is very likely to receive what the Courts call "a large and liberal construction."

In section 109, the soliciting or procuring more than twenty names to any Petition, without previously obtaining the consent or order of three Justices, or of a Majority of the Grand Jury, is also made punishable with fine and imprisonment. Hence the League and the League Agents, and the Protestant Dissenters, who have been the largest Petitioners of late, may read, in the cumulative Penalties, longer terms of imprisonment, and a larger aggregate of fines, than all their lives and all their pockets will satisfy.

The 136th article is peculiarly rich:—"Whosoever shall devise, speak, or tell any false lies, or other such false things, of Prelates, Dukes, Earls, Barons, and other Nobles and great men of the Realm, and also of the Chauncellor, Treasurer, Clerk of the Privy Seal, Steward of the Queen's House, Justices of the one Bench or the other, and of other great Officers of the Realm, whereof discord or any slander may arise within the same Realm, shall be imprisoned until he brings into court him who was the first author of the tale; and if he cannot find him, shall be punished by the advice of the Council." This extraordinary piece of wisdom is taken, upon the true codification principle, from certain statutes passed in the 2d and 12th years of the reign of Richard II. They disclose an offence called "*Scandalum Magnatum*,"—an offence which has ceased to have any existence, except in the crazy imaginations of antiquarian

Lawyers, who go on dressing up the dead corpses of defunct Laws, and talking of them, and at them, as if they were living realities. The mechanical and unreasoned nature of the whole, is clear, from the fact, that the mode of punishment so coolly propounded, is impossible now, for the Star Chamber is dead, and there is no Council which has jurisdiction in any such matter,—no power in any Court on earth to imprison any such parties, in any such manner, for any such offence. “Fie! what the ignorance is!”

Next follow Offences termed Blasphemies; and the penalty of Infidelity, or of Polytheism, in every person educated as a Christian—that is every person, in law—is an entire Civil Death in every respect, except with regard to such property as he may at the time possess, or afterwards inherit; for he is to be dispossessed of all offices,—to be rendered for ever incapable to bear any office,—the Courts of Law and Equity are closed against him,—he can never be an Executor, or receive a Legacy, or become possessed of any property by deed of gift! This is to defeat all the rational purposes of punishment, and is dictated, setting aside its folly, by the Spirit of the Devil, rather than by the Spirit of Christianity.

Then follow such offences as being present at the celebration of any other form of Common Prayer than that of the Book of Common Prayer—under which section all the Evangelical Clergymen of the Church, who have each of them a pet Hymn or Exercise Book, and many of the Wesleyan Ministers, who adopt John Wesley’s expurgated Prayer Book, might be all severally fined and imprisoned, together with their entire congregation. Speaking also in derogation of the Book of Common Prayer is brought within “the penalties of the twenty-first class,”—and this is an offence which every Dissenting Public Meeting, with scarce an exception, would be found to disclose.

The next article is too rich altogether to be omitted, so I give it entire:—

ART. 148.—*Recusancy.* 1 Eliz. c. 2, s. 14; 3 Jac. 1, c. 4, s. 8; 3 Jac. 1, c. 5, s. 8; 23 Eliz. c. 1, s. 5; 29 Eliz. c. 6, s. 4.—Who-soever, having no lawful or reasonable excuse to be absent, shall forbear to resort to his parish church or chapel accustomed, or, upon reasonable let thereof, to some usual place where common prayer and such service of God as is mentioned in Art. 143, shall be used in such time of let, upon every Sunday and other days ordained and used to be kept as holy days, and then and there to abide, orderly and soberly, during the time of the common

prayer, preaching, or other service of God there to be used and ministered, and shall be thereof convicted, shall be deemed to be a *recusant convict*, and shall for every such offence forfeit twelve pence, to the use of the poor of the parish where such offence shall be done; and in addition to such penalty shall, for every month which he shall so forbear, in case he be above the age of sixteen years, forfeit to the Queen twenty pounds; and, in in either case, *having been once convicted* of any of the above offences, shall, *without further indictment or conviction*, for every month which he shall so forbear after such conviction, forfeit to the Queen twenty pounds.

Oh, Lord Brougham, Lord Brougham! you extraordinary Champion of Civil and Religious Liberty! You Brummagem Lycurgus! The next article, which I also quote entire, may serve as a sauce to the very substantial dish last set before the reader:—

ART. 149.—It is not essential to the offences contained in the last preceding article that a person should wholly or actually absent himself from the places of worship therein mentioned. It is sufficient if he misbehave himself in any such place, or *miss either morning or evening prayer, or go away before the whole service is over!*

Every Member of Parliament, after his Election, and previously to the opportunity being furnished him of taking the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, must carefully inform himself as to the whereabouts of the Queen, for if he should, while in this chrysalis state, by any chance, accidentally stumble into her sacred presence, he would, Protestant though he undeniably were, be at once converted, by force of the 150th article, into a Popish Recusant Convict, and become subject to the penalties of the 148th article above quoted, and, in addition, to the several penalties also of the 150th and the 161st articles—on which two last, horrible must be the imaginations of Lord Brougham, since he fears to give them utterance, leaving them to be filled up on Parliamentary responsibility alone. Nevertheless, without these additional, and unmentionable horrors, his case is sufficiently desperate, as he will have to return (by the 167th Article) to his house within forty days, and there remain, not moving further than five miles therefrom, but (by Article 168) give in his name and condition to the Parson of the Parish, and to the Village Constable, and if he do not make submission, and conform to the Laws and Statutes, he is to abjure the Realm, and depart out of it, under further pains and penalties too horrible to mention, and, therefore, left in Blank!

Article 183, fines Masters and Mistresses £10 per month for every servant they possess abstaining, so long, from going to Church! And what do Dissenters think of a Law which makes it punishable, by fine and imprisonment, for any person to teach, publicly or privately, as a Schoolmaster in any Diocese, without a previous license from the Bishop? or Catholics, of Penalties for singing or hearing Mass?

But I am weary of this folly, nine tenths of which has ceased to be law, either by our growing wiser, and so becoming ashamed of the folly and the wickedness of our ancestors, or by the operation of more sane and better Statutes which, if they do not expressly repeal these old persecutions, override them by the incompatibility of reconciling the two, and by the principle of law which gives effect to the more recent Act.

I cannot, however, close this Letter without adverting to two points, disclosing minor follies, it is true, but follies nevertheless, and here they are:—

Folly number one, is that of classing offences by number instead of calling them by the good old-fashioned Saxon names which convey a meaning to the ear, and an effect to the mind, which this Russo-Polish system of numbering and ticketing fails in. Next to the absurdity of opposing change, because it is change, is the absurdity of innovation, where innovation is not required; and the latter is infinitely the most dangerous thing of the two: but this classification and arrangement is the distinguishing feature of the Sixpenny Royal Road School of Education. Not that classification and arrangement are not good things of themselves, where there is material for them to be applied to; but with the Schoolmasters of the Brougham breed they are the all-in-all—the beginning and the end—the very soul of the thing signified,—instead of being taken at their true value, as indexes and tables of contents; and the result is, that the heads of this breed of Tutor and Taught are indexes of tables of contents, and nothing more.

Folly number two, is the folly of definition run mad; and in that my Lord Brougham excels. Thus you tell us, among other things equally recoudeite, that the King's "eldest son and heir" "shall be deemed to signify the eldest son of the reigning King, and heir apparent to the Crown, for the time being!" and that the terms "the King's eldest daughter unmarried," "shall be deemed to signify the King's eldest, or only daughter for the time being who shall not have

been married!" From all which we infer a danger of confounding married life with single life, and of mistaking the Son for the Daughter, or of fancying the Crown might be held on the tenure of Borough-English, or of imagining the Sister, or some other relative of the monarch, was intended by his Son—if Lord Brougham had not kindly stepped in to define the word Son, by Son,—and the word Eldest, by Eldest,—and the word Daughter, by Daughter,—and the word Unmarried, by Unmarried;—from all which the Reader may be inclined to define the word Brougham, by Ass; and so, my Lord, I commend you to your native thistle!

London, 23d August, 1844.

PHILO-TWIST.

PHILANTHROPY MIS-SPELT.

That Saxon-headed, and English-hearted, Old-man (how ever wrong in many things he might have been,—I mean)—Cobbett, had a peculiar mode of euphonising his contempt of a certain sort of Modern Philosophy in general, and of Scotch Philosophy in particular, by writing it thus—*Feelosophy*! and, in all probability, had he directed his shafts against a certain sort of Philanthropy, too current in these times, he would have expressed his contempt for it by a similar euphonization. A man, now, by a very slight stretch of imagination, might discover a much better solution for this than that of a mere idle fancy; and Cobbett, no doubt, intended to say, that the thing he despised was as misspelt a thing in spirit, as he had made it in fact: it is even so with the Pseudo-Philanthropy of the day, whether patronised by high names, or fulminated through the Press; and a thing more contemptible in itself, more vicious in its principle, and more eminently calculated to mislead the well-intending, does not, perhaps, exist.

Turning over the other day a provincial paper, "which" (as excellent Charles Mathews used to say, in his Law Report of Goody Grimm *versus* Lapstone—which) "for obvious reasons shall be nameless," I chanced upon an article upon the melancholy subject of the Suicide of two poor Shirt-makers, and in which the Editor, now lashing himself into a state of great Grief and Bitterness, did fiercely inveigh against all Slop-sellers, Jews and otherwise; and then, soothed by the influences of tobacco, finished off with a touching appeal to their bowels—as if the bowels of a Slop-seller were made of anything else but thread and hobbin—appealing to them rather blasphemously, I thought, and, with regard to the Jews, rather curiously—in the name of God and their common Redeemer, that these things may not be!

Now all this is very silly, if not very dishonest. I give the writer the benefit of the "if;" nevertheless, in many cases, these "cry aloud and spare not" of the Provincial

Press meroly arise from the necessity of saying something, and the facility of taking up the howl of a London Daily Paper, into whose columns, by a little judicious toadyism and interlarded puffing, the article may find its way in whole or in part. It is astonishing what a Trade some of the Provincial Papers drive in this way: an exchange of Papers is the common practice; this may be called an exchange of Advertisements.

But, at all events, it is very silly; for though it may be very true that no man, in conscience, is entitled to the labour of another for a less sum than the means of subsistence, yet, as this does not, and cannot, fix the rate of subsistence, nor touch the question of how many may be dependant on the individual labourer, nor a thousand other difficulties which suggest themselves and cast us forth into a very sea of uncertainty, the moment we lose sight of the one grand landmark,—we are forced back to this point: The rate of wages in Shirt—as well as in all other—making, must depend on the conscience of the Patent-thread-and-bobbin-bowelled People on the one hand, and a mixed willingness and necessity on the other.

The evil is (apart from those sudden reverses of fortune which startle us sometimes by falling on the most helpless and unfitted to meet them), in that necessity which forces our women to labour for food, instead of allowing them to occupy their proper position in society—instruments of domestic ornament and utility—daughters rendering home cheerful—wives making it comfortable—both contributing largely to the general happiness of the family circle.

Of what use is it to talk to a Slop-seller about his dealings with people who press to him in droves, anxious to be employed at the rate he pays—a bare subsistence to the individual, who, perhaps, and most likely, has some three or four mouths besides her own, craving each for its share? The Man of the hobbin-bowels finds no lack of applicants—no lack of competition, even for the price he pays; for the misery is, that every reduced female resorts to the wretched needle; and a happy Woman is she if she can work up a private connection which will give her four or five days' work on the average per week, at a shilling a-day and her food. She is in easy circumstances then,—can keep a tidy gown on her back, and do a little to help her old Mother at home. And, if enabled to raise her price to 1s 6d, that is comparative affluence, enabling her to send her little

brother—the child of her mother's old ago, and the very joy of her own heart, looking on him as she does, with a mingled sisterly and motherly feeling—enabling her to send him to school!

But it is otherwise with the "Slop-seller's Victim," as the newspapers call the less fortunate slave of the pauperising needle. She is the helot of her class, for whom there is no help in such appeals as these, since, beyond the question of conscience we cannot go; and conscience could hardly be stretched beyond subsistence for the one person employed, which certainly would not touch the mass of the distressed, who do not suffer because the Slop-sellers are inhuman, but because Slop-making does not furnish, either in its nature or extent, any adequate means of sustaining the want and necessity pressing upon it.

Then it is said, with almost equal practical wisdom—People should not buy of Slop-Sellers; and forth steps a Lord Mayor, and a number of other old women, to establish a Society for Slop-making on a Philanthropic scale. The idea is not original, it having been taken from Boz's celebrated Report of "The Metropolitan Hot Muffin and Crumpet-baking and Punctual Delivery Company." And, granted that this may touch an individual case or so; does anybody suppose that the necessities of the poor Women of England, dependant on their needle for subsistence, are to be provided for by a Lord Mayor and a Ladies' Committee, setting up shop in opposition to the Jews and Gentiles who sell linen ready-made? The idea is preposterous. People who deal with Slop-sellers proper, will not transfer their custom to the Lord Mayor and Ladies' Committee Room; and they will not do so principally for this reason—they cannot afford to do so. Their necessities also press upon their means of subsistence; and they go to the shops of the bobbin-bowelled Men, because they can only clothe their backs at the expense of their bellies, and because every penny applied to the wants of the one is a penny taken from the wants of the other; and, after all, Slop-making is but one page in the book of misery, which the great Monopoly Publisher issues, in thick numbers, from day to day, with a "To be Continued," legibly stereotyped at the foot of each last page.

No; there is no help in this Philanthropy mis-spelt. There is no other help but in giving a fair field to the industry of the country—in removing all prohibitory laws—

in making taxation a source of Revenue, and of nothing else—in restricting it so that it shall not press at all upon consumption—and in so far modifying our Poor Laws as to afford a safety-valve for the accumulated consequences of a long career of oppression and wrong, until opportunities have been furnished to the Poor for self-extrication from that degree of wretchedness and want, into which they have been dragged, confessedly in order that the wealthy might provide good settlements for their children. This, with an extension of Education, and a broader basis for our Representative System, may save the Country: the reverse of this can only end in misery and in violence.

August 30, 1844.

COTTON TWIST.

ANY SHIFT TO ESCAPE DOING JUSTICE.

Sir,—A Correspondent of yours, who considers that I have more acquaintance with bard words than with bard work—in which idea he is notably mistaken—broaches a curious project. Let (he says) the Lord Mayor call a meeting of Merchants, and let them agree to give 2s a dozen more for the making of Shirts for export. Well, let the Lord Mayor fulfil his mission, and write himself down ass—I speak of Lord Mayors in the abstract—as often as he pleases; but if your Correspondent supposes that Merchants will respond to such a call, he has mis-read human nature, in the hope of getting an additional halfpenny a Shirt for himself.

For your Correspondent is a Slop cutter, and he thinks that, for his risk, God knows, as he pathetically puts it, one half-penny a Shirt is a Christian-like commission on the price of two-pence, which will bring a blessing with it! and, forgetting the condition of his own howels, he falls foul on foreigners, and abuses Free Trade, because he considers Free Trade to mean working at a starvation price for other Countries. Clearly this man has an intellect adapted to Slop-cutting, and no one can be surprised to read that he has been a Slop-cutter for thirty years.

But it appears from a statement, to which the *Morning Post* has given currency, that, as I more than suspected, there are other sufferers besides the shirt-makers; and, if the statement of the *Post* is to be credited,—and it may be credited, for it is true,—it may be seen, from some new terms put forth of prices charged for Government work in the article of clothing, whether the poor shirt-makers are not better off than the poorer creatures who work under the Government contracts for the Army and the Police.

Now let me give the terms:—

Police: For double-breasted great coats and lappels, so that when one is worn out another can be put on, 3s; the profit to the middlemen, who are responsible for the work, and give security for £50 to the contractors, being about 3d, while the labour in the work amounts to eighteen hours; they have to pay for the own thread, &c., and a tailor would charge 9s. Dress coats are the same, and occupy sixteen hours, tailor's price, 8s.

Trousers, undress, eight hours work 10d; the full dress 1s 3d, which takes ten hours; the one being 4s and the other 5s as the tailor's prices, and it should be remembered that men work at these.—The Regiments of the Line. The great coats with capes, 5d, after seven hours' work, the usual price being 3s 6d. With fourteen hours' work, a red coat can be made, and 11d is paid for it; the tailor's price 5s 6d, looping is 7d extra. The undress white jackets 5d and 7d, with five hours' work, and usual price 2s 6d. Trousers, white and grey, 5d and 6d, and it takes six hours to make them, tailors' charge 3s. Drawers, linen and flannel, 3½d, four hours' labour, 2s by the trade.—The Pensioners of the Army: The old Chelsea pensioners, with their largo red coats, lined with blue shalloon, are supplied by the poor workwomen, at 1s 1d each, occupying twelve hours in the making, and the tailors' charge 6s. The trousers, which are heavier work than the Guards', are paid for at the same rate. Recently it was expected many of the old pensioners would be called out, and for that purpose they had a double-breasted coat, with stand up collars and loops, 2s 2d was the remuneration for eighteen hours' work, and what ought to have been charged 9s for; trousers 6d and six hours' work, wages ought to be 3s; shirts of linen for 3d.—Cavalry: In the Life Guards and Blues, the very expensive leather breeches are made in the barracks, for which tailors are employed at 2s 6d a day, and it will occupy a man two days. A tailor in Bond street would charge 30s.

The *Post* supplies the names of the chief Contractors; but I see neither justice nor utility in holding them by name up to the unthinking censure of the world: it is much more to the purpose this little commentary of the *Post*—"Many are the long faces, and unshaved the beards that carry the work home!" But how to help it? I do not see that abuse of the Government, who, to avoid the evil of jobbing, must advertise, and, *ceteris paribus*, take the lowest tender, or of the Contractors, who must necessarily live and make a profit, and who cannot force their work—and, I fear, have no occasion to force their work, on any one,—could assist the matter at all; or that there is any assistance to be derived from any other source, but in adopting that policy which will give a free, and promises to afford a commensurate, market to industry—legislating for the future moral elevation of the People, and, in the meantime, treating their wants with a Christian forbearance from those abstract and rigid notions of the political economists, until the poor have, in some measure, recovered the consequences of laws which has physically deteriorated them, and of a selfishness and pride which have avoided their moral claims.

And of this mental obliquity in himself let not your Correspondent be utterly ashamed. Doubtless the *Post* would say very nearly the same thing of these Police and

Army contracts as the Slop-cutter confessed does of the Shirt-making. In the crazy imagination of either they would both be examples of the operation of Free Trade,—and it is remarkable how those who ought to know better, than even the *Slop-Post* or the Slop-cutter, walk equally aside from the question, trying it by tests with which justice or expediency have little to do.

It appears by the Census that a very material alteration has taken place in the relative numbers of the Agricultural and Manufacturing sections of the People; and the *Times* is anxious to prove that this statement must, at least to the extent given here, have originated in misapprehension. Day after day, therefore, labours the *Times* to show that such returns must be in their nature fallacious. “And,” says the *Times*, in its anxiety to swell the numbers of the Agriculturists, “surely, of the million female servants in England, some of them must milk a cow, or assist in the hay-field, upon occasion!” I wonder if any of them turn a manufacturer’s grindstone, or such matter? Really, this is too absurd for the *Times*, although easily to be understood in a mere, stupid organ of the Agriculturist party—which the *Times* is not,—seeing that the Agriculturists have generally based their right to oppress and rob others on their own superior numbers and wealth.

But there is a justice beyond numbers—an equity which is not dependent on majorities and minorities; and as I would have scorned such an argument against my class, so do I also repudiate and denounce it, now that the scale is turned in our favour.

London, Sept. 6, 1844.

COTTON TWIST.



(To the Editor of the Weekly Chronicle.)

SILENT GRIEFS!

Passing along the streets of a Provincial Town, on Saturday night, a thin, wretched, plaintive voice, which seemed to come from the very pavement under my feet, exclaimed, "Please, Sir, to buy a box of Lucifer Matches!" I looked down upon a diminutive hoy—dirty, ragged, and haggard, with hair that had been flaxen, and a face that had been pretty, for there was the blue Saxon eye, and the full, intelligent, Saxon face; but want had marred what God had made; and the image of the Almighty had never, perhaps, been more effaced, and disfigured, than in the specimen of clipped and sweated coin current of Nature's Mintage, presented to my notice: he was, in fact, the very abortion of a hoy;—

—"Scarce half made up, and sent into the world
Before his time!"

"Please, Sir," said he, "to buy a box of Lucifer Matches. *They be all Silent Griefs!*" The sounds passed across my heart like the pressure of a heavy weight; and as I write they ring audibly in my ears—"Please, Sir, to buy a box of Lucifer Matches. **THEY BE ALL SILENT GRIEFS!**" I did not exactly understand the meaning of the words, but a question, and a look at one of the Match-boxes, solved all. His poverty went to his language, and mode of expression: by "Griefs" he meant Greves,—this again was a contraction of Congreve, the maker's name, and by "Silent" it was intended that, on the application of friction, they suffused a light without detonating: so he exclaimed, "Please, Sir, to buy a box of Lucifer Matches; they be all Silent Griefs!"

Here was a Dilemma—to give in charity, or to buy? Honest traffic was attempted, however hopeless, as a means of existence; it might be a subterfuge for begging: to give, then, in charity, seemed to encourage that subterfuge; to buy, if traffic were honestly meant, was to delude with false hopes of success in a hopeless pursuit; and I stood for some time talking to the hoy, amid the damp-drift of rain,

filling up the time with questions, but, in reality, undecided as to the course to be pursued. At last I bought, but at a price which, I fear, rendered the motive for buying abortive, the price clearly amounting to a gift; and so went on my way, musing on the connection between "silent griefs" and "silent graves"—the connection between the dumb miseries of the Poor and the noiseless artillery of Swing.

And it seemed to me that herein was a sad truth and an awful warning: a sad truth for those who think of the Poor—an awful warning to those who have stock and store, and who do not so think. For it is the unspoken thought which rankles, as it is the untended sore which festers; and the spirit of incendiarism is kindled, and the bodily form impelled forward on its silent mission, no less from the abjectness of its destitution than from the isolated position of that destitution—from the very dumbness of its misery—from the uselessness of giving it a tongue—from the utter absence of all sympathy, and from the consequent extinction of all hope.

Swing, in his silent griefs, resorts to the silent graves; and the account between poverty and wealth is balanced by the destruction of property. True, it may be the Tenant's thatch which glares redly against the sky; but the rent of the Landlord has yet to be threshed out of the Corn which lies stored beneath. True, the wretched criminal, by so doing, lessens the general store, and deprives, by his own hand, himself, most likely of winter employment on that very floor which his act has reduced to a heap of ruins; but, at the worst, the Union Workhouse cannot be worse than it is without revenge, and revenge is one more meal, and it is a meal more palatable than the Union Dietary affords.

To call this a fearful state of Society, is to call it by a very slight name; to enlarge upon its criminality, as from a text, is a waste of pulpit oratory: it is evidence of a resolving of the social compact into the primitive Chaos of an unreclaimed wilderness of savage life; *this* people are Deaf as well as Dumb; and how, indeed, if their voices reach us not to tell the extent of their hitherness and their despair—how shall we hope that our voices will reach them, when we speak in the dictionary words of reason on the duties of social life?

Besides, it is not at all an assured fact that we have a common nature left between us: clearly, we have not com-

mon sympathies, and, certainly, we have not a common language. For beyond our merest physical wants, of what does the nature of a man consist, but of the trained mind, and the schooled thought, and the regulated passion, and the cherished principle, and the high purpose; and where, and what, are these, with the progeny of Swing? If this be doubted, let the Sceptic test it by experience, and let that experience be gathered practically from the Poor, while speaking as the Poor speak, and feel, when left to the unchecked utterance of their thoughts and feelings; not as they speak when the words are guarded, and the spirit subdued for the time, either from motives of prudence, or from that subjugation which the inferior mind submits to in the presence of the superior. The absence of a common nature—of common sympathies—of a common language even, will then become painfully apparent; and the hopelessness of talking in the words of an educated morality, created and reared amid comforts unstinted—luxuries even, and utterly untempted by the gnawings of want, and the promptings of despair, will be most gravely manifested, unto all who would, in their ignorance, so talk, hoping to be understood, and felt.

There is but one mode of meeting and checking this evil: the People must be better taught, and better fed; but they must be better fed at once. The full-grown family of Swing may not be very numerous, but the growing children are many; and one pair of hands are equal, in the capacity for destruction, to a regiment of drilled men. This is the mischief and the fear; and to me it seems most extraordinary that men should have anticipated any other result from the course of Legislation pursued with reference to the industry of the land. We are working at high pressure, under laws instituted for the purpose of forcing up the cost of food, by means which go directly to that point in the money value, and indirectly again to the same point, in the diminution of employment by the withering influence of the system on trade: and while this system is in active process on the one hand, the authors of it reach out the other, and close down the Pauper-relief valve as tightly as they can! What is to be expected as the result?—and what is the Social System to Swing, when he looks round at the naked walls of his damp and cheerless cottage, at the squalor of his children, who moan for the food it is not in his power to give them? There he sits, with the Devil whispering in the ear of a

ready listener, and with no good Angel to win him back on the other side: she hath quitted him long ago! Preach to him, Parson Orator; but, unless your words drop loaves of bread and slices of bacon, yon may spare your undeniable truisms; they are no truths to him.

Yes, these People have been neglected,—grossly neglected, not only as to their physical wants, but as to their moral necessities.* Worse still, they have been legislated *at*—not *for*; and, before we hope to drive away the Devil at their ear, and to recall the good Angel to their hearts, we must begin a work upon ourselves, by enlarging our sympathies, and extending, or rather creating, a practical knowledge of the material we have to deal with; and, then, putting aside a selfish regard to monopolist interests, and becoming Christian in thought, and word, and deed, the silent griefs of the Poor may be confided to the sympathies of the rich, and the noiseless artillery of Swing set bonfires alight throughout the length and breadth of the land.

COTTON TWIST.

Bristol, Oct. 3, 1844.

A LETTER TO LORD JOHN MANNERS, M.P.

My Lord,—In an article addressed last week to the Editor of the CHRONICLE, I pointed out the fact, and deplored the mischievous consequences, of that utter absence of a common sympathy, and a common language even, between the extreme poor and the wealthy; and the same day which brought me the Paper in which that Article appeared brought me also a copy of the *Times*, in which I read a recognition of the existence of the same Class System throughout the other sections of Society, and witnessed a vigorous step onward in the attempt at breaking it down.

I congratulate you, my Lord, that you have taken up the position of honour in the very foremost rank; and I welcome you amongst us, amiable and excellent as you are, together with the talent which your character and disposition have drawn about you, with a sincerity the most perfect and a joy the most profound. True, I have laughed in my time at Young England, and I am sorry for it: what of that? What of that, for the laugh, I mean, not for the sorrow! If I have laughed, it has been neither the laugh of scorn, nor of hatred, but the laugh which a man laughs who has thirteen mouths dependent on him for food, and who has lived long enough to find out the fact, that he cannot feed them with May-flowers or with May-dew.

Still are we who live by our hands not insensible to the beauties of nature, to the delicacies of literature, or to the refinements of mind. Well may we all say, with a softening of the picture for those who have managed to secure comparative comforts if not comparative affluence—well may we all say—

Senses have we for sweet blossoms,
 Eyes which may admire the sun,
 Passions burning in our bosoms,
 Hearts which may be won;
 But labour doth for ever press us,
 And hunger clings about our board;
 And none will cheer us, none will bless us
 With one gentle word!

or, rather, *welt might* we have said this: for the word is now spoken by *some*! School-boy friends, we have plunged together deep into the rudiments of the common tongue we are, henceforth, to speak and converse in;—the common nature is evoked in words which the spirit feels, and understands, and obeys;—the common sympathy leaps up like a newly found spring, flowing over, and onward, and rolling, and spreading into the broad river which must fertilise all: Stoop we, then, and let us drink!

And wherefore not? Why should a cold, unreasoning pride, on the one hand, with an unreasoning, if a more causeful, resentment on the other, break up the tolerant kindness, and the decent respect, which the Nobleman and the Merchant, the Artizan and the Labourer, should feel mutually for each other? Why should not rank, and wealth, and education, be looked up to as to a band of Soldiers and of Sages, charged with the care and government of the Empire, whilst *we* labour to make it rich? Why should it not be—why has it not been? Because Nobility has, at best, but patronised Literature, instead of taking it to the heart,—because the pride of Descent has scorned Manufactures and Trade,—because the Caste system has rendered us ignorant of the worth of each other; and, therefore, respect and obedience have been lost amid carelessness or hatred, and the Government of the Country has been committed to the hands of the practical Liar and the selfish Monopolist.

But the end of these things is to be. The ardent, yet delicate, mind of Young England has been poured out before us; and how deeply have we relished the draught. You have brought to our smithies a contribution of fine gold; and we, the artificers in iron and in steel, will hallow our work with it, as we toil on from day to day, and the tracery shall be as gothic as you will. My Lord, you have supplied a want: that is as freely confessed, as it was always, with me, fully felt. For our necessities had made us prosaic in words; although, be assured, that we have felt much poetry, for ours has been a condition which stirs up the innermost thoughts and passions of a man, although the every-day requirements of the Butcher and the Baker may not fall very readily under metrical sway.

We acknowledge the contribution most thankfully; let us gratefully render something in return. Look, my Lord,

fairly into the face of the Condition of England Question, and ask yourself—First—Is this condition a happy or a promising condition? Secondly—Is it a safe or a tenable condition? Thirdly—Is it a just or a Christian condition? Fourthly—Is it calculated to meet or to further your own benevolent wishes? It is neither happy, nor safe, nor tenable, nor just, nor Christian, nor calculated for the purposes of Young England, or for your purposes. There is iron and steel enough in the facts we can adduce, to enter into the soul of any man, but that of a Peel or a Knatchbull—the monopolist and the expediency-monger—the men who cheat to day on the strength of yesterday's falsehood, and who set up the marriage settlements of their daughters as a reason for taxing the bread of the Poor. And, happily, My Lord, we can speak of these things to you, assured that you will listen and consider—assured that you will neither close the ear nor the heart to begin with; for have you not come already amongst us with the frank spirit of a Christian and a Gentleman, who holds forth the delicate index of many descents to the horned baud of labour—holding it forth in acknowledgment of a common ancestor and a common God. Wherefore, we are proud to accept you and your friends as our ennobled brothers, ceding to you the feudal and turretted Keep, on the tenure, that you keep watch and ward on the highest Tower, overlooking, and guarding, our teeming Plains.

And we say that this condition of England is not a happy one, because, under it, the people are committed to the unsafe keeping of want and ignorance; we say it is not a promising condition, because it is hopeless of amendment under the system which at present exists; we say it is not safe, because it is, practically, the same state of things which heralded in France the cry of War to the Palazzo and Peace to the Cottage; we say it is not tenable, because the public mind is awakened to its atrocity, and, God knowing the means, it must go; we say it is not just, because it sacrifices the weak to the strong—the poor to the rich; we say it is not Christian, because, disregarding the Word, it muzzles the Ox which treadeth out the corn; and we say it is not calculated to meet or further your own benevolent views, because you seek to relax Toil, to promote Innocent-enjoyment, to extend Education, and to Christianise the Land; and men cannot be Christian while they curse the oppres-

sor,—men cannot relish books while they want bread,—men cannot sing and dance to such music as hungry children afford,—and men must work when impelled by want, and work all the harder and the more fruitlessly the more they are impelled.

Come, then, My Lord, more fully amongst us—not the first by many of noble blood who have been the honoured and honouring Champions of Mercantile Enterprise and Manufacturing Industry; and we will deal with each other in the spirit of the gallant Surrey, who, marrying the Sister of a King, entered the Lists of the Tournament with his steed caparisoned in gold and frieze, and inscribed with the Legend—

Cloth of Frize be not too bold,
Though thou hast wedded Cloth of Gold.
Cloth of Gold do not despise,
Though thou hast mated Cloth of Frize.

I have the honour to be,
With the sincerest respect,
Your lordship's servant,

COTTON TWIST.

London, Oct. 11 1844.

THE EVIL LOOKED IN THE FACE.

When we see Cricket deliberately set up as a panacea for National Distress, and National Misery gravely referred to Long Hours of Labour, instead of to that necessity which makes Short Hours impossible; and when Country Gentlemen, in their new-born Philanthropy, promise to let Dine with them, "next year," the Prize-men amongst those who have hitherto been treated as if they had never risen out of that condition of pure villeinage, which once bound them to the soil, or, worse, to the persons of their Masters—villeins regardant, and villeins in gross, as the law termed them,—it is well to look at the condition of these people, as a Class; and to ask of the fact,—Whether such of them as can afford, without breach of their Domestic Duties, to give up time to play, and whether those who are in a condition to compete for Cottagers' Prizes, Agricultural and Horticultural, are exactly the sort of people who suffer under that pinching misery, which constitutes that real Social Danger we have to provide against, and to avert, if we can?

Now, here is a Public Meeting, held at Highworth on Wednesday last, under the Presidency of Lord Radnor, "For the purpose of taking into consideration the distress of the working classes, and to discuss the benefits likely to arise if the trade in corn and other provisions were free;" and, if we look at the class of persons attending it—Agricultural Labourers, for the most part,—scrutinize their condition, and con what they say,—we shall come very shortly to the conclusion that these *are* the persons for whose wants Parliament must care, or cede its functions to anarchy, and that these are *not* the persons who will compete in the growth of Cabbages for the sake of a Five Shilling Prize at the Squire's hands, or who will migrate to the Village-green to play Cricket, though the Son of a Duke may think he is bowling down Human Misery, when he is only knocking down a Stick. They have not heart for anything of the kind; they are not in a condition to do anything of the kind; and if that excellent-intentioned young man, my Lord John Manners, thinks to achieve (as his detractors, and those who

wish to destroy his true mission, say he does think to achieve) the Millennium, by any such means, it requires very little of the gift of Prophecy, and a very slight knowledge of the laws of Cricket, to say that he will inevitably be "Caught out!"

Not that these People have not, as was said by "Cotton Twist" last week,

"Senses for sweet blossoms ;"

or, as he continued, in the language of the Poet,

"Passions burning in their bosoms!"

And one of the speakers at the Meeting—a small Tradesman at Highworth, who lives by selling second hand clothes and hedding to the working classes, says very nearly the same thing. "They," the poor, said Mr. Croom, "used formerly to come to him to buy clothes and other things, but now he was sorry to say that they came to sell again what they had bought the year before, in order that they might buy themselves victuals. The poor were told by the gentlemen in their neighbourhood to go to the Poor Law Union. That was more easily said than done. It required a deal of fortitude in the poor man to break up his little home, to leave the cottage where he had reared his children, to give up his little patch of ground tilled by his own hand, and perhaps the little tree planted to commemorate the birth of a favourite child. Suppose, however, he got over all these feelings, and when winter set in went to the Union. As the season advanced he would come home again—no; he would come back to the cottage which he had formerly called his home, and he would find it in the possession of another. Then indeed would the tear come into his eye!"

In all probability, the speaker never read the lines quoted by "Cotton Twist" last week; yet here we have the same sentiment in the language of genuine pathos, and of genuine truth! It is not that the poor are destitute of the old spirit, when England was Merry England, or that they are dead to the feeling of emulation; but the heart and the hope have perished within them, and Prize Cabbages and Cricket are not for such as these. And, if not, why not? Let the answer be read in the statement of the condition of a poor man in this very neighbourhood, and which was read at the Meeting, in these his own words:—

"I, a labouring man, in the town of Highworth, do humbly pray that something may be done to lighten the difficul-

ties and distress under which I labour through the badness of the times. I have a wife and four children to maintain out of 8s a week. My children are so small, that my wife and the children are not able to go out to work, as the oldest is under nine; so all depends on my 8s a week, which I find is not enough to maintain us in a proper manner, as I have to pay 1s 9d for house rent, 9d for firing, and 6s for six gallons of bread at 1s a gallon, which alone amounts to 8s 6d, and leaves me, therefore, in debt 6d. I have nothing left to buy tea, sugar, candles, meat, and other things too numerous to mention. As it is, I have to work in the harvest from daylight to dusk like a slave, to pay what I get behind at the shop, and I can't do it then, instead of my having something left to spend with the tailor and the draper, to clothe my wife and children. Something must be done. What will be the end of it, I know not. I can't stop longer to see my wife and children nearly half-naked and half-starved." Here is a man to be told to grow prize cabbages, with the chance of dining with the gentlemen, "*next year*," if he get a prize! Will that lighten the difficulties and distress under which he labours "through the badness of the times," and for which he prays that something may be done, in tones that leave an echo ringing in the ear, only less fearful than the silence which must intervene between it and the response? Think of the four "Children," "so small," Oh! "Young England;" and, if you *will* have this man to be a Member of some Highworth Agricultural Labourers' Cricket Club, you must get up a game by torch-light, or by Swing-light, for him, as he is compelled to "Work in the harvest from Daylight to Dusk, like a Slave!"

"*What will be the end of it I know not;*" but, "SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!"

Is this a solitary instance? Let William Spackman, a labouring man, in the neighbourhood of Highworth, speak for himself:—He said "He had a wife and nine children to support, and he had not done more than three days' work during the last fortnight. This brought him in 5s 6d or 6s, out of which he had to pay 2s a week for rent. What could he do with the rest? A gentleman came to him the other day and said to him, 'Can't you maintain yourself on 8s a week?' He answered the gentleman, 'Could you keep yourself on 8s a week?' The gentleman replied, that that had nothing to do with it; upon which he answered that it had a great deal to do with it; for if one man could not do it, another could not."

Good Logic, honest William! Better than ever was bred in, or came out of, Oxford or Cambridge. Here are practical Ethics as good:—"It was this poverty that drove men to do what they ought not. Many a poor man, with a wife and family, rather than go into the union, where he would be separated from them, did what he would not have done!"

We have heard much of the allotment system, and of its immense advantages to the Poor; and, when first proposed, I recollect, while it was very guardedly laid down that care should be taken to prevent the labourer from becoming a capitalist! it was more than once hinted that these allotments would be infinitely more productive to the Landowner than any other means of employing the same amount of land; and it appears that the Highworth practice is to let the poor labourer clear and drain the waste, and then, ejecting him from the allotment, for the benefit of those who will and can pay a higher rent for it, to set him down to the same process on some other sterile spot. In this manner benevolence has reaped its own reward; and the dogmas of Political Economy are quoted to excuse the process by which the waste lands of the wealthy are made productive through the unpaid labour of the necessitous Poor. I agree so far with Lord Radnor that I think the allotment system is but one very slight feather in the scale of national amelioration; but I agree also with honest William Spackman, who says—"If the poor man wanted twenty lug (perches) of land, why could he not have it at the same price as the farmer? Why was he charged at the rate of £5 or £6 an acre? (A voice—"Yes, and £8 an acre!") How could the poor man pay that price? Why, if they let the poor man have a couple of acres of land for a year or two for nothing, and then charged him a fair rent for it afterwards, would not that be better than his going to the Union? But—*it was of no use. They must all go to the workhouse!* His advice was, to the poor who had families, 'Flock to the Union—fill the Union—and then something would be done.'" And to that universal pauperizing process we are coming! Not that the speaker wished it. "He was willing to work, but could get no employment. Even if he did, how could a poor man keep a family on 8s a week? Something must be done. The poor could not go on any longer. He had been nine months in a Workhouse. He did not mean to go nine months more there. He would rather travel the country first. He did not care who was there to hear him,

or who was not. The Scripture said, 'Thy gold and silver shall bear witness against thee, and the cry of the poor shall reach the Lord.' The state of the poor was something like the state of the children of Israel when they were in bondage. He said to his fellow labourers, 'Let your prayers ascend to Heaven! May God send us down help, and deliver us from our distress!'

William Cole, of Lechdale, a labourer, mounted the waggon from the body of the meeting. He said—"We poor men are put upon, very much, indeed. The farmers make poor souls work many more hours than they ought, and give them nothing for it. They put taxes on poor souls, instead of which they ought to take them off. It would be a good thing for the poor man to get his acre or two acres of land. The farmer says he would not work if he got it. That is not true. What the working-man wants is a little more wages, and then he would be able to pay his rent and taxes. The Lord will be with the poor, and God knows what will become of the Gentlemen when they die. I'm sure I don't know! I hope the gentlemen will let the poor have a little land. (A voice,—“Yes; but not at £6 an acre!”) Let them have land for one year for nothing, and then let it to them afterwards for a penny a lug (perch) more than the others have it for.”

Gentlemen of England, can anything be more truly, more simply, more beautifully expressed? Can expectations be more just,—can aspirations be more meekly, more piously breathed? “The state of the poor is something like the state of the Children of Israel when they were in bondage:” “May God, send us down help, and deliver us from our distress:” “We poor men are put upon—very much, indeed:” “The Lord will be with the poor!” Is there any controverting this? “God knows what will become of the Gentlemen when they die. I'm sure I don't know!” Gentlemen of England, do you?

London, Oct. 18, 1844.

PHILO TWIST.



Two Questions have been gravely debated by the Daily Press this week—the first, between the *Post* and the *Standard Herald*, turns upon the question—Whether the League be dead or not? The second, between the *Times* and the *Herald-Standard*—Whether the City visit of the Queen, to open the new Royal Exchange, is, or is not, to be taken as a Free Trade Demonstration; and, consequently, as another heavy blow and a great discouragement given to the Agriculturists by Sir Robert Peel. The first impulse one feels is to laugh at this solemn fun; nevertheless, no inconsiderable amount of ability (if we except the *Standard-Herald*, which is the stupidest of all stupid productions known to the reading public) has been expended on these points, and one, therefore, is led to suppose that there are clevermen in the world who think them worth debating, in the absence of other and better subjects of debate,—as Falstaff thought his ragged regiment were good enough “food for powder,” and “capable of filling a pit as well as better men.”

Is the League dead? Not so, about thousand voices, backed by thousand facts. It has been busy in the Registration Courts—too busy to attend Public Meetings; it has had so much to say to Revising Barristers, that it has found no breath to throw away at Public Meetings; it has been all work with it, while it was yet time, in the broad sunshine, since no man knoweth when the dark night shall come; it has been taking a leaf from the book of Sir Robert Peel, in exchange for the many leaves he has pillaged from them; and it has quoted that leaf fairly, between inverted commas, and with an acknowledgment of its authorship; whereas Sir Robert Peel has played the plagiarist with the works of the League, in the spirit of petty larceny, which conceals from everybody what from anybody it may steal.

Thus stand the facts: still, at every pause in the Category, the *Standard-Herald* drivels forth, betwixt a laugh and a cry, “I don’t care; you’re dead. I tell ye—you *are* dead! so I don’t care!” And as this is all which the *Standard-Herald* can do—*id. est.*, add drivel to drivel, the *Herald-Standard*, which, though it may foam at the mouth, in the intensity of its rage, and long again for the

Glorious Ascendancy times, when unarmed Quakers could be shot with impunity, is, nevertheless, cunning and strong of fence, rushes to the rescue, catching up the Battle cry of "The League is dead!"

"Nonsense," cries the *Morning Chronicle*, "the League has commenced its winter career of agitation in greater force, in a higher tone, and with a stronger purpose, than ever." "Pooh!" says the *Standard*, "you're a League Touter!" Whereupon the *Morning Chronicle* looks about for evidence in contradiction of a calumny so opprobrious to all who have not shaken off the fears or the hopes of Whiggery; and, seeing no other means of escape from so discreditable a supposition, it pounces upon the *League Newspaper*, abuses it soundly for sneering at the Wiltshire system of Allotments, and makes a propitiatory admission, for the especial use of the *Standard*, to the effect that a Free Trade in Corn will be injurious, for a time, to the Agricultural Labourers. The *Herald-Standard*, of course, seizes impromptu on the admission, becomes civil to its fluttered Morning Contemporary for the time being, and, pointing out this as an admitted evil from a Leaguer, consequent on the policy of the League, shouts forth another exulting psalm on the League's death. Here, however, the *Standard* is met by an opponent of better pluck and heavier metal—the *Morning Post*.

Now, I like the *Morning Post*: for downright, positive, unshrinking, consistency of policy, such as it is,—for honestly sticking, through thick and through thin, in success and defeat, by its adopted friends, and by them alone,—and for real ability in enforcing its views—I consider it, paradoxical as the idea may seem, as the very head of the Daily Press. There is no shirking the point with the *Morning Post*: say its policy is destructive to the Ministry; its answer is—Perish the Ministry! and, again, tell the *Morning Post* that its policy could not be carried out unless a wall were built all around England, the answer of the *Morning Post* would be—Then build a wall round England! and it would, incontinently, set to work to demonstrate in most unexceptionably rolling periods—good English, if not very good sense—that it was the duty of Parliament to contract with Messrs. Grissell and Peto, immediately, for the masonry thereof: nay, the *Morning Post* would exult over the encouragement such a great national undertaking would

afford to British industry, and would not even object to its being fabricated of cast iron! This may be insanity; but, in the midst of tergiversation, trickery, and vacillation, it is more respectable than the self-saving and self-seeking sort of common sense manifested by certain of its contemporaries.

Well, the *Post* exclaims—"The League dead! phsaw, your Mr. Gally Knight, who adopts this nonsense, is more like the stalking ghost of what he once was, than is the League!"

"Pooh," cries the *Standard* again, "You are a League Touter."

"And you," retorts the *Post*, springing eagerly to the contest,—“You, who have covered Sir Robert Peel with the slime of your adulation, how do you account for the great gathering of last week in Manchester?”

"Mere talk," replies the indomitable *Standard*.—"A large Meeting it might have been, but the League it could not have been, for the League is dead."

But, the argument proceeds:—"Look at what the League has done in the Registration Courts: obtained signal advantages in Eighty Boroughs, and snatched South Lancashire, at one grasp, from Ministerial and Conservative hands."—"That," says the *Standard*, "is part of a Registration struggle—that's not the League." "Look, again, at the threat which promises to swamp the County Constituencies by an irruption of forty-shilling freeholders." "That," says the *Standard*, "may be done by individuals, but individuals are not the League." "Mr. Cobden says—" "Mr. Cobden," shouts the *Standard*, "is not the League!" Thus of all the rest. The *League Newspaper* is not the League; the League subscriptions are not the League! Nothing is the League; for the League being dead, the League is nothing! And so I commit the last consolation of dying monopoly to the winds of Heaven and the wings of laughter: it is worthy of no better reply.

But if this be evidence of the shifts to which Monopoly has been driven in its efforts to keep up the drooping spirits of its friends, or, rather, of the shifts to which the traitor leaders of Monopoly have been driven in order to cast dust into the eyes of its betrayed friends, how miserably hopeless seems that position which can think it necessary to assure the Agricultural section of the Community, that the visit of

the Queen to the City of London, for the purpose of giving grace and dignity to the re-opening of the great mart of Commerce, for the Metropolitan City of the Empire, is not, by any means, to be construed into an admission, on the part of the Crown, of the superior importance of the Mercantile and Manufacturing Classes in the State!

The *Times* seizes on the occasion to pen a grandiloquent article, which may be evidence of the commercial leaning of the *Times*, as well as of the *Times's* incapacity to be poetical, since never has the truth of the Tom Paine and Bonapartian maxim—that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step,—been more satisfactorily established than by this very article; but why should the *Standard* feel the thing so acutely, or why should it recognise the general distrust in Sir Robert Peel by Sir Robert Peel's Majority, so much, as to deem it necessary to assure its Readers that the visit of the Queen to the City of London on the occasion of Monday last, is on no account to be construed into an admission of the principle that the Agricultural section of the Community is inferior to the Mercantile, or into a recognition of the fact insisted on by the *Times*, that the Merchants of England are the "Great Feoffers of the Crown!"

Why, how miserably absurd is all this in the *Standard*! and what a low mental and moral level do these Agriculturists fashion for themselves! As well might the Manufacturers and Merchants of England deplore, through the Press, the genteel small farming of Prince Albert, who fattens an ox, at a loss of ten hundred per cent, to have the prize snapped up from under his nose by Yeomeu Tompkins, and who churns inferior fancy butter for the Royal Breakfast Table at a cost not exceeding five shillings a pound!

Is there no one among these people of sufficient knowledge to tell them that this very particular sensitiveness is but proof of a sense of their own intrinsic insignificance; and that all their talk about Leases, and Allotments, and Manures, and Agricultural Chemistry, is but one more proof that the age has left them behind?

COTTON TWIST.

1st November, 1844.

A Tale of a Washing Tub.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—I hear toll at our shop, the tother day, as how the Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor is going to set up a Washous in the Fleet, where all the poor people can wash theirselves and their close and their children, and havo hot water and sope and starch and thum hloo and flat-irons and drying-lines and coles found gratis.

Sir, this may be good noos for the poor, or may be not : thats as happens : hut one thing is for certain—tis bad noos for the poor washerwimmen any how. Leastwise, tis bad noos for poor old Kitty Clark, who takes in and does for our Court. And what poor old Kitty is to do with them swelled legs of hern and Bishops and Lords taking in washing agen her I dont know ; but what I wants to know is tbis, Sir,—who is to mind my children and cook my dinner while my wife is at the Lord Mayor's washous ?

Sir, I dont wish to be ungrateful no-how to gentlemen as wants to act kindly by the poor. God knows tis noos to find them caring at all about us. I never see a gentleman in our Court in my life—not even the landlord, who wont come hisself, the privves is so bad, and the wet do come in at the tiles uncommon. So nobody comes to see it but the lawyers clark every Monday morning for the Rent, and all we can get from he is, as hes got no instructions except to take the sticks if the tin ain't stumpt up, he says, which I calls hard cheeso.

But, Sir, I wish you to put in your paper which I hear at our shop is a friend to the Poor. that gentlemen may know how we poor people do do. Sir, I got 4 children and the biggest boy goes in arrands for the grocer at the end of our street for 2 and sixpence a week, and the rest is too little to do anything, and my wife takes in sowing. Sir, Trade is dismal bad with me and quite promiscuous. But I goes every day to our shop and sometimes I gets put on and sometimes I doesn't, and taking one week with another I dont think we gets 14 shilling amongst us and our biggest boy do wear out a deal of shoe-leather. Then we pays 3 and

sixpence for our Room, and what is 10 and sixpence to 6 hungry souls to say nothing of close.

Sir, I got not nothing to say agen my wife who does keep up her spirits uncommon well and is never so happy as when she got work enough poking at the needle making shirts and shifts to 12 o'clock at night, and at it again by six in the morning. Then she do mend and contrive for me and the Children, and when the work is slack do do our washing at home, and the way she do do is to put on a little water on one side of the fire and cook and wash and mind the children together.

But, sir, how is she to do it at the Bishops washous to say nothing of the gossiping, and the hest on em do love gossiping: tis in them? And Sir what is to become of the children; and what is a poor man to do when he comes home hungry from his work, and his door locked and his children in the street and no dinner to eat and his wife two or three mile off standing at the Lord Mayors tuh for the sake of having hot water and sopo for nothing? Sir tis gammon.

They say 'tis all along of the price of coals and the water rate and the tax on soap. Sir why don't they tax hest Windsor and take it off yoller. And an't it a burning shame that the Lord Mayor as can afford to spend thousands on processions and dinners to them as doesn't want 'em, and to give gold medals to furriners and noblemen, should tax coles when coles is so dear? Sir they do say that cleanliness is next to godliness, and I think godliness and cleanliness is taxed more than anything execept food, and that don't seem very godly when six poor hloods has only got 14 shillings a week to live on and 3 and sixpence rent to pay, and scores upon scores not that nor a half of that.

And Sir, seeming to me the Government should do something for the Poor, and that a Christian country ought not to let water be sold. It an't laid on in our court at all, and we has to go to the turncock or the waterman in the street, and beg for a pitcher-full for dear life; and they says 'tis robbing the Company, and their conscienees on't let 'em unless we tips. Sir, if gentlemen would come among the poor they would know the rights on't; and then perhaps Bread wood be given and Water wood be shure as the Scriptures says; but Bread is very dear and Water is very scarce.

Sir, I don't want to act proud to any gentloman as offered me a shilling in kindness; but I wood rather he wood give me eighteenpenuorth of work to do for it. I an't afraid of work—I au't; and God keep me and mine from tho Parish. I and my wife has rubbed on to now together; and I don't want to be separated from her by Act of Parliament. I loves that to the gentlefolk who can pay tho Parliament to do it the way they likes it—that au't me.

I had a job of work a little while ago down by Windsor, where I seo the Queen and her babbies. God bless the Queen and her habbies—I woodn't hurt em for the world nor should anybody else while I was by. But if the Prince John Vile shoud como and take London, I want to know what we poor men is to fight for? For the Queen? I an't so strong as I was, but I ood do a bit for her with the french polly-voos; but I suppose the fine soldiers wood take care of the Queen and the babbies and Windsor Castle. Sir, I dou't think I'd fight for the Bishop of London and the Lord Mayors Washous, because I thinks its gammon; nor for the Rich for what is their money to me; nor for the grand shops, I can't afford to deal with them; nor for the public huildings nor the parks, they don't let leather aprons into'm; and as to our Court I don't suppose the Prince John Vile wood rise our rent, and the sticks he woodn't know much what to do with. Sir, I dou't see why poor men shoud fight at all; for they can't be much worse off; and if Bishops and Noblemen has got nothiug better to offer the Poor than Sope and Water miles away from their places I thinks the Lord Mayor might just as well offer me the use of a hillis to be blowed with ony at the Manshin Hous; and if I can't get it any other way, I intends to remain one of the grate unwashd. So no more at present, from, Respected Sir, Yours humbly,

GEORGE JONES,

Bellhanger, 7 Dials.

30th Octohir, 1844.

[We have altered the more glaring defects of spelling in the above letter, because we do not wish, in inserting it, to excite mere idle laughter; but we have not carried our corrections, either in spelling or in grammar, to the fullest *possible* extent, because we did not like to detract from the individual force of the communication, which is a true exposition of feeling, not to be slighted or despised.—ED. W. C.]

The Tale of a Washing Tub.

No. II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Haveing for some years been a constant reader of the *Weekly Chronicle*, of course the tale of a Washing Tub has not eesaped my uotice. The evils alluded to in the above article with a Thousands others are true, and the manner in which they have been brought forward, cannot but attract the notice and arrest the attention of those whose duty it is to lesson those evils.

Now I belcive the movement alluded to (the Public Wash House) to be in a right direction, for promoting the Comfort and Prosperity of the Working Classes. As a Working Man I have long thought that there is somthing radically wrong, in constantly throwing cold water on such movements, simply because they emanate and are carried out by the rich. Had oue of G. Jones Shopmates proposed the plan, I do not think he wuld have objected to it; hut how would his Shop Mate have carried it out. I confess that the washing day (particularly if it rains) has been one of the great draw backs on my domestic comforts. George asks what he is to do for his dinuer, and his wife at the Lord Mayor's wash House; who ever heard tell of a comfortable dinuer being provided on a washing day, should a friend or relativo call, the first word heard is excuse the disordered state of the house, 'tis washing day.

The Children make themselvs scarce, creeping in any hole or corner; the very Kitten ou the hearth dare not even play, and to add to this catolouge of woe, the Wife is invariably as cross as two sticks; for Wives deem it a Previledge handed down from their Great Grandmothers, to be cross on washing day. These things have driven Thousands of Mechanics to the Public House, and thus laid the foundation for Confirmed Drunkeuess, with all its attendant evils, to themselvs, to their Families, and to the Community at large.

I say I hail with delight this movement as I did that of Infant schools, to which I sent my young Children, and

when older to the National or British schools. When I can I will enjoy the Luxury of the Public Baths and walks which are rising up around us. One word about Georges Sympathy for Poor Old Kitty Clark, whose swelled Legs, unfit her to stand at the washing tub all day. He would shew true sympathy by letting Kitty look after the Children half a day, or if he would prefer it (if more able than the Wife) let Kitty do the washing. I happen to number in Family three or four more than George, and yet my wife says she could go the distance named, after dinner, and with the Facilities of the Public Wash house complete her work, and be back in the Evening ere he leaves work. Now would it not be a Pleasant sight George to come home and see all the Clothe's, dried, and Ironed and hung on a Clothes Horse and the Wife in a good temper in the Bargain.

Sir I know there are Blessings which the Government and the Wealthy can alone confer. But there are many Privileges which the Poor are looking to others for which they might obtain themselves. For instance hundreds of Mechanics, in this Country are nightly in the Tap Room senselessly spending their money, and calling on Government for an extension of the Franchise, whilst with the money thus spent they might pay the rent required by Law, to give them a vote, and thus more effectually reach out a helping hand, to those, who could not as above obtain the right—they might at the same time kill two Birds with One stone, and Repeal the heavy duty on Malt and Tobacco. If Government would only spend half the money in promoting the Happiness and prosperity of the People and of preventing crime which they expend in endeavouring to arrive at *Perfection* in Punishing Crime, which experience has proved does not Prevent Crime—it would be well. There is one misery which the sensitive poor suffer, that the rich are almost exempt from. I happen to live in a Public Thorough fare and I do not know that ever a meal time passes—certainly not a day that whilst the Wife is dealing out the Potatoes, or sharing the Loaf, but some poor, ragged, half starved human being, appears at the window or door imploring in a Piteful tone, for a bit of Bread or a Potato for Gods sake, how often have I been struck at the willingness of my Children, that the Implored relief be given, with the fact staring them in the face that they must go short in consequence and I have often consen-

ted to share our scanty pittance from that fact alone. I say the Rich are exempt from this. The Lodge. The Porter. The High wall and Barred Gate, and the Savage Dog protect them often has a mother with a child at her Breast—one on her Back and one at each hand, exclaimed as she has received a morsel of Bread God help the Poor, if the Poor did not help them. Sir I have had to write this on the Washing day, and that a wet day, with all the unpleasant effluvia arising from foul clothes being immersed in hot water. O for a Public Wash house, Notwithstauding the dread which G Jones has of the Gossip likely to go on there, If it is as he says the Women have it in them; it must have vent and I would rather it expended itself at the Wash house than at home or in the Neighbourhood. hoping you will do by this as you have by Georges alter the glaring defects

I Remain Your Obt. Servant

JOHN BOOTH.

Handsworth, Nov. 11, 1844.

[We have not complied with John Booth's request—to alter the more glaring defects in spelling; because it did occur to us, and we leave it to our Readers to judge between us on the matter, whether there be not palpable evidence in the whole construction of the above epistle that John Booth is not what he sayeth but what he seemeth—a very Impostor, who seeks to palm himself off upon us as a Working Man, whereas he is about as *au fait* on the heroics of poverty as ever was writer of Domestic Dramas for the Victoria Theatre. Clearly the letter was spelt originally well enough, and the bad spelling is a clumsy attempt at the genuine Doric, the result of an after-attempt. However, we leave John Booth to George Jones, to whom, having referred an early proof of the above, we are indebted for the following reply.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir—I shoud John Booths letter to our foreman, and he says its bigger gammon than the Mares Washus, and is taking from a Song calld the Washing Day, all about the Children and the Kittens and friends comin in to Diuuer. And Sir I thinks so too, for I never see a poor Man use such grand words as “emanate,” and “Domestic Comforts” and “Effluvia” and “ere” and such like. I ask our foreman

what Effluvia moan, and he said—stink! But, Sir, if John Booths close do stink why not say so in plane English.

Sir, some wives and some husbands, ool be cross any how, bnt 'cept that, I never hear of wives and husbands being cross at Washing times, unless they was pretty comfortable otherwis. When wives can keep up a tidy stock of Close, they don't like the Washing on em, and when husbands got a sittin Room to smoke their pipes in, they dont like the smel of the suds; and when they can afford to have friends and relations droppin into dinner, and is in the way for sich doings, there follows scuses about the "disordered state of the House, 'tis Washing Day." Sir, them's not my case, nor its the case of any poor soul livin in a Cople of small three pair backs—and some as one honely. Seud I may never have a wuss smell there than a Washing time; and as to comfort, and whoever hear tell of a Comfortable Dinner on a Washing Day, I should like to know how many poor men got a comfortable Dinner at all. Most on us he honely too pleased to get anuf to eat, but as to comfort there isn't much in being forced to run home we ten minntes to spare when we gets there or to sit down at the shop in all the dirt and smels of the work.

Sir, John Booth dont know much about the very poor; and when he talks about Washing days drivin mechanics to public honses and about "attendant evils," and "the Community at large," it shows me he isn't what he says and dont know what the Poor wants; for fellos as can afford to get Drunk in Public Honses oughtn't to have their washing done for em for nothin by Bishops and Lord Mares. And, Sir, he seems to me to be a reglar pauper and wuss, washing hisself and his close and sendiu his children to school, when it is clare he is a man as can afford to pay for it hisself and to give Dinners and he ashamed of his wife washing at home, and turn up his nose at the effluvia as he calls the stiuk of his close, more shame for his wife. I'll say that for mine, we be poor but we be clean, and dont stink!

And, Sir, when he talks of comin home and seein the clothes dried and ironed, and hung on a clothes horse, he only shows his ignorance, for the close is hung on a hoss to dry fust, and when they is ironed they be folded and put away. And my wife says as Mother Booth nor no one else could wash and iron twelve people's close after Dinner, before her husband cumd home from Work, we-out she giv'd it a lick and a promis honely, to ssy nothin

of trapcsing through the streets for miles praps, to the Bishops and Lord Mares Washus and hack again. So you sec tis all a fetch; and John Booth may be the Bishops Chaplin or my Lord Mares fule for that matter, for all you or I knoës.

As to poor Kitty Clark, if John Booth will tell me where the money is to come from, Kitty should not want for a bit of bread, whether she could stand at the washing tub or no; but when he says as working men could get a vote and Repeal the Malt and Tobacco Tax by not spending their money in public houses—that isent me. Its precious little I does that way; and I always finds that them sort of people as would rather do charity than justice, is alwis taunting the poor with being drunken and unprovident, and saying thats how they he so poor. No doubt working men do drink and bring their wives and children to rags and ruin, but thousands havn't got it to drink and thats me.

Sir, I dare say John Booth do mean well, but he dont know much about it, and if so he I know where he live and his dinner hour, I think some day I should look in his win-der or leastwise send some of the children to do so. Now this comes of livin in a street: I find my three pair hack quite as good to kip off poorer people than meself as the Rich Mans Porter High Wall and Savage Dog; and as to friends and Relations we hasn't many and as we got nothin to give um they dont come: so my wife washing an't like to offend them by the smel, for I leaves the effluvia to me hetters.

So nommore at presnt

from your humbl

Sirvunt to comand

GEO. JONES

Belhanger 7 Dials

15 Novemhir 1844



Cotton Twist Redivivus.

No. XXXVIII.

A GHOST STORY:

BEING ONE OF A REGULAR SERIES OF STANDARD
TALES FOR AGRICULTURAL NURSERIES.

The *Standard* sees nothing in the fact that the League has given £3,000 for the use of Covent Garden Theatre for the Agitation Season of 1845, to invalidate its theory that the League is dead! Indeed, the *Standard* looks upon the fact as a collateral proof of the truth of its assertion; for, the League being dead, it is the more essential to its purposes to establish a case of existence; and where so much is at stake, it might have been expected that £3,000 would be esteemed a very inconsiderable price for the subornation of evidence to establish the fact of vitality! Wherefore, many thousand Ghosts may be expected to haunt this new Elysium from January to July in the coming year; and the Tale of Terror may well account for the blanched cheeks of the Monopolists, and it fully justifies the preparations made to exorcise the troubled, or rather troubling, spirits, which threaten to crowd the Platform; to say nothing of the shapes which will throng the Pit, and the shadowy white handkerchiefs and whiter hands which promise to wave a welcome from the Boxes.

What the prayers of the Church, and the purifying odour of Guano, and other scientific combustibles, may do in the incantation scenes portending on the other side, I know not; but the *Standard* announces a method of exorcising which shows the small reliance it places on its anticipations that Ichaboe will save its friends from shouting Ichabod, by converting England into a corn exporting Country.—“Oh,” it exclaims—

Oh, for one hour of T. B. C. Smith, O’

Connell’s, and Steelo’s, and Duffy’s conquering foe!

The Irish Attorney General, says the *Standard*—the greatest of her living lawyers! he who put down O’Connell

and his troop of Monster Agitators,—we only want him and his energy, and his masterly comprehension of the Law, and there is an end of the League. Most true; for, granting the death, what says the Proverb—"Any living ass may kick a dead lion!" Not that Mr. Smith is exactly an ass, or even such an ass as the *Standard* would make him; but the idea of indicting a dead body is rather in keeping with the Irish Indictment of fifty pages, the very Special Verdict which followed, the Writ of Error, and the consequences which thence ensued. It is really cruel thus to haul the peppery little gentleman from his retirement, in this overhand fashion; and, *à priori*, not very complimentary to Sir William Follet or to the "*Elegant*" Thesiger!

And this the *Standard* seems to feel; for its next object is to fabricate an excuse for the English Attorney, and Solicitor, General. Their inaction, it seems, is to be attributed solely to a sense of the contemptible position of the League; and the Evening Organ of the Government comes forth with the official announcement that the Law Officers of the Crown do but abide their time, and that the moment the dead body of the League becomes sufficiently offensive to their less susceptible nostrils, they will immediately pounce upon it, with the instinctive voracity and capacity of a couple of Carrion Crows. The indictment has been, in fact, cut, and dried, by the ready hand, and in the experienced kiln, of Mr. Maule—it comprises One Hundred printed pages, the proof sheets of which are lodged in Sir James Graham's private drawer, side by side with the original drafts of information supplied to the Continental Despotisms against unfortunate Refugees, and the still more unfortunate subjects in their power, and the types are as safely locked in the Secret Printing Office under the roof of the Government buildings in Downing-street. The greatest care has been taken to avoid the errors into which the Government Solicitors had previously fallen, in the Trial of Williams and Frost, and in the duelling proceedings of Lord Cardigan—the Clerks having been instructed to make verbal indexes to the Statutes at Large, and the *Herald* Correspondents having been employed to take extracts from the Baptismal Register of Mr. Cobden, and to ascertain if, in the recollection of his Nurse, of the Dame under whose care he was first placed, of the Village Schoolmaster, and of the Tradesman to whom he was put apprentice, he was ever known by a second Christian name—with:

a further instruction, marked "secret" and "very special," to inquire of any old playmate, if any such be forthcoming, whether that gentleman was ever known amongst them by any particular nick-name, in order that it may be introduced—with an alias! Further, it is understood that Sir Robert Peel will stand or fall by the issue; and, as a collateral security towards a conviction of some kind, is prepared, but only as a *last* State necessity, to exhibit Articles of the Peace against the same fated individual!

Now, that is what I call exclusive intelligence; and "COTTON TWIST" gives notice to the *Morning Herald*, by these presents, that it is copyright!

Still, this is a thing which may be said yet to be in the womb of Time; and since Mr. Cusack Smith cannot adopt any step, and Sir William Follet and Sir Frederick Thessiger will not adopt any premature step, the *Standard* has felt itself, as an unworthy limb of the Law, and organ of Government, compelled to do something; and seeing that it cannot set, officially, in action the Common and Statute Law of the Land, it invokes the Police Act of the City of London, and advises its friends to give the begging agents of the dead League into custody for ringing their bells and agitating their knockers without leave! "Already," says the *Standard*, "the advice we have heretofore given has been productive of the best effects. Clearly these begging impostors are vagabonds; and, as such, subject to the vagrant laws. We demonstrated this fact some time since; and by so doing we have put an end to their begging! Fearful of the consequences—imprisonment and the treadmill, they now shrink from asking for money, and confine themselves to soliciting co-operation! It may be very true that the Newspaper which, in fraud of the fact that the League is dead, persists in calling itself the League—it may be that this mendacious and abandoned paper does weekly, and every week, print column after column of subscriptions. But what of that? the fabrication of Subscription Lists, which is constructive forgery, and, therefore, of itself an indictable offence, is perfectly in keeping, and entirely consistent with the other practices of this notorious conspiracy—for conspiracy it clearly is, which only wants a 'lawyer and a ripe one,' like Mr. Smith—a *real scientific* lawyer, who does not trouble himself with Acts of Parliament, but appeals to the common sense of the Common Law,—in order to catch them in the tough

meshes of that Law in which he caught the mendicant Plunderer of the poor and the Disturber of the Public peace!"

And these are the two horns of the legal Dilemma on which, *ad interim*, the dead League is to be impaled—i. e., the Vagrant Laws and the London Police Act! Its agents are to be sent to the treadmill for begging, and to be fined "not exceeding £5, nor less than 40s" for ringing at peoples Bells! As to the League itself, dead or alive, its fate is as clear, as the reasoning of the *Standard* (which see below), is conclusive: "For," saith that gentleman, who is so intent on libelling, and so careful to avoid its penalties, that a large proportion of every twenty-four hours is, according to his sworn Evidence before the House of Lords, by him spent in thinking how he may steer o'the windy side of the Law, so as to satisfy his own Malice, and save his Master's pocket,—“For,” saith he, “it is written, if we are not mistaken [which may easily be], in that volume {a figure of speech for, or an evidence of ignorance of, the Common Law}, that Vagrancy is an offence, and that a conspiracy to commit an offence is a *misdemeanor*. Now, there can be no doubt that the League is an organised confederacy for the commission of vagrancy on a large scale.” *Argal*, the League is indictable; and, “therefore,” the *Standard* repeats its advice—“to give every League Collector who duns for money or co-operation in charge to a Policeman!”

It is very much to be desired that this advice may be implicitly followed; but a question arises on the fact upon which we set out. If the League be dead, would it not be better to indict the Collectors for obtaining money under false pretences? True, the Collectors will, in all probability, acting on the hint, avoid the consequences, by soliciting money to defray the expenses of the funeral; and what Monopolist could object to subscribe to so good an object? On the other hand, this would give the Conspirators a tolerably good lease for the clinking of coin; and, after all, the funeral *must* come some day, I suppose; as, “when the brains are out the man must die,” and, when the vital principle of the League—monopoly, is extinguished, the League will follow. Of one thing, however, we may rest satisfied: when that event occurs the friends of the League will have a Somersetshire funeral, where love drops no tears over the coffin—“hot rolls, and treacle,” as they say down West, leaving it entirely to the friends of the *Standard* to wear weepers!

London, Nov. 15, 1844

COTTON TWIST.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE INCOME TAX?

A LETTER TO COTTON OR PHILO TWIST, BY A
MAN OF A HUNDRED AND FIFTY!

Sir: The Chancellor's Budget is booked for a surplus, next year, of income over expenditure—that may be taken as a safe prophecy. What the surplus may be, no man knoweth: but that it will be considerable, no man doubteth. The question is what shall be done with it? and on the one side we have the "Cotton Lords" of Manchester putting in their claim, with a most statistical pertinacity; and on the other the "Squirearchy" bellowing like so many Bulls of Bashan for a Repeal of the Malt Tax.

Between these two powerful interests I venture, as a man with a large family, and a limited income, to interpose my claim for, if not a Repeal of the Income Tax, as it affects Salaries of uncertain duration, at least the remodelling of the Tax, so that it shall press with some degree of equality and equity on the several classes of Society subjected to the burthen.

It is my misfortune to be a man of a Hundred and Fifty—that is to say, I derive that income, in pounds sterling, from my labours as a Clerk, and I have a wife and five children to support out of it. There are many who would call such an income, with such a family—opulence; but I can conceive situations in which £50 a year less would be a better thing; for persons in my position are compelled to sacrifice to the decencies as well as to the necessities of life; and, both in themselves and in their families, to make a better appearance than their means warrant, or they must lose caste, and be dragged a step lower, to a position they are unfitted for; so that their last condition would be much worse than their first. I don't know whether this will be intelligible to all readers, but I can assure all readers that it is true. For there is no Sliding Scale between me and the common labourer, on the one hand, and the clerk of £200 or £250 on the other, in the matter of the price of a coat, the rent of a

house, or the necessity of paying my taxes. The man of a Hundred and Fifty, with a family, is in the debateable ground of respectability—that is to say, he is a respectability with crippled and inadequate means. Wherefore the difference is made up by struggling, and contriving, in every possible shape, to keep debt from the door; and the four pounds seven shillings a year which Peel takes from me, to make up his surplus, is a very serious matter for me.

But what I complain of mostly, is—that I have neither the hold of a small tradesman on this income; nor the certainty of an Annuitant that it will continue a day; and it seems to me most unjust, that I, with such limited means, should be taxed in the same proportion as the man of ten thousand a-year; and that, with no security that my sole resource may not be swept away from me to-morrow, no exception should be made in my case, neither as to the extent nor the enforcement of payment; thus placing me—a clerk dependent for existence on the will, or the capacity, of an employer—on the same footing with a man who has freehold security for the permanency of his income; or, at least, the fair chances of a trade, established so far as to become a source of profit, whatever that profit may be.

For which reasons, and because this Tax has been a gross practical fraud upon the consumer, whose interests in this matter of Taxation have, for the most part, been professedly kept in view, and set up as the great inducing cause, but who has always, in the result, been sacrificed,—I ask, that the opportunity of this surplus may be embraced, to make an experiment on the Income Tax itself. I do not ask that the Tax be repealed, or, rather, suffered to die off, in compliance with Peel's implied promise—a promise made, like all his promises are, so as to lead his hearers, at the time, to the satisfactory conclusion, but to leave him, in terms, the loop-hole of escape from its consequences,—I do not ask that this Tax be repealed, and I do not ask it, partly because I think the property of the Country should bear its portion of the burthen of the Country, while the industry of the Country should be relieved to the greatest possible extent; and partly because Peel is too cautious; and Goulburn (if, indeed, he at the Council Board, with Peel for a Premier, would dare to suggest the existence of his own soul without a previous licence obtained), is too great a coward, financially speaking, for that. But surely here is an

[COTTON TWIST remits the above to be printed—1st. Because it is desirable that everybody should be informed how everybody thinks and feels : and, 2d, because there is a vast deal of truth in what is above laid down. And, if statesmen would go honestly to work, instead of resorting to what has been called the Skyomachy of Political warfare—setting up questions as stalking horses, and fighting the party place-hunting fights of majorities and minorities, on questions of no political importance to the welfare of the masses, something might be done. The matter is not so difficult, for the principle of taxation—the right principle, is a very plain and a very intelligible one. What is its purpose? Revenue. Revenue for the legitimate uses of the State; and, that being understood, it follows that all Taxation, which goes to positive exclusion, or which, stopping short of that, affects prices so materially as to diminish or check consumption, is not only a grievous wrong, but a gross folly. As to taxing one class of the People to support the private fortunes of another, there is no keeping terms with it—it is positive and undeniable thieving. Now, these principles being admitted, there could be, and there would be, no objection to each man bearing his share of the hurthen in proportion to his means of sustaining it; and in a country, the property of which is so vast, the industry so untiring, the enterprise so large, the ingenuity so pre-eminent, and the consumption so enormous, it requires but the fair average amount of Statesmanship, which is but a combination of knowledge and intelligence, to raise more of revenue than we require, by measures the pressure of which would not be sensibly felt. Sir Robert Peel's mistake is, that, instead of treating this as an ascertained fact, the result of pure induction, he talks of it as a "grest experiment!" and he refuses to speculate in farthings and penny pieces, until he has a surplus of pounds, counted by the thousand, and the hundred thousand in the public chest. He now has them : what will he do? It requires very little of the gift of prophecy to foretel that he will pursue the same csutions and unproductive course. There will be a large surplus, and the "Goose and its Shadow" of the Daily Press, will exult over the financial skill which has confiscated five millions of private property without any adequate cause, and upon the guarantee of a set-off, which has proved in effect the grossest political fraud ever practised upon any Country. Then will follow

a great deal of self-laudation from the Premier, with some supplementary slaver from the great Quack Doctor's Jack Pudding, who carries the lucky bag and blows the trumpet, —a little popularity will be bid for by the remission of some slight per centage—some paltry modification of the Income Tax; next a "great cry" will be made over the "little wool" of some trivial alteration of a few inconsiderable items in the Tariff; and then the humbug of party speech-making, crack debates, and waste-paper-creating divisions, will swallow up the Session, leaving the last month of a "sound-and-fury-signifying-nothing" Parliament to add, as before, some twelve hundred pages of crude, basty, bad legislation to the Statute Books; after which Honourable Gentlemen will subside into partridge and poacher shooting, until the next Session! An end, however, will come to these things some day; for which end, honest men should gird up their loins, and stand prepared.]

No. XXXIX.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY QUOAD THE *VERY*
POOR.

The Newspapers of the current week are filled with details, illustrative not only of the deplorable state of the very Poor, but of the relative merits of the several principles of Justice and of Charity—as the cheap self-advertising substitute for Justice is called,—applied to that condition.

The destitute and disabled pauperism of the Country has increased by the thousand, the Poor Rates—nearly thirty-three thousand Pounds *more* than half a Millieu Sterling of Money. There has been a Meeting of farmers in Middlesex, to see what could be done in the way of allotments of land, to help the poor Labourer, with his wife and six children, starving in the metropolitan County of England on nine shillings, or less, per week; and still the hurthen of the song was—Rent, Tithes, and Rates! The Reverend Chairmau called the Speakers to order! but the stout men of mould declared their willingness to help their Labourers, if the Landowners, who seem to have but one idea—guanoing at the tenant's expense, would do something. "My pockets," said a stauuch old Yeoman, "are as empty as my Labourers'; but what can a farmer do with the high rents, the tithes, and the heavy taxes, eat up as he is, too, with the Game?" Then, the Miners of the North have struck for wages; and they throw back the reproach of ignorance, with no inconsiderable show of reason, on the well-educated supporters of Monopoly. "At six years of age," said a speaker, "the children were sent down 300 or 400 fathoms below the surface of the earth, and kept there during the whole of the day, and week, without ever seeing daylight, or knowing anything of the advantages of education; and these children were obliged to work, in order to keep body and soul together; but the time, he hoped, was not far distant when the father would be enabled, by his own labour, to provide for the maintenance and education of his own children." To which hope let every true heart say—Amen!

It is curious, and not uninstruative, to witness these half-formed intellects, paying off the Gripple Ecounist in his own

coin. Who does not remember the wonderfully philosophical fifteenpennyworths of Pocket Science, bound in cloth, disseminated some years ago by Lord Brougham, and his Patent Royal Road Society, on Capital and Labour, in which the helpless working man was taught, *ex cathedra*, the doctrine of supply and demand, and instructed in the mystery of fetching his price by withdrawing from the labour market? Here we have it again, fructifying in the mouth of a grimy collier, after ten years of gestation: he says, "They (the men) would by unity overcome every difficulty, *restricting the hours of their labour, and keeping the supply regulated by the demand.*" Alas! how little do these poor men know of the still more pressing necessities of the *verier* poor, impelling them forward in the competition for work at the starvation prices—at a price still lower than these poor colliers indignantly reject. How little, indeed! as little, it would seem, as did the Bookish Arithmeticians from whom they have borrowed their Political Economy.

Lastly, but among the most noticeable indications, the Labourers of Wiltshire have been up, talking of their harrowing distresses in those heart-searching words, which leave nothing to be said in the way of illustration or enforcement. Take the calculation of Charles Gingell, of Preston: his wages average 7s 4d; and he has a wife and six children. His rent sweeps away £3 a year; his firing a shilling a week, his shoemaker the same. He has about 6d per head left for food—now, let any one, decently comfortable, try the experiment of living on 6d per week,—and the calculation still leaves him and his family more naked than the beasts. "He wished to pay everybody their own, but he could not." Truly not; how should he; and here begins the sharing system of distress, the misery of the labourer re-acting on the village shopkeeper. Is it not, then, time, "high time," as Gingell said, "some remedy was provided to alter the condition of the labourer?" It is more than time; and, as to the remedy, he speaks, like an oracle, the language of an experienced common sense:—"He thought if they could once get free trade the condition of the people would altogether alter and improve. Eighteen years ago he married a wife from the manufacturing districts, and women at that time were earning 12s a week. At that rate his family would earn 26s a week, while his wages from the land would increase."

Let us next listen to the language of a Mother. Mary Ferris, of Chalcot, said—"The fathers did not know all the distress which was endured. When her husband was at work her children were frequently crying for food. Last year her husband earned 8s a week. The rich knew nothing of the misery which they endured. They thought if they saw the labourers with a decent smockfrock on that there was no distress among them. She had often gone to bed, and lain awake for hours, with the stomach-ache, for want of food. * * * * Now her husband frequently had 'the trembles' so, from want of food, that he could hardly do his work. (Voices, *'I've often had the trembles, too.'*) Her children were dirty and ragged; for she could neither buy soap nor firing to wash them or their clothes properly."

It is much to be regretted that the wealthy Monopolists have not "the trembles" too, though it were only the trembles of extreme terror at the awful and boding nature of these revelations. Mary Ferris said—"She had three children, one thirteen years old, who ought to earn 5d a day; another, ten years old, ought to earn 4d a day; and the third, eight years old, ought to earn 3d. This would add 6s a week to her income, and then they would not complain of being badly off. If the factories were now open, as they were thirty years ago, the elder children would have employment in them, leaving the younger to fill their places on the farm." And these are the people who are legislated *at*, and these are the consequences which are legislated *for*, that the wealthy in land may be more wealthy, and fulfil their marriage settlements—for such are the avowed objects, on Ministerial authority, of a Tax on Foreign Corn. Ask them to legislate that Bread may be cheap, and work, in proportion to labour, plentiful—and, therefore, that labour may be well paid, and the means of comfort be brought within the reach of the Poor, instead of a starvation supply of the simplest necessities by which human life may be sustained—and the Monopolists in Parliament count their opposing majorities by the hundred. But let it be a question whether those who can afford to pay Six Shillings per pound for Turtle, should pay an additional duty of Sixpence to the Revenue, and they are unanimous for Free Trade!

But what *will* they do for the Poor? They are full of the holiday pathos on the subject of woman and child

labour; and they have no objection to forbid it by positive legislation. But, having deprived a poor family of the subsistence acquired in this way, they leave them to find other sources as they can. They desire to restrict the hours of labour, but they have no guarantees to offer that Wages shall not sink in an equal proportion, and the amount of produce he made up by enforced pauper labour, and the mischievous Poor-law Emigration: indeed, a lower general average of starvation might even be acceptable to them, and the trading humanity of those hypocritical pretenders and tyrants absolute, become well repaid in its effects upon the Poor Rate, which would be a sensible benefit, of which Edwin Chadwick would make the most; while few men would see, and fewer care for, the drag one step further down of the manufacturing labourers of the land.

What else? The lean of a Washing Tub! The very Poor, who want bread to eat, are told, that, if they will come two or three miles, it may be, to a public Wash-house, they may have the lean of a tub, and a piece of soap for nothing! It is clear that these People's minds are possessed with the idea of a Grand Wash, and that they conceive the poor to be possessed of much clothing—a Buck basket full, as large as ever they saw in the Haymarket Theatre, on the revival of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Thousands, exclaimed an orator, at the St. Pancras Meeting, rising to the very sublimest heights of poetry,—“Thousands die in London in the year through washing in the same Room in which they live;” whereupon it is determined to afford them the privilege of a public Wash-house at “a cheap rate!” St. Pancras stops short of absolute Charity, and can only afford to do the Washing, or to let the Washing be done—at a cheap rate! Why, in the majority of cases, the poor woman stands at the pan in her petticoat, if she has one, to “duck out” the only gown to her back. The whole thing is preposterous: voluntary charity can no more wash the very Poor, or their clothes, than it can feed them: the mischief is deeper seated than that. It is in the one Room,—the want of ventilation, of closets, and of sewerage,—the inadequate, or, rather, the no-supply of water to the houses of the Poor; in the pinching penury which makes food the first and the last consideration,—the absence of all remunerating employment, which reduces them to this state of hopeless poverty,—with the starvation, trade-destroying,

pauper-making laws of the Monopolists, at the bottom of it all.

Let the Rich do justice and love mercy, and the Poor could well spare, and live without, their charity.

I shall pursue this subject in my next.

COTTON TWIST.

London, 6th Dec., 1844.

No. XL.

JUSTICE AND CHARITY, QUOAD THE *VERY*
POOR.
SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Does any one suppose, if the general state of Trade and prosperity were such as to create a very large demand for labour, that those, whose only Stock in Trade is their labour, would not be enabled to bring the article to market, and obtain a better price? And does any one suppose that if the twenty millions sterling per annum, of which the Monopolists rob the Consumers in the articles of bread and sugar alone, (and that simply upon the price—robbing them of double, and treble, and quadruple that amount in its effects upon the demand for labour,) were suffered to fructify in the pockets of those who pay the Tax,—does any one suppose, in that case, as well as in the other, that the Distressed Needlewomen would not reap their full share of the benefit?

Lord, as Lord Ashley is, he would perceive the full force of the first question applied to a Cask of Tallow; and the advantage of getting a good price for his Corn is but the corollary of the advantage to the poor of buying bread cheap. But Lord Ashley votes for the continuance of the Food Tax, which makes bread, to the Needlewomen, dear; and then falls foul of the Jew Slop Seller, for taking advantage of the very misery Lord Ashley helps to create and perpetuate. Lord Ashley takes more money than he ought from the haggard sempstress for her childrens' loaves; and then, he—the greatest and worst Jew of the two, *he* abuses the Slop Seller, for paying her less than he ought!

I say Lord Ashley is the greater Jew of the two—taking that word in its popular, if not in its more Christian acceptance; and Moses and Son—quoting them as the type merely of the class of patent-thread-and-hobbin-howolled people—are infinitely less to be consured: they only take advantage, and, as times go and tradesmen reason, a legitimate advantage, of the state of the labour market: Lord Ashley, and

such as him, make the labour market what it is. And not only is the Lord Ashley Slop Sellers worse than the Jew Slop Sellers—more hateful, but they are more contemptible. There is no hypocrisy in Moses and Son: they advertise openly and fairly; pay their way, carry on business after a principle which men's necessities have called into existence, and the public share, to some extent, the advantage. It is but the other side of the Short-time folly, under which, if pauper labour be brought more into competition with free labour, to the diminished means of the latter, yet will the pauper be so much the better than in the Union Workhouse: so here, more misery for the Needlewomen, but the buyers of slops have some per centage, of what is squeezed from *these* necessities, thrown back to assist their own.

At all events the trade is an open and an intelligible one: no one supposes that any sempstress would submit to such prices if she could get better; and every one knows that she could manage so much the better, with the little she does earn, if food were procurable at a cheaper rate. But what do the parents of the mischief—the Ashleys, and their set? Get up a shoy-hoy to divert public attention, so far as may be, from the real evil—get up a mock society for the fallacy of relieving a distress themselves have created, and then employ the funds to advertise—what? their own piety, virtue, and philanthropy!

"Pish! fig! the gallows! a cart's tail

And Drummers—three, say I, for such humanity!"

A Meeting is got up of the "Society for the Protection and Employment of the Distressed Needlewomen," which has been nine months in existence; and it is, previously, announced that Lord Ashley has consented to remain in town—*two or three days*, for the purpose of attending it! In due time it is held; and out come the Ministerial Papers, who are specially instructed to laud this very absurd specimen of shrewd silliness, with column upon column of fulsome eulogy and elaborate report! The thing is too transparent to deceive any one who chooses to look and think for himself: anything is cheaper than justice, applied to the poor; and then John Bull is so prone to be humbugged! Nevertheless John Bull has some arithmetic in his composition, so let us put this other specimen of Advertising-my-humanity-at-somebody-else's expense to the test of figures, and then abandon it to its own rottenness.

Noddles themselves have not more "sorts" than Needlewomen. First, there is the family dressmaker, who takes her work home; and, if she is a "good fitter," manages to pick up a decent living. Many tales, however, might be told of her struggles and late hours, and Mrs. Hall, or Mary Howitt, might make something of the subject in the Monthly Magazines. Secondly, there are the fashionable milliners' assistants—for the most part apprentices—who pay dearly enough for learning the business, who are nearly blinded by the effects of one good season, and who must continue to labour for existence and opthalmia, so long as ladies *will* have dresses home by a certain time, and will *not* give their orders until half an hour beyond the last moment in which it is possible to get one of them up, with any decent degree of industry. Thirdly, there are the needlewomen who go out for so much a day and their food, their price varying from 1s 6d to 1s, and, in the case of the very young, to 6d per day; and experienced housewives will tell you that the eighteenponny stitcher is, for the most part, the most economical of the three—she is the least eater, and the steadiest and best worker. Fourthly, and lastly, come the helots, who do slop-work, getting less money and no food.

Now the Report of this Society informs us that they have "recommended" 975 applicants to places, at 9s per week; and as no food is mentioned, no food, I presume, was stipulated for. This number, the Report adds, was only one-third of the applicants, and as the Society has only been in existence nine months, and three winter months more are due to make up the year, it follows that three times 975, with the same average for the three months wanting to complete the year, would give 3,900 applicants willing to work for 9s a week and no food; and to pay those, at that rate, would take a capital of £91,260.

Does any one suppose that this Society, or any Society, is competent to create, or to manage, a patronage of this extent? The whole thing is, self-demonstrably, impossible to every reasoning man. What does the Society do itself? Its total receipts is £792 7s 5½d: this is made up of £456 6s subscriptions, and £336 1s 5½d received for needlework. The disbursements, which consist "chiefly of wages to needlewomen, and of materials bought and made up for distribution to the destitute," amount to £730.

Now let us apply those figures. Had the whole of the expenditure been applied to wages alone,—and we are told

of other disbursements for material, and advertisements and meetings are not to be indulged in for nothing,—but had the *whole* been disbursed in wages, this Society, with all its pretensions, would have just managed to employ something about 40 Distressed Needlewomen per week from the time of its formation! And at what cost? It appears that it carries on business at so economical a rate, that it requires about 60 per cent of its revenue to be made up from private charity. So that, if it could employ the whole of its applicants, in all probability not one half or one quarter of those poor women who would be glad to earn 9s per week by their needle, it would require a revenue of about £200,000 a year to carry out its designs, £120,000 of which, in round numbers, must be charity!

But what is the class who apply to this Society? Not the private Dressmaker:—not the fashionable Milliner's apprentice:—the first is above it, the second quite removed from its help. Not the family needlewomen, who go out for so much a-day and their food:—it would be so much the worse, by the food, for the one who gets eighteen pence; it would not better the condition of her who gets a shilling; no one would give the sixpenny worker eighteen-pence. No, it is the helot of the shops, and the poor creatures in a still worse condition, who have not even this resource; and, unless it can be shown that private families, who have been accustomed to have their work done at home, have been created and extended in the same proportion, it is clear that these recommendations must drive out the regular and accustomed worker, while humanity would be all the better by saving, to its private Cupboard, three or four meals a day!

If Lord Ashley doubt the figures, there are scores of poor Charity Boys who will work them out in detail for him for a shilling: if he doubt the facts, any Barrister of three years' standing will Report the same, if Lord Ashley will get him a Royal Commission for the purpose. I furnish him with all this for nothing; which is more than he deserves at the hands of any Free Trader.

COTTON TWIST

London, Dec. 13th, 1844.

ONE GREAT WANT OF THE VERY POOR.

If the present age—and, for the indicated purposes, the want is to the full as great now as it was when the Comedy of *John Bull* was written—if the present age want a new Dictionary, “damnably,” as the author of “Broad Grins” phrased it, before he put on the purity of a Deputy Licensor, as *deeply*, to say the least of it, do the *very* poor require a Historian and an Artist. Want a Historian! when the Barrister of three years’ standing, and “something more,” presents annually to Parliament, folio upon folio, devoted to the subject, in chapter and verse, and when nine-tenths of the Periodical and Novel Literature of the day breathe nothing else? Want an Artist! whilst the inimitable Phiz, and he who typifies his name by a bottled corkscrew with the handle broken off, and Titmarsh—who can make artistical Poetry out of a sailor wiping his child’s nose, and all from its literal truthfulness? Think again, Cotton Twist—review your conclusions, Cousin Philo—it cannot be! And, yet, it is.

The Blue Book somewhat approaches the matter of fact, so far as it goes;—and that, in spite of its foregone conclusions, and the statistical barrenness which seems natural to the soil; and something might be done by Titmarsh, could we take that Artist-eye and Truthful-hand into our wretched garrets, our miserable cellars, our blind alleys, and our infected rookeries, bidding him paint what he saw in all its hideous reality. But what have the current illustrations of the day—the mixture of beastly caricature and lay-figure rags and wretchedness, or the misspelt vulgarities, and Royal Victoria Heroics of the fry, who ape Boz, and strain after Douglas Jerrold, to do with the real living and breathing state of the case? How near, indeed, does Boz himself, with his fierce impracticable sympathies—his benevolent eccentricities—come to that real state? But little nearer than those, and less near by far than Jerrold, who, but for that

morbid feeling, which converts the life in him to paucity, comes the nearest of them all. So the Poor want a Historian, and an Artist; and, wanting these, it is the curse of the Poor to be heard and not understood; and, in a state and position which require the most skilled surgery, they are in danger of simple suffocation from an atmosphere of surrounding Quacks.

Now, if the Poor had a Historian and an Artist, the wants, and the habits, and the feelings, and the shades, and the persons, and the modes of reason and of speech of, and with, the Poor, might be depicted as they really are; and the only sure foundation of doing what is proper to be done, grounded on the simple knowledge of knowing what there is to do, might be commenced at its very corner stone. But while our best writers know so much about the matter, that the great Boz himself makes a blacksmith propitiate his sweetheart by treating her father to a dinner of tripe, and sets the daughter of a ticket-porter to cook the delicacy, after the most *recherché* style, by "stewing" it; and while the Charlatans of the day, who follow in the far distance, steam up the Spirit of Incendiarism on the same principle, and about as much to the purpose, as the inspiring brewing of hot brandy-and-water; and while the inimitable Phiz, and the artist of the bottled corkscrew, represent the Poor in the habiliments and attitudes of the Minor Theatres, with an extra dash of caricature, by way of heightening the effect, and startling the public and the publisher,—what wonder is it that the wealthy, who get their ideas where they can, as the Duke of Marlborough got his history from Shakspeare's Plays, should continue very ignorant as to the state of the Poor, and go as far wrong, as to the wants of the Masses, as ever Mr. Gunter goes on the wants of the "Million," when he advertises to them Potted Turtle at Seven Shillings the Pound?

The Poor are badly housed. They live in miserable attics; with the rain and the wind drifting in upon them through the shattered roof; they live in dismal cellars, dark, damp, and suffocating; they crowd in wretched rooms, all sexes—all ages—in disgusting community; their dwellings are destitute, in many cases entirely so, of the second necessary of life—water, and in all the supply is inadequate; and for the common purposes of nature what conveniences have they?—none. What shall be done? Private philanthropy treats the unfortunate owners of these

wretched shelters of the unfortunate occupiers as offenders—criminals in the eye of humanity—oppressors of the Poor! and private philanthropy sets up a Building Club, which is to make ten per cent by the erection of Poor-man Palaces, with patent water closets to every room! Public philanthropy grows ashamed of its apathy, and it determines that in future no such buildings shall exist, whereupon it writes a Treatise on Architecture in the shape of an Act of Parliament, supplies the dimensions and specifications in a set of Schedules, and enforces the whole by penalties!

It never occurred once to these people to ask of themselves the question, not—Why the Poor live in such places? for that they have asked, and answered in this fashion—"It is because the owners of them are such villainous oppressors of the needy!"—but, Why they themselves, the Philanthropists, public and private, do not live in such miserable attics, and dismal cellars, and wretched rooms, two or three families together, without distinction of sex or of age! What rents do *they* pay? From £120 to £200 and £300, and upwards, per annum—in other words, from two to six guineas per week, and more. But these wretched poor pay from one shilling to two shillings and three shillings per week—about one-half, or less, in shillings of the amounts which the wealthy pay in guineas. Why do not the wealthy, then, live in the cellars, and the garrets, and the small rooms, and save the difference? The respectable people laugh at this question,—they consider it idle;—they do not see, with all their education, that it goes to the very philosophy of the thing, leading to the sad truths—You cannot lodge wretchedness anywhere but amid wretchedness—it can pay for no better lodging; you cannot feed wretchedness other than upon wretchedness—it can pay for no better food; you cannot clothe wretchedness except in the rags of wretchedness, and for the same reason;—and whatever the combination of silly people, and idle people, and dishonest people may say, you can no more make a starving population decent in apparel, clean in person, healthy in body, or pure in mind, than you can gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles; and upon that principle let the truth of what I say be judged, aye or no; and upon that will I stand or fall—though the Bishop of London set an example to the poor women of England by washing his own official vestments at the Charity Tub.

The condition of the people—their positive, substantial, permanent Well-being, must be looked after and cared for, and the rest will follow. Agitate, Legislate for that: the people will look after their own comforts in eating, lodging, and washing. You have neglected that, and sickness has followed want, and filth sickness, and a miserable abode the lack of means to rent a better; until one misery, reacting on the other, has produced the present almost hopeless depth of distress—a depth of distress, to alleviate which is beyond charity;—at least, it is beyond all such push-pin play as that very silly piece of self-sanctification, the much and ingeniously advertised Lord Ashley indulges in.

COTTON TWIST.

London, January 3, 1845.

NEW LIGHTS FOR THESE DARK DAYS.

The present week has been prolific of great discoveries. The Papers of one day have produced no less than three!

Imprimis—the *very* learned Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions has *discovered* a remarkable coincidence between Petty Larceny, Pig-meat, and this Period of the Year;—item, the Daily Stupid, whose coalition with its more fiery Evening Contemporary has procured for the pair the sobriquet of the Goose and Gridiron,—has *discovered* as remarkable a coincidence between National Bankruptcy and a Repeal of the Corn Laws;—and, item, it appears that a Local Genius has *discovered* one great cause of Incendiarism, and has submitted to the kindred Gothamites of some Maidstone Agricultural Association a project for very satisfactorily Sir Peter Laurieing—that is, *putting down*—the crime!

“It was a curious fact,” remarked the Learned Judge aforesaid, “that there was much more bacon stolen *at this period of the year* than at any other time.” A curious fact, and told with becoming gravity! The effect produced on all around was—*Prodigious!* and the tact of the Court in remarking this *very* extraordinary coincidence, without seeking to account for it, is no less worthy of admiration. It suited well with the injudicial character of Mr. Pownall, who, as an active Magistrate, may be expected to rush in where an Assistant Judge would fear to tread, to seek to find out a why for his wherefore, in attributing the increase of Bacon-stealing to the perversity of Bacon Sellers, who will persist in thrusting the article, as it were, under the very noses, and into the very hands of the petty Larcenists, and then turning their backs towards them, with the view, it would seem, of giving them every opportunity of testing the vigilance of the Police. And Mr. Pownall seemed to think that tradesmen who offered such temptations to the juvenile thievery of Tothill-street and the Broadway, should be indicted as accessories before the fact. But by no means did the success of this suggestion, penetrating as its author evidently thought it to be, run parallel with the success of the “curious fact,” as

stated in all its intrinsic simplicity by the Court; for the Jurymen, each of whom had scratched his organ of wonder, and then looked at each other, and at the learned Assistant Judge, in the most admiring fashion, incontinently became grave again: 1st, because, being all Tradesmen, the remark of Mr. Pownall was ill-timed, if true; and, 2d, because your marvellously constructed minds love better to hear of "curious facts" and "remarkable coincidences", than to find them in any way accounted for. A Junior Barrister did, however, a good thing; for, nodding approvingly three times, he made a rapid minute of the "curious fact" on the back of a Dumb Brief, and then looked up modestly into the face of the Assistant Judge, shaking his head at Mr. Pownall,—the effect of all which is yet to be seen, and tested, in its relation to half-guinea motions.

And the "curious fact" of the *Morning Herald* is not a whit less remarkable. "We have made a discovery," says the Goose to the Gridiron! "The Revenue always falls off in the same proportion as the amount of Corn imported. Therefore," says the *Herald*, "a free importation of Corn would result in National Bankruptcy." The *Herald* neither proves its fact by quoting the figures, nor does it seek to make out its inference by any show of argument: the two things are two simple assertions, coupled with the announcement of the whole thing as "a discovery," and a promise to make the whole matter clear shortly. It is to be hoped that the *Morning Herald* will speedily fulfil its promise—at least I hope so; for being anxious to see the extent of its folly, in catching up such a two-edged sword, which, if it cut forward at the Free Traders, cuts backward at the Peel Administration; and being equally curious to trace those extraordinary logical heaves and throes, which, in the *Morning Herald*, are quite a psychological curiosity, I am constrained to read its leaders daily, as a morning task, which, to me, satisfactorily accounts for the virulence of the Influenza under which I am, even now, suffering: there is no chance of getting rid of a cold in the head under such an infliction, and no fair test is afforded by it of the skill of ones Physician.

"I have made a discovery!" This was the favourite phrase of that whip-syllabuh quack, the Elder D'Israeli, when turning over the pages of some old trumpery printed book he met—a thing of daily occurrence—with some sort of statement which he had never read before, about somebody whom nobody ever cared for. "I have made a discovery!" shouted

the Duodecimo Bibliomaniac; but Boltou Cerney—a tall folio copy of the same class—a genuine unique,—has demonstrated that all D'Israeli the Elder's discoveries were either no discoveries at all, or decided mistakes; and so it is, and will prove to be, with the Daily Stupid. Let us wait, therefore, with patience, for the *Herald's* “discovery”, until it has fully developed it, after its own dull fashion; for, if we attempt to speculate on the rationale of the “discovery,” we may like the Royal Society, who, in the days of Charles the Second, attempted to solve the Royal problem of—why a pail full of water would not overflow, although a large fish were placed within it? discover many good reasons for the phenomenon, to discover at last, on actual experiment, that the water will and does overflow.

But the greatest of all is to come; and that is the “discovery” of the Maidstone Genius as to the great inducing cause of incendiarism; and, which he refers—*crede Clodpole!* to “The facility of accomplishing the crime and the difficulty of detection; a facility principally afforded by the *unrestricted sale of Lucifer matches*, and the constant exposure of them for sale by the indigent as a cloak for mendicity, which he is inclined to believe has, in some instances, given birth to the crime!” And the influencing cause having been so sagely “discovered,” it would be strange, indeed, if the remedy did not smack of a wisdom as great. In fact, it heats Asbestos, and the new Incombustible Starch hollow! Here it is: “I propose,” says the Maidstone Solon, “That every person selling them [*i. e.*, the Lucifer matches], should be obliged to *take out a license*, which, although small in amount, should be entrusted to those whose respectability would be a guarantee against their sale to improper persons; and, as a further security, the persons so licensed should be required *to keep a book*, in which they should enter the Christian and surname of the purchaser, under a penalty for every neglect in so doing. That Lucifers, being solely an article of domestic utility, any person found in possession of them *out of doors*, under any pretence, except in conveying them from the manufacturer to the vendor, or from the vendor to the house of the purchaser or their employer, should be considered guilty of a misdemeanor, and punished accordingly!”

This is clearly the result of an intellect which sees an evil in its full force, and goes straight at a remedy with a truly ancient simplicity! In the same straightforward, inartificial

manner, did the age of Queen Elizabeth strike at the evil of vagrancy, by making it punishable with death. In the same spirit, an older Lycurgus found the decay of Archery in the invention of Pattens, and therefore decreed that patten-woods should not be made of the wood "which Fletchers and Bowmen did usually employ!" Nevertheless, the Government of Queen Elizabeth passes muster for one of onlightened statesmanship, and the earlier worthy has obtained the title of the English Justinian! Why, then, should not the Maidstone Genius find his congenial worshippers in his own agricultural associates, and become celebrated in his own foolish way?

And these be three of the newest lights for these dark days: I must finish the story my own way.

John Mathews, said the papers of last week, was recently discharged from Brinkworth Gaol, Wiltshire: he had been committed there for two months for alleged desertion of his wife and children; but the fact was—the man had gone to Wales, to obtain work, leaving his wife and children in the Workhouse; and, being unsuccessful in his attempt, he returned to the Workhouse, and was sent to Gaol on the charge specified, at the instance of the parish authorities. The time having expired, the man was discharged in the late bitter cold weather. He was most miserably clad, having exchanged his *warm, woollen prison dress* for his own clothes—mere rags—the upper garments consisting of an old waistcoat and a thin slop. He was also suffering from a diseased heart, a complaint of long standing! Having no money, he took shelter in a hovel near the road, where there happened to be some straw; and here, according to his own account, he remained from the *Wednesday evening till the Monday morning*, during a most intense frost, and having nothing to eat except the remaining portion of the loaf which was given him on leaving the prison. On the Wednesday afternoon, the fact becoming known, he was conveyed to the Malmesbury Union, his feet being so badly frost-bitten, that the surgeon declared he *must lose them!* The man died on the Saturday. His wife, on the inquest, said that he "had always been kind towards her and her child, *was a sober man*, and brought his earnings home, when able to work." The jury returned the following verdict, a very mild one—ininitely milder than the weather:—"That deceased died from the inclemency of the weather; and the

jury are of opinion, that disease of the heart, *and the sudden exposure to cold on leaving the prison with insufficient clothing*, rendered him peculiarly susceptible of its effects."

I have given reasons, many and to spare, why the *Morning Herald* should be left to "cook its (own) Goose," at its own leisure;—the other two lights of the week may be thus summarily snuffed out: *It is a curious fact* that dark evenings, miserably cold days and nights, and starvation acting upon a neglected population, generally does result in Bacon-Stealing, or in something worse; and it requires not the gift of prophecy to foretell, that a sober man, who is kind to his wife and child, and who brings home his earnings to them when he gets any, cannot die after this dog's fashion, without leaving behind him a "legacy for labourers," that—if the system continue, which has resulted in his most cruel social Murder,—must produce its natural results, though we revive the Norman Cursfew, instead of merely putting Lucifer Matches under the Excise. For the death of John Mathews is the palpable breaking out of a Plague Spot: how many similar cases may have escaped the notice of our Boards of Health—the Newspaper Staffs, is matter of grave speculation enough; but here is the disease—incontrovertably manifest, and with a fatal result: may we take heed of it in a Christian spirit; and act in relation to it, as Christians and as men.

COTTON TWIST.

London, January 9, 1845.

THE FULL LENGTH OF THE TETHER.

A RECENT DISCOVERY OF THE TENANT-FARMERS.

If, instead of his many other labours, *i. e.*, yoking Peel and his Bull together,—bearding the Squirearchy on their own freehold Dunghill at Westminster,—becoming an honorary Member of Young England, without compromising that solid information and sterling sense, which can alone win and retain the good graces of the juvenile Gentleman's graver Father,—making freeholders by the thousand, and collecting subsidies by the hundred thousand,—if, instead of being and doing all this, Mr. Cobden had alone taught the Tenant Farmers of England to look a little into the *rationale* of their condition, he would have performed one man's work, and deserved well of the Country, and its several Classes, Commercial as well as Agricultural; because, however resolute the former may be not to be made a mere prey for the supposed benefit of the latter, they have no disposition to see them otherwise than prosperous, if prosperous they may be by the application of industry, intelligence, energy, and Capital, applied under the influences of a system friendly to their legitimate development.

But the present system is by no means so friendly; and *that* Mr. Cobden has taught the 'Tenant Farmers to suspect, and to suspect it so strongly, that it seems to be coming very near to a positive conviction in their general apprehension.

It seems strange that any mission should have been required to demonstrate the fact, that the agricultural restrictive system of this Country—Squire-born as it was,—is an anti-Tenant, anti-industrial system—that, whoever it may benefit, or was designed to benefit, its objects were not and have not been—except by hypocritical profession, resulting in a grand practical fraud—The Tenant Farmers of England! With a Sliding Scale of protection, notoriously operating as a Sliding Scale of price, and that with a strong tendency downwards, they have been paying, on the faith and promise of an Act of Parliament, Rent, calculated on a

market price of Wheat—ten,—twenty,—and over thirty shillings a Quarter more than they have too often been enabled to obtain.

Then, as to improvement, the only solid foundation for an improved rental, or an improved return,—how has the case stood? The Landlord has spoken to them with a double voice, and, as in the case of Protection, he has spoken to them in the language of fraud and deceit. He has spoken to them through the voice of hired Professors of Chemistry—talking of guano and composts,—stimulating outlays on his Estate for its improvement—imputing want of success to nothing but the want of Capital, and asking that expenditure of money at the hands of his Tenant, which it is his duty, grounded on his interest, to advance himself. But what security has been tendered by him on the other hand? The security of a tenure, but one degree removed from a Tenancy at Will. Now what has the Farmer, under such circumstances, to expect, if, in the innocent simplicity of his heart, he expend his little capital upon the faith of a Chemical Professor? Nothing better than a notice to quit when the improvement has been effected—if improvement it prove to be, supposing any person, (and Tenants are but too plentiful,) should be disposed to offer more rent than his own impoverished means may enable him to pay.

And these things the Farmers are beginning to see, feel, and understand. They must have a tenure in the land which will enable them to reap the fruit of their own enterprise, energy, intelligence, and capital; and they must have a rent more assimilated in its nature to those fluctuations of season, which must ever attend all agricultural speculations, and especially under a climate so variable as our own. Long Leases and a Corn Rent: these are the legitimate objects for Tenant Farmer agitation; and, judging from recent indications, the Tenant Farmers seem only to require these objects to be stated in distinct language, to render them rallying words for them all.

And so nobly were these topics handled at the first Annual Dinner of the Wingerworth Farmer's Club, in Derbyshire, and so well do they deserve to initiate the new Movement, that I shall conclude by quoting the principal part of the Speech of Mr. James Brotherton, which seems to have met, as it deserved, a ready echo from every one present.

First, Mr. Brotherton says, with reference to Tenure—

“The first of these obstacles to improvement upon which I shall offer an observation is the tenure of land—(hear, hear)—and upon this subject, viz., the relation between landlord and tenant, I will quote the opinion of one who is much better entitled to your consideration than any unsupported opinion of mine could possibly be—I mean Mr. Low, the Professor of Agriculture in the University of Edinburgh, who, in a work just published, ‘On Landed Property and the Economy of Estates’ (a work I would strongly recommend to the notice of the cloth), says—‘Not even the accumulation of capital, to the degree of stocking the farms of the country, will avail for giving to agriculture the means of successful cultivation and improvement. The owner of this capital must have the means of employing it with advantage, by security of possession, by the privileges required for the proper management of his business, and by that fair and lenient exaction upon his industry, which will enable him to employ his capital with a profit.’ Now, gentlemen, is not this perfectly true? (Hear, hear.) And yet there are not a few landowners who seem to think that if tenant farmers can pay their rents and just rub along, they have no right to expect more. (Hear, hear.) *Tell a landlord—of course there are exceptions, but the exceptions prove the rule—that any particular tenant is making a profit, and he will immediately think, and not unfrequently act upon the thought, that the farm has been let for too little rent.* (Hear.) Now let us see what has been the effect of these notions amongst the landowners of England. Upon this point Mr. Low says:—‘In the finest parts of England funds have been progressively accumulating for stocking the farms to a degree unknown to any other country in Europe; but the essential conditions having been too often wanting, of security of possession, and a beneficial connexion between the landlord and the tenants, agriculture has remained comparatively fixed, while every other branch of industry has been advancing.’ (Hear, hear.) Compare this stationary state of agriculture with the onward progress of other branches of British industry. Mr. Low says: ‘The manufacturer of cotton, of wool, of iron, has the assurance that the machine which he constructs and improves for the purposes of his trade is his own, and that the more perfect he can render it the more profitable will the use of it become to him. The farmer who lays out capital on the great machine on which his all depends—the earth which he tills—has often no such assurance. It is the property of another, who in the end will profit by all the improvements which the skill of a temporary possessor can make upon it. The manufacturer receives, directly, the profit of his stock in trade; the farmer must share those profits with another, who undergoes no part of the labour and risk; his industry is fettered by conditions imposed upon no other class of traders; and the inconvenience of obtaining returns for a present expenditure, more slowly than in any other profession, are frequently aggravated by the uncertainty whether he will ever have the power of recovering the capital advanced.’” (Hear, hear.)

Here is the living practical exemplification of the two systems in full operation, with their several effects. It

requires little skill — selfishness itself could not err in choosing between them. Next, as to a "Corn Rent," Mr. Brotherton says:—

"Allow me to state the relative positions in which English and Scottish farmers are placed to each other; the Englishmen paying a fixed money rent, the Scotchman, a corn rent. We shall take a farmer at 200 acres at 25s per acre, money price, which, farmed upon the five course system will, I suppose, have about forty acres of wheat in each year. Adopting the general notion that wheat must pay the rent, then it will require at least two thirds of the wheat crop upon the forty acres to satisfy the landlord for the rent of the whole farm. Let us now see how a corn rent will bear upon landlords and tenants. The English landlord asks, as I have before supposed, 25s an acre for his 200 acres, and the English tenant accepts the offer. The Scotch farmer, on the other hand, bargains with his landlord to give him four bushels of wheat, or half a quarter an acre. Now, supposing that these bargains are entered into with wheat at 50s a quarter, as long as the price continues, all parties, both Scotch and English, stand upon the same footing, paying 25s an acre rent. But let us suppose that wheat falls to 40s, how will matters be then? Why the English farmer will continue to pay 25s an acre, whilst the Scotch farmer pays 20s—a difference, be it observed, of £50 upon the 200 acres, or of 25s an acre on the forty acres of growing wheat! (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") Ten shillings a quarter is, however, by no means the limit of the fluctuation to which the farmer is liable. In 1835 the average price of wheat for the whole year was under 40s a quarter. At that time the tenantry of England held their farms at a rent calculated upon the understanding that wheat was to sell for 60s at least, which price it was believed the Act of 1828 would secure. We all know the distress which then overtook the English farmers, as proved before the committee of 1836. But we also know that the Scotch farmers, paying corn rents, who were examined before that committee, gave a very different account of their condition; and one of the most intelligent farmers in the county of Haddingtonshire has since stated that he cleared more money from his farm in 1835 than in any year since. (Hear, hear.) And the differences in the state of things in England and Scotland was caused by the difference in the terms of renting, for whilst the Scotch farmer paid £400 to his landlord, the Englishman paid £600. *In fact, the English farmer is now paying three times as much rent for his land as his grandfather paid about seventy years ago, whilst his wheat is actually selling under the price of that period.*" (Cheers.)

Can the Tenant Farmers of England doubt any longer, if they doubted before? Let them unite, then, with us, for the cause is one; and both may gather strength, and hasten success, from the coalition. And wherefore not? Mr. Brotherton states excellent reasons in the affirmative. He says:—

"Great as your predilections and respect for the pursuits of agriculture may be—honourable, invigorating, and benevolent as its principles are, dating from the very birth of time, growing

with every growth of civilisation, and advancing with the advance of light and knowledge—indispensable as are its aids to the public welfare and the national greatness, I very much question whether you could conveniently dispense with the other ingredients of my toast. (Hear.) We are no longer able to become a nation of Shepherds if we would. Manufactures and commerce have materially assisted in fixing our high position with the nations of the world, and so much so, that although, as was observed by an eloquent statesman, ‘the pipe has always been recognised as the pastoral instrument, we must rely on manufactures and commerce to help us to pay the piper.’ (Cheers and laughter.) Agriculture furnishes able and vigorous hands, but we must also rely upon commerce and manufactures for some of the open and capacious mouths. (Cheers and laughter.) And, gentlemen, the more we look into every employment and every interest that engages the various classes of mankind, the more we shall find that we stand in need of each other. (Hear, hear.) Moreover, although I may be as ready as any man to cry ‘Speed the plough,’ I must recollect that ploughs to be used must be manufactured, and though we read in ancient story books of the dragon’s teeth growing into a crop of armed men, I doubt whether any of the most sanguine competitors in drill or broadcast could succeed in turning up a plough ready made.” (Cheers and laughter.)

Let every Tenant Farmer, then, be wise in time, and join the League.

London, Jan. 24th, 1845.

COTTON TWIST.



No. XLIII.

PEEL'S POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—I am now about to exercise most fully the character you accorded me, at this period in 1844, to blow which way I listed on public men and public measures; and, to plunge at once *in medias res*,—I deny that Sir Robert Peel is, in any proper sense of the word, a great man, as I dissent from the assumed hold of his present position on popular sympathy or respect, and see nothing in his prospects but those phenomena which are proper to the indication of a speedy decline and fall.

And, first, on what foundation does the greatness of Sir Robert Peel rest? He has meddled with great questions, and muddled over large interests; and, their shadows having mingled with his own, silly people have mistaken his proportions for those of a giant; but when did he ever treat one of these questions in a spirit at all commensurate with its magnitude; and where are the testimonies, oral or written, in *his* regard, of a Statesmanship which went one inch beyond the advice of the Glasgow Deacon to his Son—"Nick, never put out your hand farther than ye can draw it easily back again!" This may be caunie—cautious—safe,—anything you like, in the shape of a respectable, shop-keeping sort of cleverness; but it is not greatness, commend it as you may.

Now, not to speak of that large element of greatness—the oneness and distinctness of policy and character which inspires confidence in a people, or a party, and centres the universal gaze, as in a focal point, and on which, in the case of Sir Robert Peel, it would be a cruel mockery to dilate, perhaps, Sir, you will, at your leisure, recapitulate the circumstances connected with the several measures which the present Premier has, throughout his political life, dealt with; but which it is only possible that I can do much more than glance at by name, within the limits practicable for this one Letter to you.

What was Peel, the Criminal Law Reformer? A showy young Secretary of State, with industry enough to cram, for the occasion, sufficient to introduce to a drilled House of Commons, with a decent official aptitude, the labours of some one, or more, industrious working Barrister, revised by the Attorney General's Devil, glanced over by his Highness himself, and christened, by courtesy, or a well-designed toadyism—Peel's Acts! And what did *they* do? Let the black catalogue of Statutory cruelties which they retained, let all which has been since done, and all which remains to do, be consulted, and the answer will be that these acts did little, indeed, beyond making new editions of some existing law books essential, and creating, or covering over, some legal pitfalls, leaving the great question of Criminal Law Reform all but intact, to be dealt with by better men, in better times.

Witness, on this point again, Catholic Emancipation, with its robbery of the vested rights of the Forty Shilling Freeholders, and its insults heaped on the Catholic Hierarchy—in penalties of £100 for assuming the title of Bishop, insults thrown back in the face of the "Statesman!" who dared not take the only course which would have rendered the tyranny respectable, by vindicating his own violated law, and enforcing the inoperative penalty himself had made.

Do we find the evidences of Peel's greatness in his treatment of the Corn Question? In the English Bill, a Sliding Scale, with a reduced range, on the one hand, to operate in the reduction of the Import Duty, as a sop to the Manufacturers, and then foisting into the list of markets a number of paltry cheap Towns, for the determination of the averages, for the purpose of reducing the apparent price, and increasing the duty, as a salve to the Agriculturists, on the other?—Or do we find it in the Canada Corn Bill, with its Fixed Duty principle, giving a bonus to the Colonial Miller as against the Miller at home, and offering a Province of the Crown, with an unprotected frontier, a premium on smuggling, by way of allaying the rebellious cry for good Government there?—Or in the Policy which allayed the discontent of the wealthy Ship-owners at some portion of his Tariff by giving them the privilege, through the medium of grinding in Bond, of feeding their crews on Bread which the artisans of England, who go to market with their own poor wages, must

pay a tax on, of from thirty to forty per cent on the price, before they are permitted to eat it?

Oh! but Sir Robert Peel is a great 'Currency Oracle. Yes, among the pamphleteering sages, an Oracle indeed! Never shall I forget the effect of his lecture on the A B C of the Science to the House, in its Session of last year, or the sort of notion it has left on my mind of the practical knowledge of those who were edified in the hearing. Such things have been heard in Mechanics' Institutes ere now; but for a Parliament, good Lord! it does seem to carry one back to the first principles of Horn-hook and Primer; and, truly, a mighty matter it is. For the theory of the thing, at so much as it is worth, I would pit young Mr. Newdegate against the astute Baronet any day; and for its practical effect, witness Lord Beaumont in regard to *his* Class—he thinks it “no boon to the Agriculturist;” and, with reference to the Trading portion of the community, if it be “no boon” to them, it is only because the excess of Capital in the country has prevented its principle from coming into operation;—by which characteristic you may generally, indeed, know a measure of Peel's, which is always behind the necessity for which it was framed—inoperative, because calculated to meet a bygone emergency, or negatively good, because the circumstances under which it could have operated for evil have ceased to exist.

Surely, Sir Robert cannot, however, he denied the credit of being a great financier—he has restored the disordered Exchequer of the State. A wonderful Doctor! Wonderful, no doubt! And so subtle, too! He knew, none so well as him, that the Moneyed were not destitute of Money, and he went the readiest way to get at it—put his hand in the particular till of everybody, and helped himself to what he required!—but more, it must be confessed, with the dogged resolution of a Sheppard, than with the melodramatic dash of a Turpin, or with the courtly air of a Duval; and if Sir Robert should ever desire to Ledger the account, he may make himself Debtor to what he took out of John Bull's right hand breeches pocket, and take Credit by what he extracted from the left.

Lastly, Sir Robert Peel is to be proved great in his Irish Policy. We shall see. Judging from the past, it would be safe to prophecy, that the same littleness of purpose will continue to beset him; and, judging from what he promises, it is quite fair to say, that the vulgarity of hoping to buy off

the Repeal Agitation, by an extension of the grant to Maynooth, with the offer, in itself insolence, to give the money without the customary accompaniment of degrading stipulations, is quite on a par with the modesty of the proposal to apply the surplus Taxation of the Protestant people of England to a purpose so absurdly inadequate to its ends.

Now, all these questions are great questions, undoubtedly; but, in the face of this littleness of treatment, it is as absurd to estimate the greatness of Peel by his accidental connection with them, as it would be to estimate the length of the Rat in the Dutch Dyke, of Sydney Smith, in inches, from his snout to his tail, by the superficial extent of the mischief he may probably create.

And, in the second place, how is Peel stroug? In the general faith? No; all hope, all expectation—whether it be hopeful or not, is based in his very faithlessness. People fancy they may expect anything from Peel, because nobody supposes that his to-morrow will be governed by his principles—I mean his professions—of to day; and, as to yesterday,—quoting a French hyperbole—Talk of the Deluge!

Then, setting aside his own surpassing amount of official cleverness—the aptitude which is born and which dies with the moment that requires and creates it, is he strong in the talents of his administration? In the Duke of Wellington? Alas! except in the buttress of his name, what can the Duke do beyond an Official Dinner, the filling up a niche at Court or in Cabinet, and the writing of a sharp letter, corrective of some individual impertinence. The Lord Chancellor? He is indisposed to do anything but to crack an occasional joke from the Woolsack—too idle to drive away the pestilential gadfly, Brougham, or to bring enough of his admitted great legal lore to the correction of so small a matter as a Transfer of Property Bill, of some fifteen sections, more or less. Lord Aberdeen? Oh, Lord! The Earl of Wharnccliffe! A very proper man to stumble by accident upon a given number of legal noses on an O'Connell Appeal, and to relieve his Colleagues from a difficulty, with the additional grace of not knowing it. Then Lord Stanley? Yes, if the native insolence of his spirit can be brought to the calmer level of the House of Lords, and if mutual friction between him and the waspish Vaux do not cause them mutually to explode. Or, lastly, in this branch of the Legislature, shall we seek this perpetuating talent in the Earl of Ripon?

What! seek it in the spent lees of Prosperity Freddy's small Statesmanship?

Surely, the strength is not here, if the Country had to seek its fate at the hands of the Upper House, which, thank God! it has not. We must, then, look elsewhere, and what do we find?

In the first place, what do we miss? The right hand of the Premier—who is, in his own proper person, ambi-sinistrous—Mr. Gladstone, is gone. Ding, dong, dell! for Mr. Gladstone! for he is, politically, dead; and, like the Wizard, as he lies he holds in his hand the iron-bound book of his destiny—his own book; but, unlike the Wizard, none seek to disturb him in its possession! Mr. Gladstone sleeps in the Fools' Paradise of his particular conscience—a privacy so great, that mental eye has never penetrated, nor mortal understanding comprehended, its why or its wherefore. Yes, Mr. Gladstone is gone; but then Mr. Goulburn remains—a gentleman who, except in the reproduction of his name, in various local habitations of more or less pre-eminence, is never likely to produce much éclat. Lord Dalhousie? This is the Statesman of whom that Shadow of a Goose—the *Herald*, predicts such mighty things. He has given one month to the study of the Railway question! has been most courteous—superlatively so to the trading Deputations; and has brought out his practical knowledge in the decisions of his Committee, aided by a Soldier who is no Engineer, a bookish Statistician, and a couple of clever office clerks, in such wise, that his Leader hastens to throw him up in Parliament! and the decisions of the Board of Trade are, for their ultimate effects, to be worth the paper they are written on, however excellent they have, temporarily, been for Jobbers and the like. Nevertheless, the Shadow of a Goose vouches for the Lord Dalhousie, that he is a Statesman of the true Peel stamp—*bold, vigorous, and decisive!* irresistibly reminding us of the antithesis of the ancient couplet—

And thou, Dalhousie, the great God of War—
Lientenant General to the Earl of Mar!

or, modernised,—

And thou, Dalhousie, rule the common weal,
Vigorous—decisive—bold!—like—BOBBY PEEL!

Perhaps Sir Robert Peel may derive strength from the addition of Mr. Sydney Herbert to the Cabinet—a young gentleman celebrated for building churches, and breeding horses! Or from Mr. Cardwell becoming a Lord of the Treasury, of whom the *Post* avouches that he can make a good

speech, if you will but give him three hours to write it, and thirteen to learn it by rote! Or from the intended accession of Mr. Baring, who in Politics is anything or nothing! Or from the transfer of Sir Thomas Fremantle to Ireland—a most agreeable man—the most obliging of whips, who will pair a would-be-truant young Whig, straying loose from the lash of Mr. Tufnell, with some one of the Tory lame, halt, or blind, on his privy list, in the most accommodating of styles, and the blandest of manners! Wherefore, in the estimation of such obligees, he will, for a Tory, make a devilish good Secretary for Ireland, a devilish good Secretary, indeed! Or shall we look to Sir James Graham, with the gibbering Ghosts of the Italian Patriots, waving their shadowy arms in the far-distance, while all the abominations of the apothecaries shops are stirred up in his immediate vicinity? Or to Lord Lincoln, who, with the assistance of a knot of jehhng Surveyors and Bricklayers, has set all the Buildings in London by the ears, and is about to introduce its foot passengers to all the sweets of Blue Billy, and the other abominations of the Thames, through the instrumentality of the projected Embaukment job? And, lastly, is it to come through the medium of Lord Jocelyn, the quondam friend and ally of Lord Ashley? Ho, at all events, may serve to represent the “Short Time” principle for himself and colleagues.

Finally, it may be said, and is said, that a Majority of 100 cannot be talked down, and that Peel is strong with his Party. But what, and where, is the Party of Peel? Does it consist of the knot of sulky country gentlemen, who submit to be bullied, on a Ministerial Crisis, in the Privy Gardens, and who go away d——ing his impudence, and wondering why they stand it, until, turning a corner in Palace Yard, they meet Lord John, and run terrified to the shadow of the Treasury Bench for protection against their Nursery Bugahoo? And is it within the “Agricultural Parliament,” as Lord Beaumont calls it, that this majority is so certain to be on all emergencies found? You would hardly look for Peel’s party among the Income taxed, or the holders of Three per Cents Reduced, or the Railway People, except those who have sunned themselves in the eyes of Lord Dalhousie, and as Peel has put mufflers on his prototype, and political gratitude consists of a lively sense of favours to come, perhaps even these may join the cry of those who did not find favour in the abortive attempt to apply the

"bold, vigorous, and decisive policy" to the ruin of their plans. The Bankers, too, must be eminently grateful to him for exposing their affairs to the perilous tattle of local scandal, and the Currency Quiddities of the neighbourhood; and, as to the medical profession, to the preparation they would be willing to exhibit, the purge of Russell would be a mild dose indeed.

But, not to particularise so minutely, let us seek Peel's party in the two great Sections which agitate the political world with the vast—the one practical question of Free Trade. As to the Manufacturers and the League, and the wiser section of the Agricultural body, they know the measure of Peel's foot better than his Bootmaker; and that he has contrived to render the existing amount of Protection worse than no Protection at all, and prevented the possibility of either standing still or retreating:—and, while they neither expect nor hope anything wise or large at his hands, in the treatment of this question, they also know that its ultimate, nay, its speedy success, is guaranteed by a Fate which rules all things, Peel included, and that, in the meantime, circumstances will not suffer him to cease tinkering and picking at the edifice of Protection, weakening its foundations, destroying its outworks, defacing its defences, and accelerating its speedy decline and fall. This is clearly no party for Peel.

We must look for it, then, in the party which puts forward the Duke of Richmond as its head, and tries to believe the Duke of Buckingham a true friend, in spite of his garter, and the anomaly of his personal desertion of the Government, joined to his leasing out his Boroughs for their support, where support is more wanted. And this party is represented by the Society, which at its Dinner inscribes "Protection to Agriculture," over the President's chair, and "The Plough, the Loom, and the Sail"—for they are not up to Steam—over the chair of the *Vice*! In support of these sentiments, its orators hope that *this* Union, videlicet of the "Plough, the Loom, and the Sail"—(which latter may mean the sails of a windmill for all that appears)—may never be broken; but as the basis of this Union they take their stand on Protection for themselves, which means the liberty of robbing the parties with whom they propose to unite. They are all for Union on the basis of Ascendancy; like a little

tyrant of a Boy, of whom I heard tell the other day, who, being summarily ejected from the Nursery as no longer endurable, was brought up before the Majesty of Parental Authority to be catechised. "How comes it, Sir," said the Father, "that you cannot agree with your Brothers and Sisters?" Mark the sucking self-Protectionist! "I don't know, I'm sure, Papa," said he; "I only want to have every thing my own way!"

But shall we seek Peel's Party here—the Party which gives him position now, and which holds out to him a prospect for the future? Why, these very Protectionists have two Sections—the Section which, like Mr. Miles, takes its stand on the present basis of things; and the Party which has sense enough to see that, if Protection be essential, the mischief has been done; and that the treachery of Peel and the Agricultural Parliament must be undone, or it will prove far better to trust to individual energy and a reform of Tenures and Rents.

I doubt much if Mr. Miles does not know this as well as Cotton Twist, although he stands up now to repudiate, in the same breath, the idea of either recovering the defences lost, or yielding the ground now occupied, exposed as it is to the enemy's destructive fire. But Mr. Miles has an eye to Sugar, in which his interests are akin to Corn, and his sympathies more natural, and he is working up the Agricultural Interest to help in the doing of that for the Planters which they cannot do for themselves. Mr. Miles broached another theory when the Canada Corn Bill, and Grinding in Bond, were in petto. Coming events *then*, cast their shadows before, and Mr. Miles had his hearers prepare for endurance: *now*, "the office" has gone forth, through his Grace of Buckingham, that Corn, at least, is to be a sacred thing, so far as the Government is concerned, for one more Session, and Mr. Miles, and *his* Section, have grown Pot Valiant for the nonce, in the hope of retrieving a little popularity, to meet the possible contingency of a sudden Dissolution.

And as to the other Section of this Protective Institution, and which, indeed, consists of the mass of its Members,—the men who say that the lost ground must be retrieved, and the Canadian Corn Bill repealed, and who ask to have the Malt Tax—some Four Millions Sterling or so, paid into their accounts at their private Bankers, let them take their answer from Peel's own mouth, as recently spoken as last night in the

House of Commons. The Premier, in replying to the alleged existence of Agricultural Distress, denied that it was otherwise than partial; and, deploring, of course, its existence in any district, he went on to say, that "*He must at the same time distinctly state, that in no case could agricultural distress be fairly attributed to the operation of the laws which he had introduced.* He was convinced that the changes in the laws relating to imports had not produced such a result, and that agricultural distress, *such as it was*, had not been occasioned by the alteration in the Corn Laws. (Hear.) *Neither could he look for a remedy in farther Legislative interference: the restoration of Protection he looked upon as impossible; but, if possible, he should not consider that it would afford a remedy.*"

Here is Peel at direct issue with both Sections of the Protection Society—most at issue with the mass of that Society, in which it is in vain to seek his Party, wherever it may be; for there is a distinct hostility of opinion, as it regards the influence of Corn Tax and Tariff Reform; and a more marked distinction, because a more important one, in the possibility of retrieving steps taken, or in the effect of Protection if it could be carried out. It goes further: it is the indication of a foregone conclusion in other respects; and, whatever the amount of the force applied, it is clear that the Protectionists may look, in some shape or another, for a "heavy blow and a great discouragement" at the hands of Peel; and the Church of Ireland may prepare one or both its cheeks for a similar infliction.

How this will be endured, and how long it will be endured, I dare say most of us shall live to see; but, that the beginning of the end is now, and the end not far distant, it requires little skill in prophecy to foretell. Still, I am not one of those who hunger and thirst for the downfall of Peel. The principles I advocate—the results I struggle for, are independent of him, and will compel *even* Finality to begin its career anew. But, apart from that, Peel has a mission to fulfil; and, although no honest Politician can regret the decline and fall of a Minister whose principle of action no honest man can approve, yet I should be better pleased to see that Mission, to which I have alluded, first and fully accomplished, until the same kindred hand, which has crippled the arms and legs of Toryism, shall finish off his victim by breaking its back bone.

COTTON TWIST.

London Feb. 7th, 1845.

PEEL'S POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

"Then shifting his case, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes!"

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In my last I held, pretty distinctly, and with all earnestness and decision, that Peel was not, in any proper sense of the word, a great man, and that in his position and prospects he is not at all firm or hopeful. Remitting *now* the question of Size to the Tailor, who cuts out, and sews up, those remarkable White Waistcoats of the Premier, I resume the question of Strength, with this sole difference, that, at this present writing, "I am, my Lud, for the other side!" That is to say, I am now to contend that Peel is strong—after a certain fashion; and I am, first, to reconcile such a theory with the position assumed in my Letter of last week.

Enough was then said to show, that, if the facts were *so*, and the argument sound, the Peel Administration is in itself the weakest that has existed within the memory of existing Politicians, and that forbearance from its very friends—a forbearance taxed to the extremest limit, is the sole tenure of its existence—an existence which the accident of one distempered moment might irretrievably destroy. I do not speculate upon the probabilities, or the possibilities, of Lord John Russell chalking *Resurgam!* on its Tomb: viler things have been done; but let us hope better things at the hands of a Russell! I do not weigh the chances of the desperate Leader throwing himself openly and bodily into the popular ranks: worse Traitors have been accepted with acclamation! I was speaking simply of the Position and Prospects of Peel as a Tory Minister, carried into and sustained in power by an "Agricultural Parliament;" and in that character, viewed in that light, he is, unquestionably—contrasting his appointed purposes with his necessitated acts—for every prospect of permanent power, a minister, positively the weakest that

ever a chain of fortuitous circumstances kept in office, against all reasonable calculation, and in the very teeth of experience.

Peel, then, in this view, is weak; but he is also strong, for many other reasons—all temporary, and, therefore, unstable reasons—and for these amongst them:—

The strength which he derives from the fears of his “friends” may be passed very lightly over. Extreme cowardice, and extreme rashness, are much closer acquaintances than might be at first supposed, and to strike is one of the first impulses of fear. It may be said of it, that herein is Peel’s greatest strength, for, in it exists his Majority of One Hundred strong; and, in the same breath, that it is Peel’s greatest weakness, for herein exists also his Minority of Two Hundred strong! and then so much of the Question may be left to settle itself.

But Peel is strong also in the absence of any concerted and combined purpose against him: he is strong in the want of a better rallying point and cry than the old Whig Citadels and Battle Shouts of 1688; he is strong in the friable nature of a large mass of the Opposition—if Opposition that can be called which has scarcely one principle in common: he is strong in the apathy which looks on, half wondering, little caring what will come next, almost believing that the worst will prove best in the end: he is strong in the extraordinary credulity which anticipates anything from him worth the price he exacts for it—the principle of Peel being, in all his political traffic, “to buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest markets!” and he is strong in the gullibility of the agricultural masses generally, who are bought and sold by their leaders with such peculiar facility, that one would consider the Landlords clever if the Tenants were not so inordinately stupid.

Now, the least of these matters, set right, would be sufficient to Sir Peter-Laurie Peel—that is, to put him down! but, in their combined existence, as they now exist, Peel is strong; and a very sufficient and self-sustained notion he appears to possess of the fact.

But had there been, from the first, a well-concerted and a properly combined purpose of action, arrayed against the Peel Administration, would that administration have been so strong in the general apathy and credulity as it now is? Let it not be said that this would have resulted in strength from the greater

excitation of the principle of fear in the Agricultural Majority; because that is a reason against debating and dividing upon the Corn Laws; whilst the League is a standing fact, which at once, and conclusively, negatives all force in such a proposition. But, given the energy and purpose of the League, and take the Evidence and Reports of the Import Duties Committee; set up the principle, that Revenue, and Revenue alone, is the proper object of taxation; take for your compass the guiding point, that taxation, pressed beyond this principle, is tyranny; direct common sense and experience to ascertain the point at which taxation affects price, and price interferes with consumption; decide, upon consideration of these things, that all things shall be taxed proportionately and fairly, and guard yourselves from the theoretical fallacy that the cost of collection is in proportion to the number of items on a Tariff, or that, because the bulk of the receipt is derived from a few articles, you may, therefore, save the difference numerically by declaring all minor articles free: do this, or, rather, had this been done,—had a Committee sat at the Reform Club to digest such a matter, charged with the duty of putting it into the tangible shape of a Bill for Parliament, to be introduced by the acknowledged leaders of the Opposition, with the full concurrence and support of the Opposition itself,—had this been done, the Room-up-Stairs might have been much better, and more cheaply occupied; and it is a small thing to say that the position of Peel, and our position, would have been, relatively, materially better for the party, and the people also.

In the absence of this, how strong is Peel in that geological similitude of our party—its friable nature? We are so independent, that each man of one-fourth of our common soldiery individually sets up Commander-in-Chief on his private responsibility, and fancies himself born to lead Armies and conquer Kingdoms on his own particular account! And then we are so honest, that we proclaim our anxiety to treat Peel's measures with the utmost candour, which results in giving them ten times the credit they are entitled to; and we disclaim, earnestly, the very supposition of a factious opposition, which operates in suspecting the motives and discouraging the policy of our friends, for no other practical end but the continuance of our enemies in power. And who is the Leader of the Opposition? Lord John? or

Lord Palmerston? At one time it was thought that Lord Palmerston would take the lead out of the hands of Lord John; he seemed to bid more largely and more widely for popular support; but, at present, Lord Palmerston is playing the part of the warlike Citizen on the walls of Angiers, and men are more disposed to ask, with Falconbridge—"What Commoner hegat this lusty blood?" than to up cap and rush to the storming of Paris at his bidding. Then, as to Lord John, his worse fault seems to be that he can be constant *in* season, not *out* of season; and if the same principle were applied to Agriculture, and, by parity, to the other concerns of life, we should have no harvest! Nevertheless, I have an historical regard for the name of Russell; and I have great faith in the man, in conjunction with the time. Still, it must be admitted, that, for all purposes of sustained opposition in hopeless times, Lord John Russell is eminently deficient, and perhaps unfitted, and the result is that we are left to the Guerilla Warfare of the self-elected Chiefs, whose desultory attacks look like weakness, and give, at least, the appearance, with something of real strength, by comparison, to the Administration of Peel.

Next, Peel is strong in the general apathy with regard to what comes next, joined to the general belief that, as the end of the performance is near, the play may as well be played out. It is very well, in the absence of something better to say, for the *Standard* to point to the Elections, and exclaim—This it is to be a strong Government! Nobody opposes the return of its Members. But it is quite clear that, with everybody of a mind to cry "Play out the Play," and with the end of the piece so palpably near, it was not worth the Sheriff's Bill to go to the Hustings—to say nothing of the mockery of a contest in places where the will of one man is the governing law of the place.

But that Peel should derive strength, as he certainly does for the day, from any expectation of value received at his hands, is to me, judging from past experience, the most extraordinary position of all. No doubt ingenious things are said of what might be done, and what chances are open to be availed of—to achieve everything in History, if seized upon—to lose all, if suffered to escape: no doubt a secret has been well kept, and a sort of promise held out in the true Quack style—"Only wait, and you shall see what you shall see!" But, though men alter from day to day, they cannot change their entire character, in this sort of way, at a

moment's notice; and, whatever Peel does, it will be sure, more or less, to partake of the nature of Peel: the mystery is part of his system—most like him in the manner of doing it, least in the fact that the secret is kept.

Meantime the Mountain labours, but I am not among the spectators; I look back at the absurdities of the Tariff—at the violated promise of a set-off to the Income Tax; at the positive, unmitigated oppression, and unequal taxation, on the one hand; at the money thrown into the sea, on the other. Sir Robert Peel says that Agricultural Distress has not arisen from his measures: I answer—nor Manufacturing Prosperity. If any man should know what effect these measures have had on family expenditure, the man with thirteen mouths dependent on him for existence should know, and my Household Book tells me that the Income Tax is an addition to my expenditure, and that I can only save its amount by cutting off little comforts, and in no other shape. I look back, then, at my experiences—I judge of the future by them; and I am not a spectator, even, of the Ministerial heaves and throes. Somebody will tell me what it is all about; and, if they do not before, my Sunday Paper will enlighten me as to the result. It will be time enough to examine the details on Monday; but here, upon the very eve of its accompaniment, while the Papers maintain a safe silence, and at the risk of losing my little reputation as a conjurer, I must hazard a guess. It will be a combination of Enfield's Speaker and Walkingham's Tutor's Assistant: sesquipedalian phrases and a Multiplication Table of figures, with some supplementary additions from the Rule of Three! Large enough to bewilder at the outset, but with holes enough to walk into without the trouble of picking. I may be wrong, but if wrong I shall take no shame, because I judge from experience, not from surmise; and my error will not be without its consolations. But to say that I will thank Peel for proving me wrong, I cannot; for I like Honesty in all Places, and I confess that it shocks my notions of public morality—this playing fast and loose with great principles—this buccaneering system of sailing under the colours of that nation, whose hit of hunting is best calculated for the momentary fraud.

And, finally, Peel is strong in the extraordinary gullibility of the Agriculturists. Many instances press, but two will suffice. Sir Thomas Fremantle puts forth a manifesto to the Duke of Buckingham, facetiously addressed to the

Electors of the Duke's Town, in which he declares his principles to be, "*To secure the Agricultural Classes that protection to which they are justly entitled.*" Is it possible that these People can read, and that they do not compare this declaration, of a subordiato member of Peel's Government, with the declarations by Peel himself, made in Parliament? Again, a vacaney occurs in the County of Bucks: it was generally understood that Mr. Murray was merely put in to keep the seat warm for the Marquis of Chandos, who has *now* attained his majority; and at an Agricultural Dinner one of the Clansmen Tenant Farmers tenders the seat to the Duke. But the Duke said, "*It was not considered advisable that the Marquis of Chandos should offer to represent them at that time. On some future occasion he would come forward and seek their confidence.*" (Great cheering.) *At the present time* Mr. Towers, a gentleman of considerable property and influence, would offer himself, and he should have his best support. (Hear, hear.)" Now take this with the fact of the Duke's Garter,—the pocket borough, held at the Government disposal,—the circumstance that the Duke is not, *grammatically*, up to the proper protection point at agricultural meetings, where he talks fine words not inconsistent with further anticipated changes, and that he does not identify himself with the Malt-Tax-repealing Deputation in its interview with Peel,—and should it not be plain to reasoning men that the Duke is clear-headed enough to see that all this humbug must go by the board—that he does not wish to put a son of his in a position where he could hardly choose but oppose Peel—that the Duke feels he cannot prop up the shattered pile, but is anxious to save himself and his family influence in his own County from sharing in the fall—and that, therefore, Mr. Towers is put forward, not only as Warming-pan for the Marquis, but as Cat's-paw for the Duke? Men should see this, and men not seeing it contribute to the strength of Peel.

COTTON TWIST.

London, 14th February, 1845.



PEEL'S BUDGET, A BUDGET *à la* PEEL.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Your frank permission to take my course, however adverse it might be to your own, in the columns of the *Weekly Chronicle*, on the Financial Statement of Peel, I very gratefully accept, and shall as frankly act upon. In a very few words of preface, then, let me say that I see “all that superhuman ability and mastery of detail,” which so many have, seemingly, agreed to recognise in the Budget Speech of the Premier, as little as I understand the principles of Political Morality involved in the Policy which the Minister seems to have chalked out for his guidauco; and, what is of more consequence to my unfortunate difference from yourself and others in this matter, I am to deny that the Budget is wisely or properly framed, that it can be termed in any shape a Free Trade Budget, or, that it ought to be accepted as such by Free Traders.

Why, Sir, to disenchant my hero first, where is the marvel of this three hours and a half of talk, which should challenge for it a higher praise than that it was clearly—say cleverly done, but yet within the full scope of men of incomparably less pretensions and lower position than Peel, and with not one of his peculiar facilities and aids? Here is a man of a quarter of a century's experience in Parliament—the better half of that time spent in official life, and with the entire Government Staff of all the Public Departments and their subordinate Establishments and officers at his full command, and what does he do? He tells us what the receipts and expenditure of the year past have been, which were already given forth to the world in the daily and weekly papers: he states the total of the Estimates of receipt and expenditure up to April, as to him supplied by the Clerks of the several departments, together with the Balance upon the stated account; and, after taking something better than a million for an increase in the Navy Estimates, and other sources of expenditure, he then proceeds to distribute the difference, squandering a million and

a quarter ou Sugar, to begin with, without one assigned reason for so doing, and winding up with a string of stale complaints from particular trades, with which all acquainted with those subjects have long been familiar, as prefaces to the items of taxation remitted to them. And where is the immense ability of all this? I do not say that the statement was not cleanly made, and clever enough of its kind; but, apart from the blandishment of manner, it was not beyond the powers of thousands of tradesmen and tradesmen's clerks, give to them the written figures, and a decent practice at rote, off-hand spoaking—got up extempore, not to say a practice of twenty-five years. To adopt, then, these extravagant hyperboles, is to admit that the genius of the Premier is, after all, but a small one, or it would not soar so loftily, and crow so loudly, over so very small a matter, if soaring it can be called, (crowing enough there is in all conscience), where there is no divergence into any perceptible flight from the material made to order and to hand.

I do not intend to insist very largely on the objections which have been taken to Peel's course, and of which I still feel the full force, grounded on considerations of political morality; for this objection, while it seems to be a fact which all either admit candidly, or do not explicitly deny, seems also to constitute an argument upon which few set any very great stress. But, when it is said that Peel has a fair claim to be permitted to move with the times, and that good may be accepted even at the hands of the Devil himself, much less at those of a recreant Prime Minister, it is worth while to estimate the value of such positions, and to ascertain how much, or how little, there is in them of the salt of truth, to flavour the rankness of the general fallacy.

I am as like as any man to look at an offering from the Devil's hand, in the nature of a contribution to truth and justice, if only for the curiosity of the thing: still I should look very cautiously, and touch very gingerly, with the more callous parts of the finger and thumb, before I admitted his present into the too susceptible palm; and, if satisfied, by the double test of sight and feeling, I fear I should not be sufficiently candid to attribute any great excellence of motive to the donor, or sufficiently grateful to be very thankful for the gift; but, however that might be, I am sure my spirit of doubt in the party, and of diffidence in myself, would prevent me from lapsing into the bold policy of facing right-about, and marching back, arm in arm, with Apollyon, in the hope of

coaxing him, through some side turning, into my own projected road homo, as some excellent and far-seeing Free Traders seem disposed to do with Sir Robert Peel.

Then, with regard to his claim to be permitted to move with the times, I dispute it not, so that he move honestly with them. Let the road to amendment be, at the least, as open as the road into error; but in what manner does Peel move with the times? Who sit upon and behind the Treasury Benches? From whence come the cheers which greet his financial demonstrations in the House? Who at once curso him in more than their hearts, while they support him by their votes? The difference between the movements of Peel and of an honourable man, who moves with the times, is the difference between him and Lord Palmerston—the difference between the Soldier of experience, or of fortune, who gradually withdraws from his partisans, or changes sides in a war, without imputation of treachery or meanness, and he who remains to spy and to betray: it is the difference between Bernadotte and Arnold—between the General who surrenders his commission before the battle, and he who led his men into the field without flints to their guns! This is not moving with the times; but a breaking up of all decent reliances between man and man, to the destruction of public morality, and the utter annihilation of public confidence in public men.

Now, I am to contend that this Peel's Budget is a Budget à la Peel, tainted with the great, pervading vice of his character—deceptiveness: showy and promising without, hollow and treacherous within; and, at first starting, I am met with the fact that it is greeted with Opposition cheers, and met by Ministerial silence. But all that is easily explained: concessions are made to Commercial exigencies; large outlays are undertaken for the defence of the Mercantile Navy; heavy sums are given to a few selected interests; and the fattest fed child in the state, who used to have the first and the largest slice of cake, now gets the least, and that little he is compelled to share with his brother. Six hundred thousand is dealt out to one trade, nearly seven hundred thousand to another—sums which take the imagination captive, and leave as little inclination, as there is time, to go beyond the palpable benefit, such as it is. Yes, these things are easily explained; most easily as it regards one class, which is sulking over its small

allotment of spoil. The agricultural Falstaff had gone out to Gadshill to cry, "Stand and deliver!" to a body of wealthy clothiers, and his horse—his only means of getting through the predatory campaign, has been removed and hidden by an honourable colleague; wherefore he is "accursed to rob in that thieves' company," and shouts, "Poins, and he hanged!" till the breath is snapped out of his nostrils by the angry voice of his leader, and he moderates his cry into an exhausted grumble, sighing like a paviour! And this is all they will do. It is very well for Mr. Miles to *talk*, and to threaten to divide the House, upon some proposition for restoring the Agriculturists to some decent position in the scale of participation. Mr. Miles will do nothing of the sort, except for the double purpose of dusting the eyes of the Farmers, and keeping the Motion out of the hands of some Member of the Agricultural Body who really means mischief; for Mr. Miles, whatever the amount of his affection for Malt, knows that there is more Sugar for him in the Cane; and Mr. Miles will do nothing which shall place a Budget in peril which hands over a Million of Revenue, and gives an increased differential duty of about five shillings the cwt. to West Indian Sugar.

We may leave the Manufacturing side of the House, if it may be called so, to their own sounder judgments. Commercial Men, even if tickled for the time, are sure to right: and Free Traders proper, I mean the working Free Traders, see the Peel Statement through and through—it is quite clear enough for that, and them. And whatever might have been thought and said at the first blush of the matter, still we must come to the figures, and test the items of Peel's Budget, as well by their respective merits, as by their bearing one upon another, and upon the future; and, looking at the whole matter, ask of ourselves, and of each other,—Whether it be, indeed, worth the price paid, and if better might not be had at the same, or at a less cost? Sir Robert Peel himself lays down the principle, that we should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. What is the market price of Peel?

Decidedly Peel is the dearest Huckster that ever higgled over a week's reckoning of small beer, skim-cheese, and long-sixteens with a labourer's wife! His principle of business is—the robbing of Peter to pay Paul. Thus he takes something better than five millions a year, from the pockets of everybody; and, after deducting a per centage for

carrying on his government, deals out the balance in buying up support, by bribing great interests by the hundred thousand sterling.

Now, the first thing that would strike every man with the capacity of going through the Multiplication Table, would be, that, without the Income Tax, there would be no surplus. It is very clear, that, all things take into the account, the financial position of Peel, at the present juncture, is no better than the financial position of Lord John would have been, with this difference, that the Income Tax would, according to the good old Whig figure of speech, have remained to fructify in the pockets of the people. It is also perfectly certain, that, if a surplus is to be hoped for, at the rate we are going on, it must consist of an Income Tax; and, if the principle of remission, acted upon by Peel, is to be acted upon throughout, when the whole of the Income Tax be remitted in other ways, (and the better half of it is gone already,) the surplus of future years must consist of an *extension* of the Income Tax, its *extinction* being rendered impossible by the policy of Peel. For observe, with the single exception of Sugar, which is a wild, if not a corrupt sacrifice of the public Revenue—the principle pursued is not of judicious reduction, from which some return might be expected on what is given, to counterbalance the immediate loss, and afford future means of lightening the burden on other branches of industry, but the Tax is absolutely remitted; and therefore, if increase of Revenue come, it must come from other sources. The Premier has three and a third millions sterling of surplus at his disposal, and what does he do? He hands over three hundred thousand pounds more than a third of the whole to the Sugar Duties for one year, nearly one million of which goes to the West India Branch of the Trade, and two millions he distributes in total repeals of the Export Duty on Coals, of 480 minor Duties on raw materials, of the Auction Duties, and of the Excise Duties on Glass, and the Customs Duties on raw Cotton. Here, then, are two millions of the Income Tax positively gone: the Sugar job will have to be reconsidered next year; and, if no increase of the Expenditure takes place, and the Revenue Receipts are no worse, the Premier has three millions left to scatter over the three years of the renewed Income Tax. If any man does not see, that, upon this species of policy, the Income Tax is a permanent impost, his blindness is a thing to be wondered

at, if not to be pitied. Peel will, and must go on, on the principle of taxing the helpless many for the purpose of bribing the combined few: this is the price the Country pays for the Government of Peel, and this is the price which Peel pays for the sustenance of his Government.

Now in order to estimate the worth of what we, the poor payers of the Income Tax, get for what we pay, and to ascertain whether Peel does not apply *his* principle of Free Trade most fully to *us*, let us see what the Income Tax is.

It is not a Tax on realized property, which would be a very equitable Tax, and go to remedy the injustice of a Revenue derived solely from articles of consumption; but it is a Tax which places not only the Tradesman, and the Manufacturer, and the Merchant, with capitals embarked in matters which, in the very nature of things, are precarious, and which, whatever they may pay this year, may in the next, without moral fault or failing of any kind, or without negligence even, but in the course of events which can neither be foreseen nor guarded against, result in absolute ruin—not only does the Income Tax treat these on a perfectly similar footing with the possessors of property in Land and the Funds, which they may dispose of by will, or which their children may inherit, but it treats the Professional man, whose gains are still more precarious, and the mere Clerk and Servant, whose situation exists, it may be, upon mere caprice, upon precisely the same footing. It overhauls the Tradesman's accounts, insults him with the insolent surcharges of an impertinent Surveyor, and drags him out of his business before a set of idle, ignorant assessors; while, in the case of the Farmer, it taxes *him* just *one-half* of the rate levied on the Manufacturer, and substitutes the Rent paid as a test of value; but, like all blind and lazy pieces of favouritism, in respiting him from this annual torture so far, it very often adds twenty-five per cent to his Rent, upon an assumption of profit which does not in reality exist; and here is inequality, again, working injustice in the very attempt to confer a favour. Then Incomes in Ireland are exempt altogether; but does any one pretend to say a man cannot live as cheaply in Ireland as elsewhere? Talk of the poverty of Ireland, it is not *that* proposed to be taxed, but the income of those who have it, which is all the larger for the poverty with which it is surrounded and set off. Why should not Mr. O'Connell's Rent pay its Sereupence in the Pound to

the Queen—there would be some approach to retributive justice in that; and what claims have the Irish Landlords on this Country, that *they* should be exempt? But this, Sir, is part of the price we, the people of England, pay to Peel, for Peel's past and present misgovernment of Ireland.

Well, then, such is the Income Tax; and these Free Trade Budgets, according to Peel's views of Free Trade, manifestly lead to, and imperatively render necessary, the continuance of this impost. Mr. Warburton, with a species of transcendental logic which is the peculiar characteristic of the hard-headed, if not the hard hearted School of Political Economy, says that the Income Tax is unequal because it is not permanent, and that the way to remove the objection is to render it permanent. Indeed! the inequality *that* would remove is a theoretical inequality, which no practical man, except this sort of practical man, ever took into the estimate; let Mr. Warburton, at his leisure, explain how it removes the inequality between taxing permanent and uncertain incomes; and let the man of uncertain income insure his life, to place his children on the same footing as the children of the man of certain income, and then see how the tax affects what each has to live on; and don't take from the hard earnings of industry what might survive to his children, in the same specific rate as in the case of the man whose income survives him.

Now, what do we who pay this Tax—we, the Consumers, get in return? Mr. Wakley solemnly thanked the Premier for considering the Working Man in his Budget. Let the question be asked Mr. Wakley, on the Finsbury Hustings, —Where? In Sugar?—A reduction of three halfpence a pound, with a sacrifice of £1,300,000 of Revenue! How many poor men buy a pound of sugar a week? To every such Peel affects to throw three halfpence as a boon—with which he may, if he pleases, purchase an additional three ounces of *Moist*! Truly, a mighty matter; a vast consideration for the Working Man! Why, upon this very article, Sugar, admitted on the principles of Free Trade, with the same Custom House morality directed to it, as is directed to the article of Cotton, the Revenue on Sugar, instead of being sacrificed to the extent of £1,300,000, might be increased to £7,000,000,—the difference might be employed in the further relief of trade, the price would be lower, from the legitimate operation of an increased supply, than Peel

can make it by any reduction he can ever venture to propose, and this increased import would have to be paid for in British Manufactures. But what does Peel do? He sacrifices all this, professedly, to give three ounces of Sugar per week, to those who consume a pound, and he increases at the same time the differential duty on Colonial and Foreign Sugar, in order, as far as he may, to counteract the effect of his own reductions!

As to Coal, it is a remission of taxation to parties confessedly unworthy of any consideration—the most inveterate and perfect combination of Monopolisers under the sun; men, whom Peel himself charges with having two prices—one for the foreigner, and one for the Englishman—and, yet, in the same breath, he hands them over £118,000 per annum, to stimulate an export trade, which, if it operate at all, must operate to lessen the home supply, and, therefore, to raise the home price. Then comes the 413 articles on which the Import Duties have been remitted, from which I do not suppose it will be contended that the poor, or any one else but the importers, are to reap much. Their several merits I may speak of hereafter, when I have time to look at the schedule; but it does not at all follow that a tax is to be remitted on an article because it does not produce a large sum: in many cases it would be found much better to retain it, and take the amount, or the collective amounts, off some larger article, too much oppressed with taxation. That they give trouble to Custom House officers is an argument not to be recognised, except so far as it may lead to the fact that Custom House regulations and Custom House accounts are very much overdone; and that they lead to expense and trouble under the bonding system, leads to no other conclusion than that articles chargeable to inconsiderable amounts should not be admitted into bond at all. The danger of smuggling will necessitate a strict surveillance as well on these articles as on others; and it seems, as a Customs Revenue would appear to be inevitable, although there are some philosophers who dream of raising £50,000,000 per annum by direct taxation,—it seems quite fair that every article, except under very special circumstances of exemption, should bear some part of the burden. But these articles include Staves, and much is made of £33,000 given to the Distressed Coopers. I wish it may help them; but it won't—that is, not the Distressed Coopers. Time

was, and the Coopers were a bravo guild, earning excellent wages, and coercing their masters, not a little, in the struggle for prices. But then, the Coopers were part of the West Indian monopoly; and the £33,000 remitted to their use will no more enable them to compete with the Americans in the Colonial Market, than the staves themselves would serve to float them over the Atlantic: People who want casks to any extent, now cooper for themselves. The foreign import trade supplies a fair share of the material. Casks are not a preponderating export package, and it is a safe prophecy to say, that the ancient prosperity of the Coopers, as a powerful trading interest, is gone.

Will it, then, be said that the Consumer is to be benefited by the Repeal of the Cotton Duty? My servant has this week purchased two gown pieces, one for common use, which cost her three shillings and elevenpence, one for bettermost purposes, for which she paid eight shillings. The weight of the first was one pound; of the second, one pound and a quarter. The tax on Raw Cotton is six-sixteenths of a penny per lb: how is the reduction to affect my servant's next purchase? And this is the duty, which, according to Sir Robert Peel, falls with peculiar severity on the coarser descriptions of Cotton!

Then are we to save our Income Tax out of, and are Mr. Wakley's Constituents to be benefited by, the Repeal of the Excise Duty on Glass? Sir Robert Peel was as clever as a Polytechnic Lecturer on the subject of glass. Under the beneficent operation of the remission of tax on this article, glass is to supersede both earthenware and hardware—iron pipes, and two-handled pails and pitchers! Now, the duty on flint glass is so small (3s 6d per cwt!) that it is utterly inappreciable in the price of the article; and granted that the duties on plate and broad glass are heavy, what is the first but a tax on wealth, and where is the second felt but in the conservatories of the wealthy. What do the bulk of the people pay yearly for either? and when it is said that the window duties are paid only by about 500,000 Houses, it proves nothing, but the inequality of the burthen, and it cannot be contended that the difference will be saved on the remitted duties, or that cottages under the assessable limit will have one window pane the more. The remission of the Glass Tax may have its advantages, no doubt, but to talk of it as a blessing to the bulk of the people is an hypocrisy and a fraud—as great as that of the Cotton Tax repeal—as

great as that of the Sugar Tax reduction—a reduction which has the additional recommendation of promising to rob the refiners of £200,000, and to ruin all the smaller houses in the process.

There is but one other left—the Auction Duty on the Sale of Real Property, facetiously termed, a Tax on Distress; but what is the Soap Tax but a Tax on Cleanliness? and the Tax on Policies of Assurance but a Tax on Prudence? and the Tax on Windows but a Tax on Light and Health? and, retaining the Legacy and Probate Duties, and the remaining imposts on the transfer of personal property, well might Peel hesitate in his announcement of this unjustifiable remission, and well might the House laugh at the mighty preamble to the trumpery result.

I say, then, for all the reasons which may be gathered from all which I have said, that this is not a Free Trade Budget, nor a wisely-reasoned, nor a well-considered Budget; and I say so because its mode of treating the Sugar Duties is wasteful, improvident, and, in the further increase of the differential duty (by the juggle with regard to clayed Sugars of which the foreign import substantially consists), decidedly retrograde; because the case for the £320,000 remitted on the 412 articles is not proved; because £118,000 is thrown to a worthless monopoly; because £250,000 is given to an interest already too highly favoured; because the remissions on Cotton-wool, and Glass, are ill considered—there being other articles more calling for relief; but, principally, because of the crude nature of the plan with reference to future reductions, which should tend to relieve Home Manufactures equally, if the whole of our monstrous Excise system cannot be swept away, and some less obstructive mode substituted, supposing, with two or three exceptions, we continue to tax them at all; and because the whole, as founded on the pretext set up to justify the Income Tax, is a fraud upon those who pay it.

I do not object to relieve Cotton Wool in proportion to the necessities of the individual case; still less do I object to relieve the Glass Manufacturer, though not upon the principle of driving out Iron and Earthenware; but I do object to giving all up to particular branches of industry, to the undue oppression of others; and still more do I object to crippling the future means of good, by an ill-advised sacrifice of the only means of doing it, and to the assigning of those mischiefs to an inconsiderable amount of taxation,

relatively to the cost of the Manufactured article, which is, for the much greater part, to be assigned to the Excise System—a system the most pernicious to trade, that the ignorance of Government Financiers ever devised. A Free Trader proper would never have so squandered the means of doing good, or have overlooked the fact that it is to a revision of the whole system we are necessitated to look for relief, instead of to these empirical remissions, which are calculated and intended for no other purpose than the purchase of temporary power.

Such are my reasons for dissenting from the Budget of Sir Robert Peel.

COTTON TWIST.

London Feb. 21st, 1845.

No. XLVI.

PEEL'S PRICE FOR "ONE" YEAR!

SHOWING HOW

PEEL'S "OWN" PRINCIPLE

**OF "BUYING IN THE CHEAPEST AND SELLING IN
THE DEAREST MARKETS"**

IS FULLY EXEMPLIFIED IN, AND CARRIED OUT BY,

PEEL'S "OWN" PRACTICE!

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir—Allow me, through the medium of your columns, to suggest to the People of England—the Consumers, as distinguished from the Monopolists, and the Class Interests, that they should apply the same principle to the acts of Government, and the course of Legislation, which they apply, as Traders, to the ordinary affairs of their business: that is to say, that they should open a Debtor and Credit account with those who govern them; so that, at the end of each year, they may be enabled to balance the account of Profit and Loss, and to see how the matter stands between their Pecuniary Interests, and the exigencies of Party, in the intelligible form of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. This would render the darkness of much mystification clearly visible,—put an end to a considerable amount of humbug and delusion, and reduce the eloquence of words, and the handshakes of manner, to the level of their true value—the tinsel and the fillagree of Fact!

I attempted something of the kind in my original series of Letters, which appeared in your paper during the year 1842, shewing up, in figures, weekly, the Tax paid to the Monopolists on one article alone—Corn; and a contemporary of yours, which, during the past year, has carried out,—I do not say copied—the same idea, extending it to one more article, now appropriately reminds me of the circumstance, by a calculation of the Tax which Peel's projected arrangement of the Duties on Sugar, for one more year, will

impose upon the Consumer, in the new Differential Scale propounded by him.

Upon this hint I speak; and I propose to show, in figures, the Money Cost of Peel for one year, upon his own Financial Statement;—restricting myself to one year, because the Sugar Duties constitute an annual vote; they are “settled,” as it is called, for so long; and no longer, it being the policy of Governments, who legislate for Monopoly, so to legislate as to produce the least possible amount of benefit to any one. Perhaps this may be the effect of a Providence specially ruling the hearts of men to its own wiser purposes—visiting the sins of the Fathers upon the Children; I incline to look upon it in that light myself. Or it may be that, as “the Devils in Hell believe and tremble!” so Government, who legislate for Monopolist support, feel irresistibly led to render the price paid the most fallacious and the least productive to those who receive it. However this may be, it is a certain fact that, like Witch-money, it turns to pebbles and flint stones in the hand; and, in the matter of the Sugar Duties, the benefit, which might be derived from the protection, is destroyed by the transitory nature and general insecurity of the tenure. The history and operation of the Sugar Duties constitute, indeed, no exception from the rationale of the whole question of protection—it is an expedient for throwing so much money into the Sea, not even to fatten the fishes!

Therefore, I confine the Money-cost of Peel to one year; and, in stating that cost, although I could extend the sum, by taking into estimate the dead weight of his past policy, and what we may, without much speculation, anticipate for the future, I shall not, at present, go beyond the Financial Statement of the 14th instant, in setting forth what is the amount which Peel now proposes, more particularly, and apart from his general and personal cost, to charge the whole body of the Consumers, as the price of fulfilling, for one year, the Office which constitutes him at once—Adviser of the Crown, Controller of the Royal Palaces, King of Downing street, and Brow-beater proper of the “Fine Old English Gentlemen” of the “Agricultural Parliament!” In so doing, I shall merely state the items and indicate the reasons: if any thing can be said adverse to the facts, or the arguments, they may be hereafter more fully recurred to.

THE INCOME TAX.—This is an indisputable item in the great account of Peel's Price, as charged by him in his "Account Current" with the Consumers of this Country. A Tax based upon a false pretext,—imposed and submitted to upon the faith of a violated promise,—oppressive to the last degree, and, beyond its mere money pressure, burdensome by its inequality,—its inquisitorial character—its vexatious surcharges, made without the shadow of a reason or a pretext—and by the gross injustice of the practice of taking money from the individual not rightly detainable,—leaving him to the expensive and offensive redress of seeking restitution, or resisting the extortion, at the hands of men, who cannot discharge their duties with a show of decent civility. And the extent of this is by no means slight; for up to the May of 1844, no less than 82,854 claims for *restitution alone* were made, of which 75,500 were allowed, and 1,354 returned for correction. Here is proof conclusive, then, of the charge, even if we admit that the balance of 6,000, unaccounted for, were unfounded in justice; but that is not even insinuated,—they represent, for the most part, the idleness of the Government agents, and the disinclination of the parties to persist in seeking redress, at a loss of time and temper, worth more than the amount sought to be reclaimed. Add to this total, the many who were content to submit to the wrong, rather than subject themselves to the remedy, and the oppressive portion of the impost is seen at once to be considerable. I confine, myself, however, to the anticipated Receipt, as stated by Peel; and, in so doing, it is only necessary to say, that a Property Tax is not objected to as part of the financial system of the Government, for Property ought to bear its share of the burden, and even Profits upon an equitable footing, and a less Inquisitorial mode, or the great Millionaire might escape his fair share of the public hurthens; and, indeed, such a Tax seems the only mode of remedying the inequality of indirect taxes on consumption, which press far more heavily on the poorer than on the wealthier classes of Society. If I am asked—How a Tax can be assessed on Income, without ascertaining the amount of Income? I won't answer—Wait till I am called in! but simply say that, "There are more ways of killing a Dog than by hanging him;" and, at present, the objection is to the Income Tax as it now exists, in its principle, its practical operation,

and its use—in all which respects it is an oppression, and, in the last, an unproductive oppression, for it is quite clear, that, in the hands of Peel, it had better remain in the hands of the People. This item is made up of the following significant figures—£5,200,000.

But if I omit any estimate of the money cost of the sheer oppression of this impost, in the calculation of Peel's cost to the country for the year ensuing, it is otherwise with the exemption of Ireland, for there an injustice is committed to the other portions of the Kingdom, which is capable of explicit statement, for which reason I shall state it.

If it were proposed to tax the poverty of Ireland, I, for one, should shudder at the thought, and hold it no reason for doing so that the poverty of England was also taxed; but that is not the case. It is not proposed to tax the poverty of Ireland, but to tax the income of Ireland, which is all the greater and more powerful, because of the poverty of Ireland. If it can be shown that monopoly presses more heavily on property, or that the cost of living is larger in proportion to the individual means, in Ireland than in England, something might be said; but the facts are, that the Agricultural Monopoly is as much an Irish question as, according to the Monopolist view, it is an English question—rather it is more so; and there is no pretext for saying that living is not to the full as cheap in Ireland as it is in England: in fact, it is cheaper. The Banks' Circulation in Ireland exceeds five million—more than double that of Scotland; and the circulation of the Bank of Ireland exceeds three fifths of the entire amount. That establishment receives interest from the Government; but it pays no Income Tax, although the Banks of England and Scotland do: so of the Private Bankers; and where is the justice of this? Why should all the salaried officers, legal and otherwise, in the public service in Ireland, be exempt from the payment of this Tax more than the same class of persons in England and Scotland? And—the Irish Landlords, in reference to whom the good and the great Dr. Arnold said that he had, at one time, a notion of going over to the Sister Country and taking Irish pupils, “to try what one man could do towards civilizing the people *by trying to civilize and Christianize their gentry!*”—what claim have these men to any consideration which the English and Scottish Landlords have not?

Let us take the arguments of Sir Robert Peel against the extension of the Tax to Ireland; and see if the "large and liberal view," which he professes to take of the question, be anything better than the Smoke which a Conjuror raises in the midst of a doubtful trick, for the purpose of deceiving his auditory, under cover of the fabricated clouds. First, he says—"It is not worth while to erect a machinery for the collection of this Tax in Ireland, for the space of Three Years only." Answer:—It was thought worth while in England; and if any man be told by those, who are either deceived themselves, or who seek to deceive, of the "Commissioners of Land Tax," let him turn to the Statutes and read the Land Tax Acts, and the Income Tax Acts, especially; he will see at once how little it helps the matter in this Country, or could have retarded the matter in Ireland, and become satisfied, very shortly, that the pretext is just that convenient sort of pretext, which a Minister resorts to in the faith that nobody will take the trouble to ascertain the real state of the case. But, note well, here is an *implied* promise now, as there was an *implied* promise three years ago, to discontinue the Income Tax at a stated period. Tax Peel with it three years hence, if he seeks, Political Quack as he is, to "repeat the mixture," and he will uncrupulously deny the fact, as he has done already.—"A plague upon these Juggling Fiends, who palter with us in a double sense!" Next, Peel says—"The Stamp and the Spirit duties, more productive imposts, were imposed on Ireland instead." What! were there no such things existing in England as the Stamp Duties, and were not the Spirit Duties far heavier with us, when the Income Tax was imposed? and does Sir Robert forget his own Repeal of the additional Spirit Duties in Ireland, after its abortive failure, last year? And where are the evidences of reduction in England? This is little better than gross fraud in Peel: it is gross ignorance in those who repeat it after him, as his Newspapers do. Thirdly, and a most lame and impotent reason it is, the Premier says, "That Ireland will not derive so much benefit from the remission of the Auction, Glass, and Cotton Wool Duties, as England,"—and why? Peel himself supplies the answer, "In Great Britain, the Auction Duty was £270,000,—in Ireland, £11,700; in Great Britain, the Glass Duties yield £574,000,—in Ireland, £5,747;" and, further—"Of the £700,000 produced by the Cotton Duty, Ireland only pays £114." Well:

would you give up more to Ireland than she pays? If less be remitted to Ireland, is it not because she pays less? If two Tenants Rent two Farms, and one pay £50 per Annum to the Lardlord, and the other £5,000, and 10 per Cent be remitted at the Audit, shall the £50 a Year Tenant complain that he does not receive £500 instead of £5? It is extraordinary that such Logic should pass muster in the House of Commons, Peel himself, in addition, furnishing a clue by admitting that the Tax on the Cotton Wool used in Ireland, is, for the most part, paid in Liverpool.

We come, at last, to the simple fact: The Minister *dare not* impose the Tax on Ireland. It is the last grain which drafts the scale: the last feather which breaks the back of the camel! So much of misgovernment as Ireland already has, it may, possibly, live, and groan under, at the mere cost of an occupying army; but the Income Tax in addition?—No! It constitutes all the difference between the talk, and the overt act, of Treason; the Money Rent, and the Rending of Society, there! And what does Peel fear? O'Connell, the Victim King of his own phantom—"Ireland as it should be?" Not so! The noisy Rebels of the Conciliation Hall? No! O'Connell must play out the play; and the Rebels will be rebels still! If *their* folly has a price, it is not to be found in the withholding of an Income Tax. Irish Patriotism, as history might shew him, has ever held itself at a higher rate than that. He must find other modes than withholding an attack upon what Mr. O'Connell said in Parliament did not exist in Ireland at all,—you might as well tax Moonshine! No, Peel fears not its effects upon them, but the use they would apply it to. He fears that the man of £150 per annum, who have something to lose, would go over to Repeal, and find themselves involved in Revolution; and he rates, shrewdly enough, no doubt, the loyalty of the Orange Landlords, and the Ultra-Protestants, at Sevenpence in the Pound!

What the Country loses, then, in this respect, is part of Peel's price, consequent upon Peel's system of governing Ireland; and he estimates it himself—rather loosely, it must be confessed—for the coming year, at from £100,000 to 200,000. Now, looking at the relative currencies of Ireland and Scotland, and at the fact that, while Ireland grumbles over its allotment of 105 members, Scotland, paying nearly £400,000 per annum to this Tax, has only 53 members,—it does seem to me, either that "Justice for Scotland!"

would be a very fair cry, or that the highest of these Estimates for Ireland gives an amount unduly low. However, let us take it at that, and the item will be £200,000.

2. SUGAR.—The paper to which I alluded in the commencement of my Letter—the *Economist*—taking the different Scales of Duty proposed by Peel on the several classes of Sugar, and calculating them upon the estimated consumption of the ensuing year, which formed part of the Premier's Financial Statement, deduces an aggregate amount of Protection, to be paid for by the Consumer, of £3,079,999. The Working Classes may set that against the three ounces additional of Moist which Peel proposes to give them under this magnificent arrangement! But that is not all: Mr. Wilson, a sufficient authority, calculates that a Revenue of £7,000,000 a year might be derived from Sugar, by the Equalization of the Duties. The Revenue which Sir Robert Peel calculates upon from the same source for the year ensuing, is £3,916,000. Loss, therefore, to the Country, in this item, as part of Sir Robert's cost price for a year, £3,084,000; making the total item for Sugar, adding together what the Country will pay for Protection, to what it will lose in Revenue, in all £6,163,999.

3. COAL.—There is nothing which can be said against a Tax on Exported Coal, which cannot be said with ten times the force against a Tax upon any other branch of industry at Home; for it must be evident, that, whether the Tax be paid at the Pit's mouth,—the Manufactory,—or at the Ship's side, it is all the same, so far as the Export Trade is concerned; and when the Premier takes credit for removing all Taxes on Exports, Coal included, he does but juggle with the principle, after his wont, unless it can be shown that Home manufacture, or Produce, is totally free from Taxation. So long, however, as that is not the case, a more underserving plea of exemption was never set up than that set up in the case of Coal; and it would never have been listened to but for the powerful and combined nature of the interest devoted to the Trade. We have seen that Peel himself tacitly admitted the worthlessness of the Monopoly, in the reference made by him to the two prices—one to the Foreigner, and one to the Englishman; yet to that interest he remits a large sum, which taxes the Consumer in the bounty it offers to exportation, and also in the sum it abstracts from the Public Treasury. In this latter view alone it adds an item to Peel's price of £118,600.

PEEL'S PRICE FOR "ONE" YEAR!

(*Concluded.*)

4. RAW MATERIALS (130 Articles).—These articles are distributed, for the most part, among the Druggists, and the Dry-salters, and the Cabinet makers, with a slight spice of Fruits and Confectionaries; and, among so many, it would be hard, indeed, if the finger could not be placed here and there, indicating a point where reduction at least, if not entire abolition, would have been a sensible and a just proceeding; but, as a whole, viewed in the light in which I am now placing it, with reference to the consumer, and as a set off against the Income Tax, it is precisely what I anticipated it would be—A cracker let off to distract the audience, in the midst of a grand conjuring trick: all splutter and bounce! I have asked practical men what they thought the public might get out of it, upon a rough estimate; and my answer has been,—“Well, perhaps, not much.” Will they obtain a third? “Perhaps not.” Where will they get it—Off Drugs? “Why no, physic commands a fancy price; and neither the penny a pound duty, nor the original cost of the article, has much to do with the shop price of a Dose of Jalap.” On Oils? “Well, a shilling a tun on Fish Oils doesn’t divide much per gallon—not enough to affect the price; but then Lard Oil will come in, and probably drive out Kitchen Stuff and Slush from use in machinery.” But the Consumers cannot eat the Slush, whatever may become of the Kitchen Stuff? “Why no!” And, then, our Cooks and Kitchen Maids should be preserved from foreign competition as well as their Landlord Masters, or vested interests and equal rights are a farce? “Why, yes!” And I suppose pretty nearly the same may be said of Cabinet Wood? “Very likely!” And Furs? “It may affect some descriptions slightly.” Affect what?—Cat-skins at a shilling a dozen, or Deer-skins at a penny a piece? And as for the costlier descriptions, you may import Ermine by the

dozen at 2s each lot, and ready dressed, too, which might be an additional advantage, considered with reference to the Coal Duty, if they were only an edible commodity! And this is scarcely a caricature: under this head, then, if we give one-third to the public advantage, and charge against Peel's improvidence the other two-thirds, as a loss to all wiser purposes, we shall treat the Premier with great liberality, and turn up one more item against him, amounting to £213,334.

5. COTTON.—I have already said all I have to say in the shape of objection to the absolute remission of tax on this article; and need only enumerate the heads of objection. The Tax did not affect price; or, rather, such are the facts, that its remission will be found to be inappreciable in price. The trade is not a suffering trade; it cannot be said that it is not a profitable trade. Other branches of industry had much stronger claims to relief; and, under these circumstances, the total remission is a positive injustice; whilst, as it regards the bulk of the Consumers, the remission is a total loss to a Revenue, to sustain which the Income Tax has been imposed, with a promise of a corresponding return, upon these measures, in the diminished cost of living. In that view, it is not only an injustice, but a fraud; and, in remitting so large an annual amount of taxation to the Capitalists of Lancashire, Sir Robert Peel must have very considerably surprised his new friends; and was, no doubt, influenced by the vulgar notion of buying up their support. It has been said, that this was a bait thrown to the League; and a Whig Organ has charged it upon the League Leaders, that they were swimming about the hook. The fact and the event have refuted the calumny, which, indeed, scarcely found a listener, beyond so much of the Whig circle as is hostile to the principle of Free Trade; and Sir Robert Peel has failed to shake the constancy of the only intelligible movement in the Politics of the day, though he has sacrificed to the attempt a Revenue of £680,000.

6. THE AUCTION DUTIES.—It is really extraordinary to witness the amount of sophistry, and the extent of ingenuity, which has been devoted to the justification of the remission of these Duties on the sales of Landed Property. The amount of Duty remitted is £300,000, or thereabout, but it is estimated that £50,000 will be recovered out of the new arrangement with regard to Auctioneers' Licenses. At present, Auctioneers pay £5 License Duties for particular articles, the same license not serving for Plate as serves

for Land. This is treated as a great hardship, and a heavy expense, and it is proposed to commute it for one general license of £15; and hereupon the Auctioneers are congratulated as if they had received a great boon, while, in the same breath, the public are told that the new arrangement is to tax the Auctioneers £50,000 per annum in addition to what they now pay! I doubt if this species of Logic would go down in the City, although it seems to do very well for "Financial Statements,—evincing an extraordinary mastery of detail!" But, in support of the remission, it is said, that it will facilitate the Free Transfer of Property:—How? By taking off a Tax which is not paid by he who brings his property to the Hammer, but by he who buys it. No doubt the buyer considers the fact in the price, as far as he can; and, perhaps, that would operate if Land were free. But Land in England is a monopoly, which fetches, in many respects, a fancy price. It is the *last* investment of the Capitalist: he prefers the position of Mortgagee to that of Proprietor; and, therefore, it is not at all so clear that the consideration of the Duty leads to any practical application of it in the result. One would think, to hear such arguments, that Land in England was a sort of marketable commodity, put up in Mincing Lane, like Sugars, Pimento, Logwood, and Coffee, and regularly quoted in Price-currents; instead of its being the fact that nobody, or very few bodies, sell their Land while they can manage to keep it; and, therefore, it is to me quite inexplicable, that the Squires, who take this remission as a boon to the Landed Interest, should not perceive that anything which facilitates the Free Transfer of Land in this way, is but a facility for cutting the ground from under them. Whoever knew the Squires blind to a question affecting their own interests? Yet I never heard of their considering the tax as a "peculiar burthen" on Land, or of their being over-solicitous for its removal. Peel, indeed, confessed that nobody asked for the "boon;" but he talks of its marvellous properties, to the great discredit of those who never could see the alarming evil before; and recapitulates some thirty exceptions by statute, as if each of them did not stand upon its own peculiar merits, or as if thirty exceptions in favour of one class was a reason, in itself, for making another. I should be quite justified in taking the £50,000 additional duty, which the Auctioneers

are to pay, by way of lightening the pressure of the existing taxation upon them, to the public benefit, as a matter standing upon its own merits, and so charging the whole sum thrown away, to facilitate the Free Transfer of Land from those who have it to those who are prepared to buy it; but, as I am not anxious to press a hard case more hardly, I shall only charge to Peel's account the balance of loss £250,000.

7. THE GLASS DUTIES.—Sir Robert Peel said in his speech, that somebody had told him, who had been told by somebody, that somebody else had said, that, if the Glass Duties were removed, he thought he could do glass work, for which he was now charging one shilling per foot for, probably, as low as four-pence. Everybody who knew anything of glass, knew at once, that, whatever might be deemed the value of so loose a statement, it could only refer to Crown (common window) Glass; but Everybody who did not know anything of glass—that is to say the hulk of the hearers, and readers, have run away with the idea that this referred to glass generally, and the wildest expectations of reduction have consequently ensued. It was a very natural, yet, if viewed in relation to the facts, a very absurd, inference; but it will not be necessary to accuse Sir Robert Peel of intentionally misleading the public; for, doubtless, he had himself no very distinct idea of what it meant, or any further notion of it than that it was a striking fact, very proper to astonish the House of Commons, and to create a murmur of applause. The fault is in that exquisite “mastery of detail” arrived at in the process of cramming facts beyond the power of digestion, as Lord Dalhousie crams Railway Statistics and Engineering Plans, minus the practical judgment which can alone see and estimate truly, and fully, the hearings and incidents of the question in general, and in detail. The “Trade,” then, have been compelled to step forward and disabuse the public mind on the subject, which had been sufficiently excited, by the Peel-inculcated fallacy, to put an end to the sale of Glass, while the House of Commons is deliberating upon the foregone conclusions of the Ministerial Scheme. There will be no Great Reduction, says the Trade, except on the lower descriptions of glass: on rich cut flint glass—nothing; on plate not more than ten per cent. Thus it seems that upon the pier glass, which would cost the “Person about to Marry” Eleven Guineas, there would be a

reduction which would bring the price down to Ten Pounds and upon his drinking glasses, unless he put up with blown and cast abominations—nothing would be gained. Upon Window Glass, Common Window Glass, I cannot more than double the prime cost with the duty; and at present the pane of glass, which costs a shilling to the glazier, is, by the interposition of labour, charged some three shillings and sixpence to the householder. Let not, then, anybody expect, from the operation of this remission, a reduction of two-thirds, even on the small outlay for broken windows, or he will, infallibly, be deceived; for, at best, we can only hope, as the most sanguine judges inform me, that competition will lead to the manufacture of an inferior article at an inferior rate; but nobody pretends that the reduction will be felt in rents, or that it will balance, in any case, the Window Tax, so as to induce any person to open one window the more; and, indeed, how should it, for we do not pay Window Tax because of the glass, but because of the hole in which the glass and its frame-work are inserted. Still this remission of Peel's is likely to produce the most beneficial effect, not only to a trade, but to the general consumer, of any of these measures; but these benefits arise infinitely less from the absolute amount of tax remitted than from the removal of a beautiful and interesting article of manufacture from under a hateful and pernicious surveillance, which has done more to retard its progress than ten times the amount of money pressure could do: the distinction is important; the defect of a partial measure of relief of this nature I have before adverted to, and I am now to estimate the money cost of the proposition as it stands, upon the simple footing of "Peel in account with the Income Tax Payers, in the matter of Tariff and Fiscal Reform."

In this light there is another view to take of it yet. If any man should know what is to be got by misfortunes in the matter of Glass breaking, a Man with Six Children, two Women Servants, and a couple of Cats, ought to be that Man; and I find that I must meet with more than an average amount of ill-luck, to make ten shillings a-year from my losses in this way; and, further, upon as clear a calculation as I can follow out, I find also that it will take me ten years of the same high average, to replace, out of these same misfortunes, the amount which Peel at once writes off from the value of my stock of Glass, in the depreciation it

will experience, in consequence of this very measure? This, in homely language, is "lighting the candle at both ends," with a witness; and, altogether, a pretty expedient, quite à la Peel, for enabling a Man to pay his Income Tax. I cannot charge less than two-thirds of this remission to Peel;—as far as I am concerned, I ought to charge it all, and my own private loss in addition, or, at least, interest on the original sum; but, let it stand at £426,667.

8. THE BALANCE IN HAND.—Referring, for the better convenience of the thing, to the very clear statement of Peel's propositions, contained in your leading columns a fortnight ago, it will be seen that these reductions are to take place in the year ensuing, upon an anticipated surplus to accrue during the year ending April, 1846; but Peel admits that a surplus of £5,000,000 will accrue in the Receipts and Expenditure of the year ending April, 1845; and, deducting the £2,000,000 applied to the payment of Exchequer Bills, issued on account of the Opium Compensation, there still remains £3,000,000 in hand. What is to be done with that? Why, Sir, an Executor or Trustee retaining money in his hands, though he place it at his Bankers, and no interest accrue on it, is liable in Equity for £4 per cent.; and what is Peel but a Trustee, in the matter of the National Revenue, for the Nation at large? What right has he to impose a Tax of £5,000,000, with an admitted balance of £3,000,000 in hand? It is but common justice to charge the interest to his account, and if he objects to the rate—that money may be had for less—let him ask his Chancellor, Lyndhurst, who will tell him that £4 per cent. is the lowest figure in Equity; and that it ought to be £5 per cent., on the score of its being notoriously employed in trade: and £4 per cent. on Three Millions Sterling is £120,000.

9. PER CONTRA.—I have now, before I re-state the items on the Debit side of the Account, to set forth all that can be set forth to the credit of Peel. First, there are the three ounces of moist, in the pound weight of consumption, estimated by Peel at £1,300,000. I am assured, upon good authority, that, under the operation of these measures, so far from the consumer obtaining the calculated difference of three halfpence per pound, one halfpenny is likely to be the whole gain, in which case two-thirds of this sum is to be written off the credit of Peel. Next, we have what may be picked up out of the scramble for the remissions on the 430 articles—say one-third—a very problematical affair, and all upon articles not of immediate necessity or pressing import-

ance, which gives us £106,666. And, in the last item of all, to close this extensive category, we have whatever we can make between our new acquisitions and our replaced breakages in Glass, say, again, one-third—£213,333. Now, to ledger the account:—

Dr.—PEEL IN ACCOUNT WITH THE INCOME TAX PAYERS, IN THE MATTER OF CONSUMPTION FOR ONE YEAR, UPON THE ITEMS OF HIS BUDGET FOR 1845:—

	£
<i>To the Income Tax (PEEL'S SPECIAL).....</i>	5,200,000
<i>— Irish Hush Money</i>	200,000
<i>— Sugar, two SWEET BITS, viz:</i>	
<i>Monopolists Protection....</i>	£3,079,999
<i>Revenue Prevention</i>	£3,084,000
	<hr/> 6,163,999
<i>— Coal Monopoly Encouragement</i>	118,000
<i>— Scattered for a Scramble, 430 different ways</i>	213,334
<i>— Lancashire Capitalists (A DONATION).....</i>	680,000
<i>— Tax on Distress, remitted to the Distainers</i>	
<i>(N.B. WITHOUT CONSTRAINT).....</i>	250,000
<i>— Glass Iron Pipes, Glass Earthenware, and</i>	
<i>Glass everything</i>	426,667
<i>— Interest on a balance of £3,000,000, cash in</i>	
<i>hand, and employed in business, at £4 per</i>	
<i>cent. A VERY LOW RATE.....</i>	120,000
	<hr/> £13,372,000
	<hr/>
<i>Cr</i> —(TAKEN ON CREDIT):—	
<i>By 3oz in the lb of Moist, subject to a probable</i>	
<i>deduction of two-thirds.....</i>	1,300,000
<i>— Cheap Physic, Zinc, Spanish Nuts, Cats'</i>	
<i>Skins, Teazles, and Tar, the public pro-</i>	
<i>portion, to be shared among 28,000,000</i>	
<i>of people</i>	106,666
<i>— Cheap Window Breaking, in the like pro-</i>	
<i>portion</i>	213,333
	<hr/> £1,619,999
	<hr/>
<i>Total Debit down</i>	13,372,000
<i>Credit</i>	1,619,999
	<hr/>
<i>Cost of a Budget, under Peel</i>	£11,752,001

Peel's price for two years, then—his particular charge for one "great financial experiment," involving an "extraordinary mastery of detail!" is, it appears, apart from his cost in other respects, the dead-weight of his past policy included, in round numbers, about £12,000,000; and, treating him upon the most liberal scale of valuation, he does appear to me to be dear at the money. Nevertheless, if the constituencies like him, it is their business, assuredly, to keep him. I can do no more than write against him, and vote against him; for I certainly do not think him worth my proportion of his cost, treating the matter as a money account between him and me. In that respect I look upon it as a dead loss; and have nothing better to fall back on than the current amusement he provides me in breaking up, and treading down, his party, and the prospect he holds out to me of Free Trade, to the fullest extent, as the natural and necessary result of his policy killing off Monopoly, but in the most expensive manner. He feeds the rats in my grain stores with buttered cork cuttings. They do a great deal of mischief for the time; but at some no distant day they will all die of indigestion in their holes; for which I shall have to thank Sir Robert Peel. In the meantime he makes me pay more than the value of their worthless carcasses, tails and skins included, for which I do not thank Sir Robert Peel.

It may be said, and, indeed, it is said, that "indirect benefits" will arise from these alterations, which can neither be anticipated nor taken into such an account as that stated above. Very likely: it would be so much like the moon. An indirect benefit is just the sort of benefit I should expect from the most indirect of Politicians. Nevertheless, when it comes, and I can trace it home and state it in figures, I will be the first to carry it to his credit. Till then, I set down the cost of a Peel Budget at the moderate price of Twelve Millions Sterling!

COTTON TWIST.

London, Feb. 28, 1845.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

It is as true of flattery, as it is of slander, that, if you do but heap on enough, some of it will be sure to abide by its object. White lies are notoriously accredited things, and a white-headed lie comes to be generally admitted at last. Lord Melbourne once declared, that he looked at the consequences of falsehood, applied to the purposes of traduce-ment, with a mournful apprehension : here is consolation for his Lordship ; he has only to counterminc with falsehood, applied to the purposes of flattery, and all is well—nay, better than well, again. Let it be suggested that Kings are not only men, but that they have been, in great part, very bad men, and courtiers start at the traitorous expression—it is so unusual ; yet upon what better authority have Kings *always* been deemed gracious, and accepted as wise, than on the common custom of calling them so ?

Yes, it is very certain, that you have only to say a thing sufficiently often, and to get it said in a sufficient number of places, to procure for it, if not the intrinsic value of Stamped Bullion, yet a currency sufficient for the daily purpose of passing it from hand to hand—everybody will take it, at last, upon the faith of being able to pass it off upon his neighbour. Brummagem tokens established themselves in the same manner, after their first novelty had passed away ; and were called in, just as lies are, when they have sufficiently served their purpose.

Now, here is Sir Robert Peel, of whose extraordinary ability everybody talks, and who cannot be attacked by any one, except, indeed, by Cotton Twist it may be, without a prefatory admission of that ability—he is to me a wonderful instance of the effect of lying judiciously applied. It has been said and sung so lustily, that it rings in the ears of every one, until even those least prone to believe it now would suppose, get bored at last into a sulky, and then into a careless acquiescence in the fact ; and now it has become

the invariable Prolegomona, not only to doctric of his measures in the pages of his own Press, but to unmeasured attacks in the columns of pure Whig, ultra Tory, and indubitable Radical and Free Trader! Now, this is a mystery to many; and whether it is that his opponents, and a very mixed company they are, blowing upon him from all points of the compass, think by conceding so much to get up a character for fairness, so as to give additional point to the subsequent thrust, and an additional poignancy to the wound it inflicts, I know not; but this is certain, that *Post* and all go out of their way to talk of the eminent ability of this Statesman,—who seems to centre all the talents in his own person.—*non constat* that all which they say he does, savors of anything but ability, except in a most perverse state of mischievous misdirection.

Hitherto Cotton Twist has resisted the general delusion; but as the concession looks civil, and there is no great principle involved in it, and modest people are averse to any marked distinctions which may draw observation unnecessarily upon them, Cotton Twist is about to yield so much for the sake of unanimity, and to concede a faith in the greatness of Sir Robert Peel, even as *Candide* professed a belief in the existence of Griffins.

Let it not be said that this concession is light or unimportant; for one element of greatness seems to me to be the possession of a generous and chivalric feeling—a feeling which would scorn the cowardice of placing an unthinking youth forward, for the purpose of snubbing a respectable old gentleman, with whom the prime, though silent, mover in the matter desires to keep on speaking, and visiting terms, and which would shrink from the meanness of prompting a colleague imperatively to deny concession, reserving to himself the grace of unexpectedly conceding what was asked for immediately after it had been, by his own instructions, denied. Nevertheless, I believe in the greatness of Sir Robert—as *Candide* believed in the existence of Griffins.

It was disputed of Queen Elizabeth, whether she was really the wise Sovereign which common repute had called her; and, contra, it was said, that it was the Wisdom of her Counsellors, not her Wisdom, which had rendered her reign resplendent. The reply to this—"Did you ever hear of a foolish Sovereign choosing Wise Counsellors?" has been

thought to savor of sagacity, and if such a choice be a test of wisdom, and wisdom be an element of greatness, what shall we say of Sir Robert's choice of the Stooid Graham—the most Unpopular Minister that ever drew official breath,—of the Waspish Stanley, fresh from irritating Ireland into all hut Rebellion, and intrusted with the privilege of applying the samo promising stimulants to the Colonies of England,—of Simple Lord Aberdeen, ont-Guizoted in Spain, and treating the insult to his Sovereign, in Tahiti, as if it were a trumpery action of Trespass,—of the Madman at large, Lord Ellenborough, sent to play at Ducks and Drakes with our Indian Empire,—and of the Miniature Copy in Water Colours, Captain Fitzroy, suffered to enact the fool on the limited Theatre of New Zealand. Such chosen vossels, and more might be selected, seem to argue little skill, and less greatness, in the Potter who hath power over them. Nevertbeless, I believe in the greatness of Sir Robert Peel, as Candide believed in the existence of Griffins.

Greatness in a Statesman would not, in fiscal matters, look at gold and silver in the abstract, but with reference to the bone, and the muscle, and the sinew of living Man. "Robert," said Sir Robert, the Father, of Sir Robert, the son, "Robert has doubled his fortune and ruined his country!" This might be hyperbole, and no man in his senses seeks to depreciate the currency for the fanciful notion of being paid twenty shillings in a paper which will purchase him just as much, as under the natural state of things ten sbillings in silver would do. But right and wrong do not acclimate at the Poles in this matter; and while nobody seeks depreciation, it is a monstrous injustice to legislate for Money in the abstract, and that Sir Robert Peel has done. The object of his currency dabblings is to depreciate prices by the onforced elevation of the value of Money; its immediate effect has been to fatten the monopoly of Threadneedle-street, and so far to increase its present and future strength and power. Sir Robert Peel may justify yet the hyperbole of his father; and this, whatever it be, whether design or a simple idiosynerasy, is not greatness, nor a sign of greatness: nevertbeless, I believe in the greatness of Sir Robert Peel—as Candide believed in the existence of Griffins.

Greatness is large in its views, and consistent in their application. It does not blunder in the dark, lest the world

should see what it is doing; it does not require millions to enable an expenditure of thousands; it does not blow hot and cold like a conjuror at a country fair, nor seem red and blue, according to the side of its sign-board, over against which the spectator stands. You do not hear it saying to one section of Parliament, Look at the immense relief I have given to trade by the removal of fiscal burthens upon it—why you will save your Income Tax from my Tariff alone! And to the other, What do you fear, and of what do you complain? These measures have done you no harm—look at the imports under them: they are trifling at best, and decreasing with each year! Yet this is what Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues, *ex* and *existent*, say: nevertheless, I believe in the greatness of Sir Robert Peel, as Candide believed in the existence of Griffins.

It is a pity that so ready and earnest a faith should have any latent scepticism in contaminating intercourse with it; but I am impelled to add that there is one thing I have been trying to believe in all my life, if only to the extent of Candide's belief in Griffins; and that is, in the Fine Old English Gentlemen—the Aristocracy of the Country, and the Pillars of its State! Many things have conspired to shake and unsettle this faith: Sir Edward Knatchbull and his Family Settlements,—the Duke of Richmond and his Salmon and Whisky Speculations,—the Marquis of Londonderry and his Coal Monopoly, and some others of a like deplorable nature. Still, I might have survived these, but Mr. Miles stops me, as he tried, or affected to try, to stop the Government—with Grease.

Grease is, under the new Tariff,—the last Peel toy, for which John Bull pays five millions sterling of Income Tax—Grease is to come in duty free; and Grease is explained to be Foreign Butter too villanously rancid for human consumption, and which is therefore intended for greasing sheep, and the like. As a further protection against the possibility of one ounce of this abomination being spread on the bread, even of the pauper population of this Country, to the discomfort of the landed interest, and the depreciation of the price of its home-made batter, this rancid abomination is made more abominable still by the admixture of Tar! One would suppose this protection enough even against any experiments on pauper dietaries; not so thinks William Miles, Member for the Eastern Division of Somersetshire, or at least he affects not to think so, and he “Stops the Government with Grease!” Here he takes his stand; the mo-

dification of the Sliding Scale was a bitter pill—so was the Canada Corn Bill—so was Grinding in Bond—so was the reduction on the Importation of Cattle—but they were pills to be swallowed, and swallowed they were; but rancid butter, adulterated with Tar!—the force of agricultural endurance can no farther go! Protection takes its last resolute stand at this point; and Mr. William Miles resolves magnanimously to stand in the gap, top boots, leather breeches and all—he will “Stop the Government with Grease!”

And here also do I take my stand. Much will I give credit to, on good showing, proof, and authority: I will also extend my faith to Griffins; but,—I cannot swallow the Grease! If the contest is to resolve itself into this, I give up the Fine Old English Gentlemen, and all poetry in connection with them, not because I think it any further proof of inordinate greed, but because I feel that they *must* be sunk very low indeed, if they hope, by such a “sham,” to deceive any one but themselves. Oh, Mr. Miles, Mr. “Farmer” Miles, Mr. “Sham” Miles, Mr. “Shoy hoy” Miles, how can you, for so weak an invention—so palpable a bit of push pin, prove so ungrateful to a Government that has paid you so well. Be grateful while you can, make the most of your Parliamentary tenure, “Suck your Sugar Stick, and hold your tongue!”

COTTON TWIST.

London, March 20, 1845.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD DUKE,—I have read your very extraordinary, and no less interesting, letter to the Editor of the *Standard*, with a mixed feeling of pain and pleasure: of pain, because of the spectacle of misapplied power which it raises up in the eyes of "gods and men"—a pain not destitute of an abstract sympathy for its object; yet of pleasure, inasmuch as you have given to your order a lesson in the hollowness of its political pursuits, when unshaped to wise ends, and undictated to by a tolerant spirit. "Vanity of vanities," said the Preacher, "*all is vanity!*" There is some dignity in that; but your "wounded Deer," who is "discountenanced by the whole Herd," conjures up the idea of "the big round tears coursing each other down his *innocent* nose, in piteous chase!" in a manner that sorts but poorly with Ducal dignity, although it may serve to "point a moral," if not to "adorn a tale!"

Truly, there is much to weep over; but—"we must have no *whining here!*" The fiat has gone forth; and, if you claim to be considered Conservative, and to be represented in the Government in the person of your son, you may not "do what you like with your own," not even in the matter of weeping. Nevertheless, there is *some* cause for that; and, with regard to your Grace, the strong inducement serves to explain, if not to excuse, the part you have chosen to assume—that of the Political Niche, all tears.

Why, what a catalogue of wrongs is yours!—You have only sought to oppress Jew and Gentile alike, substituting for the faggots of Smithfield, and the gridiron of Front De Bœuf, the consuming peual fires of Acts of Parliament, framed in the spirit of Anti-christ in relation to religion, and in the spirit of insanity in regard to their temporal policy;—you have only desired to render the representative system a mockery, by debasing the House of Commons into an assembly of nominees of the order to which you belong;—you merely asked the perpetuation of the abuses and frauds of the old usurping Corporations, who have left, for the most part, a Bankrupt's Legacy of litigation and ex-

pense to their successors;—you would have been satisfied with the unmitigated taxation of Broad, that the Poor might be more poor, and the Rich more rich;—you only preferred the bloated ineffectivity of the old Moulshie Chapters to extending the usefulness of the Church;—you had no worse wish toward Ireland than the continuance of that Policy but for which Repeal would never have been heard of, and, but for the discontinuance of which, in some measure, Repeal might now be;—and, to crown all this, you did but strive to keep the People in ignorance, with no worse consequences portending than criminality and misery to them—and a dangerous violence, if not a social chaos, for all!—This is *all* you have sought; and then, when you have “differed” from others on these points, you have, as you say, “never done so from waywardness or faction; but as a painful performance of a duty—from an inward persuasion that, though interest and ease forbade it, principle and conviction dictated and required it. These have been, and you trust will ever continue to be, your motives, your incentives, and your guides; and, though you will not pretend to assert that you have been right, you can safely declare that you believed yourself not to have been wrong!”

And thus it is that, according to the old saying, “Hell” becomes paved. As Falstaff was a coward upon instinct, so are you a sinner upon principle! Upon principle intolerant to the Catholics,—upon principle a persecutor of the Jews,—upon principle a Boroughmonger,—upon principle an usurper and a corruptionist in Municipal Corporations,—upon principle a Bread-taxer,—upon principle as favourable to the least utility at the largest cost in Church as in State,—on principle an oppressor of Ireland,—and upon principle the enemy of National Education.—Why, what principles are yours! For these, not from “waywardness, or faction,” but from an “inward persuasion,”—for these, “as a painful performance of a duty,”—have you sacrificed “interest and ease,” to your “convictions;” you are not quite sure you were “right;” but quite clear that you did not think yourself “wrong;” and the end is, amid all this uncertainty, the certainty of wounds so painful, that you cannot hide your sores from the public gaze; and you stand forward to enact, *à la mode* de Grecian Statues, the weeping figure on the monument of your own departed greatness, asking for the sympathy

which is a little less than pity, and ohnoxious to the scorn which degenerates into contempt.

For, as your motives were excellent, so are your wrongs great: you have got nothing—counting a Commissionership of Woods and Forests, in the person of a Son, and a Colonelcy of Yeomanry Cavalry, a sort of play and pay concern, the emolument only being forthcoming when you are out on what is facetiously called duty—counting these in the same category in which Elliston placed Fish.—You have got nothing, then, according to your own statement, which I do not dispute, by doing “what you would with your own;” and not only have you got nothing, but you have lost much. You have lost, “errors excepted,” £200,000 by the “Confiscation” of your Borough property, when the Stolen Representatives were restored to the People by schedules A and B. Doubtless, *you* think yourself entitled to compensation: what compensation were the People entitled to for the long period, during which the possession of their Stolen Property was usurped by you? King George the Third gave you a Lieutenantcy, with “paternal benignancy,” in compliance with your own request; but Queen Victoria “unceremoniously discarded” you, “*merely*,” as you say, because you “disdainfully resented the molestations of one of Her Majesty’s High Officers,”—which is the “Wounded Deer” mode of describing the grossest insult to his Sovereign, in the person of Her most Exalted Officer—the Lord High Chancellor Cottenham; here also is the additional grievance, that, when dismissed, you were “robbed without compensation,” as much as with your Boroughs,—for, “having had the honour to serve four Sovereigns, you may be permitted to remark that the *per contra*, in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, was the payment for the Patents on every occasion. No great profit here!” as if the Crown and the Government should, in your estimation, have discharged the cost; the same “paternal” Monarch gave you a Robin-Hood-ship of Sherwood Forest, but you appraise it at its full value, it did not yield you “one sixpence of emolument.” Then the Garter was forced upon you, and that also you appraise;—you “may be permitted to mention that the fees are on a scale commensurate with the honour.” Why what a huckstering spirit is this! Consider, my Lord Duke, how inconsistent this may seem in the eyes and the estimation of thinking men, with that sacrifice of ease and interest, to convictions

and principles, which you profess, and come down from your pedestal, for very shame, if you have nothing better to weep over than an unsatisfactory Balance-sheet struck between yourself and your past career.

Nevertheless, though the uses and the ends of a Tory Aristocracy be resolvable into the commonest Arithmetic of the Counter—though it be based in selfishness, carried on with a full knowledge of its original purpose, and the profit and loss be as keenly estimated as any mercantile transaction could be, we have, in addition to the moral spectacle of the thing itself, in its extremest rankness, asserted, defended, nay, even tricked out with convictions and principles, yet terminating in the bitterest, not to say the most despairing disappointment—we have supplied, in the mode in which your Grace has chosen to set forth and appraise your Sorrows, a means of also setting forth the Money Value which principles, just in their nature, and convictions founded in a wise experience, might have been to you. You might have kept your Lieutenancy, and saved yourself the discredit of the cause through which you lost it;—you might have done better than under the play and pay Yeomanry system, and aspired to something higher than a Robin-Hood-ship of Sherwood Forest. Clearly you would have never invested £200,000 in the purchase of nomination Seats in the House of Commons; and this you would have saved, together with the “prodigious losses and sacrifices” of which you speak, as “entailed” on you “by feeding the interest, by Contests, Petitions, and, finally, by their Parliamentary Confiscation.” You would have saved all this; you would have saved, in addition, *yourself* from the pain of avowing, as part of your case, that your “circumstances” have “required your retirement for a season;”—the discredit to your order—to yourself—to the system you have all through life supported—would have been spared; and instead of all this, and the cause of all this, and the pecuniary consequences of all this, the “*per contra* in pounds, shillings, and pence,” might have stood on as favourable a side of the account, as sterling a test, according to what seems to be your mode of rating it, as the public gratitude, would have stood, and have been, according to my views, of the wisdom, and the justice, and the expediency, of a principle, and a conviction, and a policy, the antipodes of your own.

COTTON TWIST.

London, March 28, 1845.

THE MAYNOOTH GRANT.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—When the late King William gave token, in 1835, of the hereditary failing, by dismissing the Whigs, on the accession of Lord Althorp to the House of Peers, much was said and made on the concentration, for the time, of all the great offices of the State in the person of the Duke of Wellington. Is this constitutional doctrine a mere question of form, or of principle? because, if of principle, it is very certain that the same objection applies at present to the course of Sir Robert Peel. He has always acted as his own Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his own President of the Board of Trade; sometimes as his own Home Secretary and Colonial Minister; as for the Foreign Office, one might forgive him for that, seeing that the “head and front of the offending” in this particular is the “Egyptian darkness enlightening midnight” in the other House; and now he is his own self-appointed Minister of Instruction and Religion—with all his enlogised ability and exquisite mastery of detail! To be sure, he may have two reasons for that—first, that peculiar reflective appreciation

Which makes *dear Self* in every word prevail,
And *I* the little Hero of each Tale;

or, secondly, a very proper estimation of the capacities of the several puppets of his administration, whose motions he superintends, like a showman at poor old extinct Bartholomew fair, and then throws them into a basket when he has done with them; but, at all events, it seems to me that he might treat the House of Commons with a little less considerate regard for its extent of intelligence, give them some credit for knowing something, and not proceed so much in the style of a March of Intellect Lecturer, who patronises whilst he expounds, and teaches the A B C of his subject in the same breath with which he illustrates the art of spelling and putting Science and the Arts together. “A B spells ab; $2 + 2 = 4$; you can’t do this; you sha’n’t do that; now hear

in mind to other! You may continue to do what you are now doing; you may do nothing; you may do something else!" Such is the staple of a speech from Sir Robert Peel.

But there are higher questions than these—has the State a conscience? and have public men a rag of principle to cover their political nakedness? In short—parodying the "What's Taxes?" of the full fed footman—I may well ask—What's Principle? I suppose a man may as well "talk of the Deluge," as of Peel, in the days of "Protestant Ascendancy," with reference to Peel now; nevertheless, I cannot but recollect that I petitioned and agitated for Catholic Emancipation when Sir Robert Peel was fêted as the Champion of Catholic Persecution, and I am as little likely to forget the principles which actuated me on that occasion, as Sir Robert Peel seems likely to remember any other principle higher than temporary expediency, in the whole course of his political career.

The issue of that struggle is well known; the *rationale* of it is not so well understood. It has been said that Sir Robert Peel carried Catholic Emancipation: the assertion is not true;—English sympathy with Irish oppression carried it. Sir Robert Peel had the necessary amount of brute force at his disposal to enforce a continuation of the Catholic Disabilities, and, whatever poetical patriots may say, Ireland *might* have been kept at the point of the sword. I will do Peel the justice to believe that he had the will to keep things as they were, had he seen his way clearly to a successful fidelity towards the friends of his life, and the Party which had given him power; but the mental strength—the governing mind of this England, whatever was the extent of the popular feeling adverse to that influence, said—No! the Mind of the Country prevailed, as it always eventually will, over the Brute-force; and Peel and Co. yielded to the State necessity. Why should I thank him for that? To march from the field, though defeated, with the honours of war, is to attain a moral elevation as high in the indifferent judgment, and in some cases higher, than by victory itself;—to fall utterly "is honour, *if* in honour's cause;" but to go over to the enemy, in the anticipation of defeat—though, by the act of facing about, the moment you have crossed the lines, you occupy the position of the vanguard of the victorious army—has been generally, and I think truly, consi-

dered the very reverse of an honourable or an honest course. This changing of sides, and shifting of colours, as the prospects of success continue to change and shift, is, at the best, a questionable matter; but, at all events, before it is done, the existing Commission should be surrendered, and the ancient Uniform be laid aside.

For these reasons, I cannot listen with any satisfaction to the new-born liberalities of the Premier, because I am destitute of all faith in their heartfelt sincerity; and when, as in this Grant to Maynooth, I find, as in all his other plans, so much to object to, on principle, in the mode in which he seeks to carry out his views, I ask the same liberty to dissent, and the same facilities for stating my reasons for dissenting, as I have asked, obtained, and exercised, in relation to the Tariff.

Far be from my lips, and farther from my thoughts, any appeal to the cry of No-Popery; for, although a Protestant in my heart of hearts, and therefore no advocate for Popery, as a cry it is one which I always disliked in the mouths of the most honest, whilst I cordially detested it in the uses to which it was applied. But I happen to be a Protestant, as I have intimated, for all that; and, in common with thousands of others, I see a vast distinction between refusing to persecute the Catholics with penal enactments, and being compelled to contribute out of my private means to support a Church which, as a Christian, I cannot conform to, and which, as a Politician, I believe to be opposed to the liberties and prosperity of the World.

Now, let me not be misunderstood for a moment. I pass no judgment on the Catholic Religion; I go further than many Protestants in believing its members to hold an essentially Christian Faith; but, as a Church, with all its institutions, and forms, and ceremonies, and inducements, and extrinsic creeds, I cannot conform to it; whilst as a Political Institution, I recognise it in the grave defects I have adverted to; and, therefore, whilst I pause, I think with a feeling of Christian tolerance, on this side persecution, I pause also, I think with as Christian a feeling of what is due to conviction and principle, on this side of active encouragement; and this I should scarcely think it worth while to say for myself, did I not feel assured that in it I speak the conviction of thousands of my Countrymen, however adversely Parliament and Peel may deal with their views and wishes on this subject.

It may be said that the same argument would apply to the Established Church of this country; and that the principle being admitted in England, a little extension in Ireland is a mere matter of detail. That is the Peel argument for trebling the grant, with something more, to Maynooth; and people have only to apply it to the Income Tax to perceive its fallacy at once. Nevertheless, there is this difference in the principle,—that there is no such marked distinction between the Established Church of England and the great hulk of the Dissenters, as between Protestantism as it exists in England, and Catholicism as it exists in Rome; and again, until a majority of the people resolve to adopt the Voluntary System entirely, and to have no State Church at all, the majority will ever choose the Established Church to be of the sect to which itself belongs. Apply *that* principle to Ireland, if you will, out of respect to the Channel which runs between us, not forgetting, in any such arrangement you may come to, in consideration of things as they are, the Protestant North.

And here is the distinctive principle on which I take my stand: The re arrangement of the Revenues of the Irish Church in their future application, with direct reference to the religion of the Irish People. It may be said—what becomes of your argument against supporting a Church of which, religiously and politically, you predicate such things?—and I meet the question, *in limine*, by answering,—Here is the broad, distinctive line of demarcation between a persecution of, and a premium offered to, a Church from which we dissent. There is a recognised Revenue in Ireland sacred to Religious instruction, and it is appropriated to the inculcation of a doctrine and a teaching repugnant to the People of Ireland. Now this, if we are—adopting the distinctions of the Constitutional Lawyers—to treat Ireland as an Acquisition, is unjust; and, if we are to treat her as a Conquest, it is unwise. I will not enter into the dogmas of sects so far as to seek to thrust *my* belief down the throats of others at the point of the Bayonet, nor will I despoil them of their endowments, on any other principle than that of our own Reformation,—the principle that a majority of the People have outgrown the corruptions of the existing Church, and will its Reform. But the proposition of Sir Robert Peel goes beyond that: he proceeds on the principle that two wrongs make a right; he says let this injustice stand, and I will add another; and, while he ap-

poals to Liberals, to help him against the No-popery of Mr. Plumptre; in his Endowment of Maynooth, he appeals to the Ultra-Protestantism of Sir Harry Inglis to help him against the proposition of Mr. Ward, who desires that the means of doing this should be taken from that particular pocket into which the Revenues of the Catholic Church in Ireland have gone.

And this is the true principle—the proper distinction between persecuting the Roman Catholics of Ireland and taxing the Protestants of this Country for the support of a Church they disapprove. I do not expect to please the Ultras of either school—liberal or illiberal; but I say, with a confidence equal to that of the good man departed, Sydney Smith—*I am in the right!* and I ask the Protestant Churchmen and Dissenters of England to look at the thing for a moment in this light, and to ask of themselves—What do they lose, in substantial, for the sake of a shadow in the running stream? As an Institution for Christianising a Country, the Protestant Church in Ireland is an Historical failure! Why? It began in usurpation, and became, in effect, what it was felt to be from the first—a spiritual tyranny. To support this, and to foster a senseless cry, and an equally senseless fear, Ireland, instead of being a wall to England, and a tower along the steep abutting on our seas, is a trouble in time of peace, and a terror in the periods of war: in the one case she is held at the sword's point; and, in the other, she takes a fleet of ships to protect us, not her, from our enemies, whom she looks upon as friends. Give them their Church, and trust rather to the Truths you teach, and to the influence of the missionary spirit, than to a few hundred thousand a year, but a small portion of which is applied to preaching the Gospel for any practical use or end.

Agitate for this, and you will do something; pursue your present divided and jealous course, you do but support a course of Tory Misgovernment, which has no better means of patching the difficulties, and healing the wounds, it creates, by your sufferance, than by coming to your pockets for the means of buying off opposition to its rule, in the Sister Country, by bribing its Landlords, and subsidising its Priests. The misgovernment of Ireland, in this respect, costs this country, says the Reverend Sydney Smith, a million a year to keep the continual ferment from absolutely bursting the vessel which contains it. Peel himself

admits that its exemption from Income Tax is one of his choice expedients for keeping the peace; and *that* he estimates at £200,000 a year, although it is more likely double that sum; and now you are to be taxed in one sum of £30,000 for rebuilding a Popish Seminary, and to be saddled with an Annual Tax of £26,360 for its support—equal, at the present rate of interest, to a capital sum of nearly £1,000,000 sterling!

Lord Sandon hails the Grant as a restitution of part of what the Catholic Church has been despoiled of. As a sensible Protestant, I have no objection to a restoration, on the basis of a compromise, with reference to the existing revenue of the Church in Ireland, and the Religious division of the People there; but, in common justice, the Protestants of England have a claim to have the ten pickers and stealers of Sir Robert Peel kept out of their pockets for any such purpose. Let him go to the *proper* Treasury, and strike a balance between contending parties in Ireland as quickly as he can. In the mean time, these Grants constitute two more items in Peel's Price—with this addition, that they tax our consciences far more deeply than they do our purses; and when it is said that they do but stretch our consciences a little further, I treat that argument with all the contempt which sheer Official insolence deserves.

COTTON TWIST.

London, April 4, 1845.

THE MAYNOOTH TAX.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR—Much indignation has been wasted on the character of Sir Robert Walpole, and still the horror has been deepest at the recollection of his saying that “Every Man had his price.” That might, or might not, have been said in the sad and solemn recognition of a bitter fact—he had found it so; but, however that may be, it is very certain that, for all the influences of an evil example, Sir Robert Peel has done more to demoralise the Political World, than Sir Robert Walpole ever did. Were I a Puritan of old I might well raise the Bible-Shout—“To your Teuts, oh Israel!” for what of art or part have the people of this Country in the shifting, tricky, patchwork policy of the Tamworth and Apsley House administration, which mocks its principles by its practices, and condemns its practices by its principles; but since I am not a Puritan of old, I have only to shut my eyes, and to close my ears, and to turn my back on the noisy chaos I neither understand nor care about, and ask of myself, and of the Readers of your paper—Why this Maynooth Grant and Tax? and—What potent conjuration is to be effected by its Spell?

There is no necessity for its being carried. If those who, from purely religious scruples, dissent from the proposition, in toto, of all grants of Protestant money to Popish purposes, would but combine with those who, upon purely political convictions, believe that the bulk of the Irish Church Revenues should be applied to the support of the Faith of the bulk of the Irish People, Peel would have to seek another mode of governing Ireland than the exceedingly vulgar one of taxing the People of England to supply the estimated bribe. And why should they not so combine? Granted, the Religious scruples, which those who profess them would term deep-seated, may be as far-fetched as those who dissent from them may choose to say they are; and granted again, that the Political convictions may be latitudinarian in the estimation

of others, however just or expedient they may be held by those who hold them—if there, nevertheless, be a common ground of meeting, involving no compromise of principle, why should not that ground be occupied, to the discomfiture of the mutual foe?

If, indeed, those who, from religious scruples dissent from the proposition—To tax their Protestant Pockets to build, and permanently support, a Catholic Establishment, carry that fair and intelligible proposition farther, crossing the straight line of toleration, and avowing a disposition to coerce a majority in that freedom of conscience which they claim for themselves, something might, indeed, be said for them, did they decline to unite for the purpose of defeating this Grant and Tax, because of the far-seen consequences to the entire Revenues of the Irish Church: that might readily be understood, and one might say of it—here is personal martyrdom for the sake of the general faith! But that is not the case: the scruples for conscience sake take no such ground; and the anomaly, and the want of consistency, exist on the side of those who really think there ought to be an equitable adjustment of the Church Revenues, in Ireland, on the basis of the relative numbers of its population, with regard to their several sects.

It may be in the contemplation of some, to solve the difficulty of private patronage, and Orange antagonism in Ireland, by saddling the hurthen of supporting its Catholic Priesthood on the backs of the People of this Country, and Maynooth may, possibly, be but the beginning of troubles—the small, blunt end of the wedge, painfully inserted, of the driving home of which let us all take heed in time. And let those who think such a thing take heed also; for the Spirit of the Reformation is not dead amongst us, though it sleep; and even the Puseyite, who came to curse, may remain to pray!

But can those who look forward to an equitable adjustment of the Irish Church Revenues, with reference to the Religions of the Irish People, doubt, for one moment, that every one such measure as this of Peel's, is a step in the wrong direction, a step backwards from the existing vantage ground, on which at once it erects an outwork—a very wall, to oppose all attempt at retrieving the lost position once more?

There cannot be a doubt about this, and for what purpose or good is it done? Peel's purpose we can readily understand. Ireland has its price, and he pays it: "Small blame to him," as O'Connell might say, he pays it with Money not his own. Plenty to get and nothing to do, is to feed future Beresfords fat, in the Irish Church, as by Orangemen established; and with £30,000 to begin with, and £26,000 a year secured, not forgetting "possibilities," Peel buys off the rough music which the Liberator promised him, and goes to Ireland to be cheered instead, in the company of the Queen.

But, *cui bono*? No doubt it is good for the Professors and the Scholars, who will be lodged, and clothed, and fed, and taught at England's expense. That may be a good thing, *per se*, or it may not be; but however good it is, let the cost fall on the proper pocket. It is for Ireland, let Ireland pay it; or, what is the same thing, let the Irish Church Revenues pay it, and I shall not complain. There are scores of Professors and Scholars in this country, who would think, and find, it equally good to be well lodged, and fed, and taught, and clothed, at the public expense; but what would Ireland think of exclusive Protestant seminaries so supported? Look at the immensity of good effected by the Protestant Dissenters of this Country—the Baptists—the Wesleyans;—their Missionary efforts, no less in the cause of Education than of Religion—the Districts rescued by them from an almost ahoriginal ignorance—the Schools they have established: have they deserved no help? They are peaceful citizens, paying Income Tax, living respectably in the fear of God and the Queen's peace: what help have they had? Where are the £30,000 Grants to build their Colleges; the statutory incomes of £26,000 a year for their support? These exist not: the Protestant Dissenters of England have helped themselves, and God has helped them; and where is the persecuting spirit of civilly asking the plain question—Why should these Protestant Dissenters of England be taxed to support a College, exclusively Papistical, at Maynooth?

No doubt the grant is good for Mr. O'Connell. It comes to help him out of a difficulty. Whither to turn from the mischief of his own making he knew not; the creation of his hand had become his master; there was rebellion, not to say in his camp, but in the very tent and councils of the

general; the word of promise to the ear had been pretty palpably broken to the heart of the mere dupe; and, at the very last shift, with scarcely a point left to turn upon, it helps him out of the difficulty, supplies him with a new cry, enables him to add Peel to Repeal, and to point the attention of his "fighting men" to the safety valve of America, as to a place where the superfluous pugnacity of his hearers may be exhausted with greater personal security to himself.

But what is the benefit to Ireland? It is a grievous mistake to suppose that it can help the *vexata questio* there. Ireland wants elevation in the social scale;—it wants food, or rather—for that is the fearful anomaly—food existing concurrently with the wasting for food—it wants the employment which should furnish the means of substantial feeding; and Sir Robert Peel endows a College for its Priesthood! I do not quote Dens' theology—I have nothing to say about the "Whore which sitteth on Seven Hills,"—of the "Little Horn," or the "Number of the Beast:" that is no part of my purpose or my plan; and I hope I have as keen a sense as most men have of the excellency of a Collegiate Education in its proper place, and for its proper uses. But it may well be doubted—the direct practical utility of such an Establishment, with reference to the condition of Ireland as it is. It was not with such means that Wesley fought in his mission of Spiritual regeneration; if he had sought such means he would have sought in vain: could he have found such means, they would have proved as unfitted for his work as the armour of Saul was unfitted to the exigency of David; and what have the universities of England done for the physical condition of the People? The expedient may serve for a time, as any tub may serve to amuse the whale;—you cannot reconcile him to the Harpoon for all that, or abate the danger of the attempt, though you conjure like a Lapland Witch, and row like a Shetlander.

And for this questionable and inadequate purpose, what do you do? Evoke from its slumbers a Spirit which all who love peace and quietness desired to let sleep on; and add to the latent dislike of the Doctrine, the feeling of unprovoked aggression. Nobody wanted to meddle with the faith of the Catholics; none but a very few, and those powerless and uninfluential, existed in any thing like an active state of Antagonism to the Church of Rome. Protestants in general were content to be such, and to prove them-

selves such by their ordinary religious observances alone; and now Sir Robert Peel comes to awaken the old prejudices, to stir up the ancient animosities, to revive the forgotten crusade, and to excuse, if not justify, the public assertion and vindication of Protestantism versus Roman Catholicism, by an unwarrantable attack upon the purses and consciences of the people of this Country, in support of a Religion which they have renounced, and which, if probed to the quick, they will tell you in their very hearts they abhor.

The stimulating of this feeling into renewed activity is the gratuitous act of Sir Robert Peel; and the mischievous consequences it will engender is part, and the very worst part, of the price we have to pay for his government; and all, it seems to me, all for no better reason than that he may go to Ireland with the Queen, and escape being hissed and pelted from *Conciliation Hall*.

COTTON TWIST.

London, April 11, 1845.



A PLEA FOR THE PROTESTANTS.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Among the questions which quiet people ask of each other, whenever a momentary lull in the universal shout gives them opportunity for hearing their own voices, the one most often recurring is—What can have induced Sir Robert Peel to bring forward this Maynooth Endowment precisely at this present juncture of time?

Some look upon it as a bit of gratuitous treachery, enacted for the purpose of keeping his hand in;—other some, as a mere blundering attempt to furnish an historical parallel to 1628 9;—other some, as a vulgar expedient for extorting a cheer from Conciliation Hall;—other some, as a sudden swelling up of the Bladder—a premonitory symptom of its bursting;—and other some, as a novel species of Test Act for ascertaining whether the People of England will bear the saddle of a second State Church in Ireland, carrying the two Episcopacies on one broad back, like the two Poor Knights in the Shield of the Order of St. John.

But, whatever be the motives of Peel, three things are very certain:—1st. Ireland did not ask for this Endowment; 2d, There existed no new and pressing necessity for the experiment; and, 3d, It is, like all Peel's expediencies,—for principle is manifestly with him entirely out of the question,—an expediency begun at the wrong end.

Now, upon this first point, in proof that Ireland did not ask for the measure, we have Mr. O'Connell's positive assurance that, though he will take it as an earnest of future favours, he would have scorned to solicit an instalment so inconsiderable, in relation to his full demand. Nor did the circumstances of Ireland call for any hasty manifestation of good intentions on the part of Her Majesty's Government; for the Repeal Agitation had notoriously subsided into a state of efficiency scarcely equal to the financial requirements of Conciliation Hall; and the notorious divisions of its Councils promised to furnish a suffi

cient diversion to satisfy the statesmanship of a Peel. Nor is the measure of a nature to confer indemnity for the past or to give security for the future;—in both of which respects, it begins decidedly at the wrong end; for it is perfectly certain, however men may differ on the principle, or whatever that exceedingly small personage, Mr. Goulburn, may say, that the Endowment of the Roman Catholic Clergy, not of Schools for their Education, is the only practical Statesmanship of which this question is susceptible; and to act as Peel has acted, unless England is to support the Clergy too, is to adopt the chivalric folly of giving the enemy great meals of Beef, and supplying them with Store of Ammunition, before we fight them; or, to use a simile of more consonant vulgarity, it is lending Massaniello a grindstone to sharpen his gutting knife upon, before we send the Tax Gatherer into the Market Place to collect the Revenue most abhorred.

A wise statesman would have taken measures to lighten the pressure of the unpopular impost first; and had a disposition been manifested, caring for existing rights, and looking to existing religious wants in Ireland—to treat, beginning with the sinecures of the Irish Church, the whole revenues of that Establishment, as a fund sacred to the purposes of religious instruction, with reference to the several creeds of the Irish People, I cannot help thinking that the principles of Civil and Religious Liberty would not have been appealed to in vain; and that a sufficient diversion would have been created to have given time for the better sense of England to triumph over so much of the question as is an Historical prejudice, and, practically, inexpedient, impossible, and unjust.

But the principle of Sir Robert Peel's measure is—that two wrongs make a right. Nevertheless, you cannot remedy one wrong by creating another, for all that. For the last twelve years has Peel been threatening the Whigs with the Clerical Justice for daring to look over the hedge; and now, finding the gate unbarred, he walks into the Paddock, and steals the Horse he was appointed to watch. An Old Bailey Counsel, who goes the Northern Circuit, calls it "restitution:" the process is peculiar, viewed in that light: A steals B's horse, and then, hue and cry being made, compounds the felony, by restoring to him the horse of C, which he steals also! Now, granting that the Irish Church be as

grievous an injustice—as intolerable a tyranny, as those who take that view of the question declare it to be, the answer is—Reform it! Take the true and only ground, and do not indemnify an oppressed Sect out of the oppression of others; for that is not to right one wrong, but to make another.

Then look at the immediate result, as at one means of judging of the tree by its fruit: it is all dissension, turmoil, and war. The very dykes of party are broken up, and politicians and public men run about like rats, shrieking *Sauve qui peut!* Some taking refuge in the very lap of Peel, some finding posts or pillars as a rallying point of their own, some seeking security on the same raised mounds with animals whose natures they abhor! Peel is at issue with his late convenient foe, Mr. Recorder Shaw; Lord Ashley is encountered by his Short-hours colleague, Mr. Milnes; Mr. Duncombe is opposed to Mr. Hume; Lord John Russell is said not to be averse to “appropriation,” which Lord Palmerston regards with horror; Mr. Bright joins issue with Mr. Cobden; and, to sum up the measure of folly, Stenton and Coningsby are rival champions in the Lists!

Now, out of all this chaos, the only intelligible principle or thing evolved is the Protestant rally it has occasioned, and the Anti-Catholic crusade it has, unfortunately, provoked; and, however I may regret the crusade—however I may deplore the consequences, always disastrous to a Country, of internal political warfare,—however certain I may feel that the Premier of England has done more to embitter the feelings of hostility between England and Ireland than O’Connell ever did or could do—wide—all but irreparably wide, as the rupture may be,—I cannot help feeling, and expressing the grave and painful conviction I feel, that the Protestant principles of this Country are at present too much underrated and disregarded, and that they are not treated with the respect which is due to them at the hands of our Politicians and Public men.

It is said of the Movement, antagonist to this measure, that it is bigotted—persecuting—intolerant—illiberal; and that it breathes fire and talks nonsense. I am as little likely to sympathize, as any who say this, with the Stowells, or the Hugh M’Neilles; but there is such a thing as an ultra liberality which is at peace with all men, because

it surrenders every principle in contention to begin with. Lord Ashburton, now, would settle the Oregon question very readily upon this basis; and, of old, the sheep acted upon the same method, when they sent their dogs away from the fold and gave hostages of their lambs to the wolves. The mouths of the Stowells and the M'Neiles cannot be stopped, and perhaps they have a latent feeling of thankfulness to the Premier for supplying a second string to their fiddle; again, the noisiest people are heard loudest amid the roar; but those who would judge of this agitation by tests such as these, have much to seek, and more to learn, before they can understand its depth and purpose.

For the substantive strength of the People is Protestant: witness what has been done in Kent—witness what is doing at Greenock. Nonsense—or what is deemed nonsense, in the estimation of those who live so far apart from prejudice that they refine the question at issue down to nothing—nonsense may be said, at times, even by the best-intentioned, in moments of excitement. But if the merits of a Movement are to be tested by the nonsense uttered in its favour, what becomes of the Reform Bill agitation, in the course of which three-fourths of what was said was nonsense, and very decided nonsense too. The fact is, that more men can think, feel, and conclude rightly, than know how to reason logically; and, therefore, the strength and the justice of the Movement are not to be brought down to the level of every loose word that may be uttered in its favour, during the momentary excitement of a Public Meeting.

But, it is said, why attack the Catholics? and the answer is—why attack the Protestants? The Protestants were quiet enough until it was proposed to endow Popery at their expense; but, that proposition once made, the religious ground of opposition, and the distinctions on which it is based, became at once, necessarily, the *res gestæ* of the matter at issue between us and Peel. In the estimation of the Catholics, the Protestant Church is schismatic; in the estimation of every Christian, schism is, *per se*, a sin: the Protestant is then bound to believe that the foundation of his protest is an essential part of his creed, or, failing this, he stands self-convicted of the sin of schism: all that follows, follows in strict logical sequence from the premises; and no educated Catholic would resort to the

argument which such liberal censors employ. Why do the Protestants rally? Their consciences are violated. In what are their consciences violated? It is proposed to compel them to endow a Religion they have renounced. What Christian principles are involved? Distinctions in principle broad as these:—and then follows the catalogue. This is not to attack Popery, but to defend Protestantism. This is not persecution, but the repelling of persecution;—a parry, not a lunge—a shield, not a sword: those are to blame for the consequences who give occasion by the provocation, and no intelligent Catholic would, or could, complain of it. The Roman Catholics of Ireland may have grievances, but their remedy is not here.

It is, however, sought to be shown that the existing Grant to Maynooth is as much a violation of this principle as the proposed new Tax; but this is not true; nor are the Protestants of England to be essayed down, in this summary manner, by the brightest Edinburgh Reviewer of them all. The Maynooth Grant is a Money Vote of the House of Commons, annually come to and annually protested against; and the People of England, desiring to live in peace—not seeking to be captious for trifles, and looking distrustfully at the motives of the agitators in this small matter, have wisely balanced one against the other, and considered the Anti-Maynooth Grant Petition a very well-measured set-off for the Maynooth Grant. No national responsibility was involved in the matter, which attached, indeed, to those only who took part in it. An Endowment, and such an Endowment—pointing as it does to more beyond, an undefined more, limited only by the temporary necessities of a Government devoid of all principle, and led by a man who has betrayed all who trusted him, is quite another thing; and the Protestants of England ask to be informed what the end of this thing is to be? There is no answer to the “darkness of the future,” the “what may happen within the next century,” of that exceedingly shallow person, Mr. Goulburn, but scorn and contempt. It is calculated that Maynooth is to turn out “500 Educated Men” per annum—what is to become of them? Taking the average of their lives at 25 years, what is Ireland to do with 12,500 priests? It may be said—all will not turn to the Priesthood—that would be too Egyptian a state of society, even for Ireland. What then, why should Protestant

England pay for a pauper University Education for Irish Catholic Laymen? Turn it which way you will, the position is equally untenable—the difficulty equally apparent; and as to the distinction in principle denied, and here insisted on, it is a distinction no less potent and substantial than the distinction between a mere money vote, which, in ordinary cases, the Speaker declares to be passed in the affirmative, when nobody takes the trouble to say either aye or no, and a measure which has to go through all the stages of a first and second Reading, a Committee, a Report and third Reading, a vote that the Bill do pass, a similar process in the Upper House, and an assent from the Crown—thus entering into, and passing through, the very penetralia of the Constitution, and becoming part and parcel of the Law of the Land.

For these reasons, as an English Protestant, I dissent from this measure; I deny the imputation of persecution, and retort it by saying—It is I who am persecuted; and I repeat that the Protestant feeling of the Country is undervalued, and disrespectfully treated, by men whose only excuse is, that they neither know nor understand its depth or purpose. We have been born and bred in this Faith; History reads us lessons which endear us still more closely to it; our daily experience confirms us; we identify it no less with our Eternal Hope than with our moral condition and temporal well-being;—We are Protestants,—born of Protestants, members of a Protestant Church, subjects of a Protestant Government; and, in these respects, we will not that the Laws of England should be changed!

COTTON TWIST.

London, April 18, 1845.

TO THE "REVEREND" HUGH M'NEILE.

SIR,—They tell me you are a "Reverend"—an ordained Minister of the Established Church: thank God! I know nothing of you apart from the Penny-a-liners; but I suppose the statement true, and I am sorry for it. I am sorry for it, because, in that capacity, you are charged with a mission of charity and peace, and you have converted it into a crusade of bigotry and strife.

Dr. Higgins and you should thump the Pulpit Drum from rival Tubs, with ultra Repealers and ultra Orangemen for auditories, and a pleasant prospect of blood and brains to follow. No hope of peace and quietness, or of simple justice either, whilst such brazen throats emulate the Bulls of Bashan, shouting "Jezabel! Jezabel!" and talking of "Parks of Artillery," "English Knaves," "Irish Aliens," "Heretics," "Idolaters," "Guns, Drums, Wounds," and what not!—talking thus, till well-meaning men are driven into a false position by their horror of the sentiment, and their dread of the anarchy it threatens, and until those who, being of firmer purpose, remain true to their principles, lose all efficiency, from the suspicious contact and the difficulty of severing their two grains of wheat from your two bushels of chaff.

I look upon Peel and you as the great enemies of Protestantism: the one has betrayed the Sally-port—the other has un-Christianised the cause, by making it a hy-word for intolerance in spirit, invective in language, dubiousness in facts, and unscrupulousness in means.

I remember a character which Wieland used to personify in one of the Drury-lane Ballets—a grotesque, black figure, the sublime of the ridiculous—an imp of some sort; and this specimen of Stage Diablerie being as active as an ape, peripatetic as an Exeter Hall agitator, and mischievous as Intolerance itself, was continually at issue with the better dispositions of the "picce," and engaged in repeated encounters with its Hero. Now the joke was, that, as often as

the sword of his human antagonist penetrated the dusky covering of the Demon, the point ignited a concealed squib, and forth came a fizzing fire and a very perceptible odour, which seemed to offend the nostrils of the Hero much more than the hissing flame threatened his person or his dress. Such a living bag of combustibles are you!

A Member of Parliament sees in your speech, as reported in the Newspapers—and, amongst gentlemen, what is quoted from Newspaper reports, is always quoted subjunctively—he sees, in your speech so reported, and so would every one else who read it, the Catholic Religion, as taught at Maynooth, placed on a level with theft and adultery; and the laugh of the House of Commons which followed the quotation, and which you, with a miserable and most “profane” assumption of the apostolic character, call a laugh of “profane merriment,” was nothing more than a laugh of scorn and contempt.

I will take your explanation of what you did say afterwards, and enquire how far it helps you, at my leisure: at present, let us see how a “Reverend”—an ordained Minister of that Christianity which added a greater Commandment to the Decalogue, the burden of which was “Love one another,” and which says that of all virtues “the greatest of them all is Charity,”—corrects the error, if error it be, of a public man quoting from the report of a public meeting.

What do you do? You impute Atheism! You think it necessary to remind a gentleman that

“An Atheist laugh’s a poor exchange
For Deity offended,”

impiously linking the name of God in with your trumpatory personal quarrel, and insinuating that “it is quite possible” that Mr. Ward “may not be disposed to defer, as I (to wit—Hugh M’Neile) do, to the paramount authority of the Sacred Volume!”

Now, this is a clear case of saltpetre and sulphur, with an undue admixture of the latter combustible, fizzing out of the hole drilled into your carcase by the small-sword play of the Honourable Member for Sheffield, who, sooth to say, is nimble of wrist, and knows how to tickle a fool or a bigot under the ribs, in a style anything but pleasant to a nervous man, who is conscious of his bodily weakness. You are touched—the squib ignites, and, like Mawworm in the

Hypocrite, it is a source of spiritual congratulation to you that you will "go up," whilst your enemies "go down" to

"The bigot's hell,
Which answers *everything* so eloquently well!"

Why, parodying the epigram of poor old Carolan, we may well, indeed, say,

'Twere a pity Heaven's gates should be kept by *this* Hugh;
Such a friend to Old Scratch would let nobody through!

with which pleasant "flourish of trumpets" enter the "Tom Thumb" of your explanation. You say—

"What I said was, that 'the word of God forbids bowing down to images as explicitly as it forbids theft or adultery. And consequently, that as we could not (without wilful rebellion against God's authority) approve of, or co-operate in, the endowment of a college for instruction in theft or adultery; so neither can we approve of, or co-operate in, the endowment of a college for instruction in bowing down to images.'

"In defence of such a line of argument I refer to an inspired logician. The Apostle James makes this startling statement, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all:' and he assigns the reason of it thus—'For He that said, do not commit adultery, said also, do not kill. Now if thou commit no adultery, yet if thou kill, thou art become a transgressor of the law.' The Apostle estimates transgression not by its quantity, but by the principle of its opposition to the authority of the great Lawgiver. 'He that said, said also!' This is my argument: He that said, 'Thou shalt not steal,' said also, 'Thou shalt not bow down to images.' Now, if you do not steal, or teach men so, yet if you do bow down to images, or teach men so, you are guilty of wilful rebellion against God's authority.

"It is quite possible that you may not be disposed to defer, as I do, to the paramount authority of the inspired volume; and that the Apostle's statement will fare no better in your hands, than mine has done. I am content to be condemned in such company, and rejoice in the assurance that you will be egregiously disappointed, if you expect the people of England to go along with you in any practical 'contempt of God's holy word and commandment.'

"Allow me, then, to call your attention to another passage in the same speech, reminding you, before you read it, of what the Scottish bard well said, when cautioning his friend against evil companionship—

'An Atheist laugh 's a poor exchange
'For Deity offended.'

"It is easy to laugh at all this as the fanaticism of a diseased fancy. It is easy for the fashionable sceptic to turn away with a shrug of ill-dissembled impatience or contempt, from what seems to him such Puritanical vulgarity. It is easy for the statesman who takes nothing into his calculation but human probabilities, and who really worships nothing but human sagacity, to persevere in thinking and deciding and acting as if there were no God. Still it remains not the less true that

Jehovah reigns—the supreme and jealous Ruler over all; not excepting the minds and lives of the men who neglect him, and upon the loftiest, proudest, and most powerful of whom he has but to speak the word, to bring idiocy, despair, or death.—Speech, p. 11.”

Now here is a Christian Minister and an Irish Gentleman for you; here is a person to rub shoulders on the same Protestant Platform with such a man as Jacob Stanley. Truly may it be said that “misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows.” But before I say one word more upon the spirit of this reply, let me give one word of criticism to its letter as it lies.

The Rev. Hugh—and Cry! corrects, from the suspicious source of a revised pamphlet, what was originally stated from a Newspaper Report; and then accuses a gentleman of garbling his speech! The Rev. Hugh chooses to assume that the “Idolatry” of the Decalogue is taught at Maynooth. No doubt the Catholic Religion has much to answer for, but not that: no doubt its lower orders are sufficiently ignorant and superstitious, and, for the matter of that, so are the lower order of Protestants, though not precisely in the same way. This is no place to enter into the large question of Symbolics; but, if the lower order of Catholics find a danger in Symbols, from the difficulty which must ever exist, apart from Education, in the power of abstraction, still there is no pretext for saying that the Idolatry of the Decalogue is taught, either at Maynooth or in any of the Catholic Universities; and every man of decent information ought to know that fact. I detest this Maynooth Endowment as much as any honest man can do; and I detest it more upon the Protestant than upon the Voluntary Principle; but I will not hear a lie told about my enemy, whether in wilfulness or in ignorance; and however ignorant or wilful the Rev. Hugh may be, I protest against his assumption that the Idolatry of the Decalogue is taught at Maynooth; and I conceive it to be the duty of every good Christian to pull this modern “Old Man of the Mountain” from the back of the Apostle, St. James.

Every one sees the different spirit of the two: every one sees the after-thought of the Rev. Hugh—and Cry! every one must see that the Orator was insidiously attempting to place the Roman Catholic Doctrines on the same moral level with theft and adultery. All this is palpable on the very face of your own showing; and you, an ordained Minister of the Church, dare to reply to a fair and open

comment on your sneaking intolerance, by an impudent comparison between yourself and the Apostle James,—by an insinuation that God himself is offended at your being laughed at,—by imputing to your critic a “practical contempt of God’s holy Word and Commandment,”—by the Pharisaic boast that You are “not as other men are, nor even as this publican,”—by a charge of atheism, and by a threat of the Almighty vengeance upon your antagonist, in the infliction of “idiotcy, despair and Death!”

This is to act the part neither of the Gentleman, the Scholar, nor the Christian; and, when you challenge Mr. Ward to meet you in argument, you must first make it possible for a Gentleman, and a Scholar, and a Christian, to comply with your request. In the meantime let me tell you, for your satisfaction, that the Member for Sheffield is not a likely man to fall in your way; and, I sincerely hope, so little harm do I wish you, that, for your own sake, you may not fall in his — I mean at some public meeting where free discussion is allowed. I will tell you why: he is precisely the Man to skin, salt, and turn you out—thoroughly pickled, before you could give out a second verse of your cankerous Scotch Hymn.

From the melancholy spectacle of religion prostituted to anti-religious purposes, it is a comfort to turn and contemplate even a little worldly wisdom on your part. You call upon the Free Traders to abandon their agitation for “The Meat that Perisheth,” and to lay up instead the Spiritual Fodder, supplied by the great Chaff-cutting Establishment of the Rev. Hugh—and Cry! But we, the Free Traders, are not so silly, in reality, as you are, in seeming; and do not suppose, because you have thrust your horns into a bush, that we are utterly blind to the hoof and the tail. A wayfaring man sits dreaming by the river’s side over his afternoon meal, and a lurching bound makes free with the relishing cheese, and takes to the water with his spoil;—shall the wayfaring man play the part of the angry boy, and pelt the felon dog with his loaf of bread? * * *

COTTON TWIST.

London, May 2, 1815.

LORD JOHN'S OMNIBUS MOTION.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Peel is a lucky man;—beginning, and carrying out, the end of Liberal dealing, in principle, on that most Tory practice of rendering the means as expensive and injurious as possible, he wants nothing to secure himself from consequent failure but the universal assent of all parties in Opposition, or in *quasi* Opposition, to play into his hands, by a demonstration of their own greater incapacity to deal with things as they are, with reference to things as they must be; and he gets it! On the side of Protection, he is thus supported by that *Avant-Courier* of the Desert, Sir John Tyrell, by the poetical Monk Milnes singing “Willow, willow!” and by that “farmer’s friend,” Mr. Miess, who, to do him justice, handles his Grease Pots with the grace of a Railway Porter. Be the matter Education, and, however crude the proposition may be, or even unjust, because of its narrow application, we cannot help seeing in it the indications of something better which must follow, by being shocked into a calmer consideration of its merits, through the unreasonable propositions of the new Power in the State—the Catholic Priesthood of Ireland, and the monstrous and unchristian calumnies of the Grattans and the O’Connells. And when we turn to Free Trade, and whilst we find opinion in the balance, as it were, with a slight oscillating tendency in favour of the Whigs, on the question of from which side may we soonest expect this great Problem to be practically solved—as practically solved it must be, in spite of Tory or Whig—when forth steps Lord John, with a laboured demonstration of Whig unfitness to the task, and of personal incompetency either to take that view of the question which the question requires, or of disinclination to deal with it in a shape which can either break or make a Party.

If my object were hostile to Lord John, I might easily dissect his nine distinct claps of thunder, and point out

which was stolen from the Magazine of Mr. Villiers, which from that of Mr. Ward, and so on with all the others, distinguishing between the genuine home article and the broader Transatlantic and Australasian clap: I might very well be enabled to show that these borrowed and bottled Ullages—to give them no harsher title—have proved to be, in their uncorked state, as deteriorated in quality as the bottled lightning of Franklin might have been expected to be, had he succeeded in his wise attempt at bottling the lightning;—but it is enough to point out Lord John's mode of dealing with our subject—the Sybilline Leaves of the Corn Laws; and to announce that the grand proposer of the Great Shoy-hoy proposition of an Eight Shilling Duty is really disposed to propose one of Five or Six Shillings!

Lord John Russell assumes that nobody would propose a lower duty than 4s, nor a higher one than 8s: and he suggests, with becoming hesitation,—5s, or 6s, by way of a compromise! He rejects the idea of a fixed duty with a vanishing point;—"His own opinion is that a small fixed duty would be the best plan, because there is a change in the produce of corn every year:" and he meets the question of total Repeal by saying:—

"If he were asked, Was it necessary to have a fixed duty on corn at all, he would say that in the abstract it was not. Persons might say, 'That being your opinion, why not abolish it altogether?' Such a request was the same as asking a man who had been in the habit of living intemperately to refrain altogether and at once from those things which he had partaken of too freely, whereas a skilful physician would wean him gradually from them, and so establish his health that, in a short period, he might refrain from them with safety. (Hear, hear, hear.) There may come a time, as it did in the article of wool, when a total abolition would be made with great benefit to the country."

And this the *Globe*, in its peculiar diletante style, calls "Practical Statesmanship," in a paragraph, which, for its extra peculiarity, I give entire. Says the *Globe*—

"The manner in which this declaration was met by Mr. Villiers was highly creditable to the section of the Corn-law Repealers represented by that gentleman. It was candid and straightforward; and was not distinguished by any of that tendency to exalt, over all, the one idea—that overzealous thrusting forward of abstract principle, by which the League has lost ground among practical statesmen, almost

as much as it has gained it among the respectable millions of the middle classes, who, like themselves, for the most part, can do everything with and for a principle but choose the proper time to apply it."

Thrusting the *Globe* into its proper position—the last in the consideration of thinking people, let us look at the "bid" of Lord John in a business like way, and ascertain its real worth.

The Drunkard spends his own Money; if he get into Debt he must pay, or be punished through Insolvency or Bankruptcy; but what if he supply his intemperance by picking pockets on the Queen's Highway, is he to be admonished to steal our purse where he formerly stole two, and to diminish his glasses of grog in the same proportion? It requires little skill to perceive that a duty of 4s or 5s, or even 6s, would be a "fixed" duty, which a cautious Chancellor of the Exchequer would be very slow to give up from motives of humanity; and every consideration for the wants of the masses, to whom we owe so much, imperatively command that every Free Trader should make it a *sine qua non* to exempt the simple and strict necessities of life from the pressure of an unequal taxation.

Total Repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws, and such an entire revisal of the Tariff, as shall produce Revenue, not Protection, are the principles we avow and stand by;—and, without the recognition of these principles, not only as principles, but as the only Practical Statesmanship, we acknowledge no Leader, and submit to no party whatever.

And let us look for a moment at the operation of Lord John's proposition. The natural Tax on the importation of Corn ranges on the average from 8s to 10s—nearer the last: Lord John would suggest 5s or 6s Import Duty. Here then is protection to the tune of from 13s to 16s per Quarter! Do you call that Free Trade?

Now look at the childish nature of this higgling about a shilling more or less. What peddling Statesmanship is here! To be consistent, on such a system of Government, the noble leader of the Six Whigs Unattached should not have thrown away so many materials for a compromise at once: he might have suggested, on behalf of the 8s people, a reduction to 7s 9d; and the 4s advocates might have come up to 4s 3d; and so the two might have gone on, bidding penny pieces, and other vulgar fractions of a shilling sterling, until they had met in a central

point, to find the political Stock Exchange clear of all but their two selves, and the Beadle ringing his Bell in their ears, and telling them it was time to shut up shop!

And this is the position, and such are the propositions, of Whiggism in the summer of 1845. My Lord, it won't do—you must stand aside!

One word or two in conclusion, for the *Globe*. It will be news for many, and the *Globe* should have labelled it "Exclusive"—that Mr. Villiers represents a "Section of the Corn Law Repealers;" and the insinuation further is, that between Mr. Villiers and the League, there exists a dissimilarity of views on this question. Nothing can be further from the fact—the object is one, and the Repealers are one; for, let the *Globe* understand, we do not admit the "Moderate Fixed Duty" men to be Free Traders: they are Protectionists;—and they are Protectionists, in my estimation, much farther removed from the "vanishing point," and from the probability of their treating Corn like Wool, than is Sir Robert Peel.

Let the *Globe* sneer at the middle classes: the middle classes can afford to laugh at the sneer; for they are "booked to win." And, as to the application of the abstract principle, it is Lord John and the *Globe* who know not when to apply it; *we* are quite ready, and only only want the opportunity, to do so.

But all this jargon of "Abstract Principle" and "Practical Statesmanship," means just this: An abstract principle in the category of Whig Statesmen and Whig Journalists, is a principle, the justice of which is as irreproachable, as the application of it is inconvenient—to themselves; and "Practical Statesmanship" is that description of measure which may be conveniently carried and fussed about, because nobody cares whether it be carried or not, or considers it of sufficient importance to trouble themselves with questioning its assumed merits.

London, May 30, 1845.

COTTON TWIST.

PRIVILEGE! PRIVILEGE!! PRIVILEGE!!!

Sir : I presume Cotton Twist may be spared for a time :— I mean from questions of Free Trade ; for it must be evident to every one who heard, or has read, the Debate of Tuesday night, that Protection has been tried, convicted, condemned, and left for execution. Mr. Buck and Mr. Bankes memorialise the Government on behalf of the Unfortunate Principle “ now lying under Sentence of Death ; ” but the Home Secretary sees no sufficient reason for interposing himself between its fate and the “ finishing off ” by the “ *Constitutional* officer ; ” the “ *Constitutional* officer,” who performs the last duties upon his private and political friends with the stoic virtue of a Brutus, raps it on the fingers and bids it stop howling and wait his final pleasure ;—and when it turns a despairing look to the Whig Sheriff, whose Fixed Duty was, after all, a protecting one, he admits the principle of Death-punishment, at once, and is prepared to entertain the question of immediate execution, although not himself indisposed to a short reprieve !

It is perfectly clear that Peel, and Russell, and Villiers, might “ Go the Odd-man,” between them, on the question of to-day or to-morrow ! The “ thing ” is dated—gone ! but we must keep up the agitation—boldly, bravely, triumphantly, and—we will ! I will tell you why ; it is a great triumph, and it ought to be brought to its climax triumphantly—triumphantly not only in fact, but in seeming. To set ourselves down before such a fortress, as this monopoly is, was something ; to throw up offences—I cannot call them *defences*, so high that they overtopped the beleaguered city, was something more ; but to silence its great guns—to force its generals from their posts ; to render it tenantless of all but a few toothless old privates, who might march out, for all we care, with the honours of war, if they could carry a musket or had a rag of Colours left—is most. Still, any one can walk through an open gate into an undefended fortress ; let us have the *éclat* as well as the solid advantages of the coming

victory; or, rather, of the coming ratification, since the articles of capitulation are drawn up and pretty nearly agreed on—they only want to be signed and exchanged; let us, I say, then, have the éclat as well as the solid advantages of victory—give the last swing open to the gates with our own hands, and rush in with a Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

We have the £100,000 Fund,—at least, so much of it as has been, not ungrudgingly, spent: a Quarter of a Million Fund, now, to be invested in Forty Shilling Freeholds, would be a mode of “topping off” with becoming spirit. To “point our moral,” Peel might be permitted to bring forward the measure of Total Repeal, if only for the fun and example of hearing him justify the thing as a thing to be done then, specially, and for that time; but “to adorn our tale” at its close, and, in some respects, at its commencement—or, at all events, the commencement of a broader volume—our Quarter of a Million, should all be represented in Parliament by Leaguers and Tenant Farmers, as County Members!

But I beg pardon: I meant to say, at my commencement, not that any man could be spared to turn aside from the work when converging to its final point, as between Protection and Free Trade, but that the Debate of Tuesday must have proved, and must prove, so conclusive to all minds but the “mind agricultural,” as to leave small occasion indeed for any comment or elucidation of mine; and, fearing for one moment that, in my mode of stating it, my meaning might be mistaken, I have, in my dislike of trying back, been betrayed into an exordium as little akin to the proposed subject of this Letter as the reader could well conceive.

That subject is Privilege—Privilege of Parliament; and I advert to it, not because the public seems to interest itself much in the subject—by the way, it does not interest itself one-half as much as it ought in things of the highest importance, while it interests itself twice as much as it ought in things of no importance at all—but because the subject seems to be little understood, it being, at the same time, well worthy the understanding; and because I am such a friend to the institutions of my country, that I do not like to see Parliament—not even the House of Lords, much less the House of Commons—playing the fool: I

would rather see either of them play the rogue—it is a more hopeful game, and not a bit more mischievous.

Thank Heaven one need not recapitulate the old story of Stockdale and Hansard: its consequence, Howard and Gossett, will be enough for our purpose, and a very plain tale will dispose of the windy heroics of Mr. Hume, and the very questionable discretion of Mr. Roebuck, in his attacks upon the Court of Queen's Bench.

But, first, what are the recognised privileges of the House of Commons—privileges which all admit and none dispute? No one denies that it is the Grand Inquest of the Nation: it has the power to summon persons before it, and to require the production of papers, *sic voleo*, and without assigning the semblance of a reason for cause. It has the power to adjudge what is a contempt of its authority; it has the power to commit for that contempt; and the fact stated, that the party has been adjudged by it guilty of contempt, and has been committed, therefore, to the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, is a sufficient answer to any Writ of Habeas Corpus whatever. Be that fact alleged, and the applicant must, and would, be remanded by any Judge or Bench of Judges to the custody of the Serjeant, there to await the pleasure, the magnanimity, the mercy, or the prorogation of the House.

Is not that enough? Many will be inclined to think that it is more than comports with the liberty of the subject; and it is not too much to say, that, did the people not assume that the privilege will not, and dare not, be abused, it could not sustain for one session the shock it would experience from public opinion and public condemnation. But these are the undoubted privileges of Parliament; and if more were required, it is at least doubtful whether that more does not exist. For while Mr. Justice Coleridge denies, my Lord Chief Justice Denman is disposed to admit, that the House of Commons may imprison, by his body, any Subject of the realm, in the first instance, without contempt found or cause assigned. That is to say that, requiring the attendance of a guiltless party, on the mere suggestion or suspicion that he may not come, it may issue a warrant for his seizuro, and so imprison as for a contempt, before a contempt has been committed, or, it may be, even contemplated. And this my Lord Denman,—Coleridge dissentient, and the rest

silent, unless Mr. Justice Williams may be inferentially presumed to take the same view as his Chief—this my Lord Chief Justice Denman thinks the House of Commons may do.—“A rose has fallen from thy Chaplet, Mowbray!”—And, if it be so, it is a power unknown to the Crown, or to any other recognised authority in the State: it is a power which scarcely in one case in one thousand cases could be exercised for good, and in a thousand cases to one case must be exercised for evil. The point, however, is dictum merely; and if ever it should arise and be so decided, will certainly not be taken unresistingly, even from the Court of Queen’s Bench.

Now, such being the undoubted privileges of Parliament, what further privilege does Parliament seek? The privilege of issuing *had* warrants! It is not content with its power of committing a subject to custody, but it claims to commit him without due form of law; it is not satisfied with justifying the acts of its servants by its own directions; but it asserts the right of its servant to justify—excess in action—by a limited authority! The House tells its Sergeant-at-Arms to do a thing certain—he does more—out of all measure more, and they call it a consequence! they intended, all along they intended, more to be done: why did they not say so?

But, what says the Court of Queen’s Bench? There is nothing the Law regards with more jealousy than the Liberty of the Subject: every man who infringes that, upon whatever colour of authority it be, infringes it at his proper peril. *Caveat Actor!*—let him take heed what he does: he must have legal warrant for all; and, if he exceed his warrant, he is a Trespasser.

Now the Sergeant-at-Arms—nothing personal is intended towards him, for he is a gentleman whom we all respect—he justifies under the warrant;—and the House, very cleverly advised in these matters,—as cleverly as Government was advised on the Welsh and Irish Trials, when they were beaten by the blundering of their own Lawyers—had caused the warrant to be drawn up loosely, so as to puzzle the Courts of Law, and avoid the obnoxious jurisdiction; and so it happened that, when Sir William Gossett justified under the warrant, he justified for “keeping the Plaintiff a long time in Custody, and confining him in several rooms,”

under a warrant which authorised him to take into "custody" the Prisoner, solely ! It was a clear consequence in Law, that, under such a warrant, Sir William Gossett was only justified in touching the Prisoner on the shoulder and discharging him from custody in the same breath with which he declared his arrest ; for had he paused, but in the estimation of a second—to take a pinch of snuff—to breathe, there would have been excess, and the plaintiff, however unworthily, must have recovered.

And let not the unlearned reader call this quibbling, or special pleading, or affix to it any of the opprobrious terms too common in the mouths of those who, in their ignorance of the importance of these decried frivolities, as they are blindly designated, adopt the current cant of the day, and laugh at the surest existing safeguards of their liberties and lives. Constitutional Law is at once the sheet anchor of Crown, State, and People ; and well and wisely did that great Constitutional Judge, if not great technical Lawyer, Mr. Justice Colridge, observe, that "Experience has shown that the liberty of the subject, with which we (the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench) are entrusted, is involved in the accuracy, in point of form, of legal proceedings ; for that reason accuracy is required ; and, in that view of it, it is no paradox to say that form becomes substance. The more powerful, therefore, the source, the higher in point of rank, the more strictness ought we to show, the more accuracy may reasonably be required."

With the same vivid feeling of the importance of this proposition, the Reverend Sydney Smith has, in his characteristic mode, remarked that "Guilty men must be hung technically, and according to established rules ; upon a statutable gibbet, with parliament rope, and a legal hangman, sheriff, and chaplain on the scaffold, and the mob in the foreground."

It is, therefore, no argument to fall back on the worthlessness of those, if worthless they be, who may accidentally benefit by the mere mistakes of the House of Commons and its legal advisers. The Petition of Right must not be invaded, and a precedent established for imprisoning the subject "without any cause shown," even in the person of Stockdale's attorney ; for whatever the merits of Sir William Gossett, as the law knows no distinction in fact

between him and the meanest Constable, in the execution of such a duty, or between the "Noblest Assembly of Freemen in the World," and the silliest Magistrate ever included in the Commission of the Peace, the sanctity of our Persons, and the integrity of our Homes, would amount to but little indeed, if any Drunken Constable might exceed at his pleasure the Letter of his Instructions; or any ignorant, or, it may be, malicious Magistrate could shield himself from the consequences by stating in his warrant the fractional part of its intentions, leaving the imagination, or the discretion, of the officer to fill it up, in the execution.

The matter is a very plain matter; "No question of jurisdiction or of privilege is involved;" the House of Commons claims to act upon bad warrants, and in a mode unknown to the law, and the issue cannot be doubtful. Let the House of Commons shake off its intemperate and foolish advisers, and abandon a struggle in which it must be defeated, without a single popular sympathy to excuse its folly or to colour its fate.

COTTON TWIST.

London, June 13, 1815.

(For the Weekly Chronicle.)

THE BULL DOG, THE MASTIFF, AND THE CUR.

A FABLE FOR THE "SMALL" FIXED DUTY MEN.

In Angleton, a pleasant village,—

Where months, than means, alas! grew faster—

For want of good politic tillage,—

Two Dogs once serv'd the self same Master;

A third, from Cupboard or from Shelf,

Took always care to serve—himself!

One was a Mastiff, and as good

A Dog as ever man paid tax on;

His ears bung. as he sat or stood,

Down seemly, like a Judge's Caxon;

His look withal was grave and big,

So, if you please, we'll call him Whig!

The other, of the Bull-Dog breed,

Look'd more of the Plebeian; still he

Was trusty, bravo,—as brave, indeed,

At killing vermin, as Dog Billy:

But he could pin a Bull, though mad,

And lik'd the sport; let's call him Rad!

The third, a yelping, snapping Puppy,

Bred in the kitchens of the great;

Though prone the best bits to snap-up he

Could also lick the dirtiest plato;

And so, to carry on the story,

We'll give to him the nickname Tory!

Now, Whig and Rad were set to watch

The Marble Entrance of a Palaeo,

By their united skill, to match

The craft of Tory's theft and malice;

For She, the Lady, wise and good in

That Palaeo, lov'd no Cur's intruding.

There, as they watch'd, a cunning Man

Tbrow down a tempting bone before it,

And each one, quitting his own can,

Seized each an end, and growled o'er it;

Tben Tory, of their strife availing,

With one sharp yelp sprang o'er the railing.

And found within convenient food

And rest, whilst in each chamber he

Litter'd a nuppy of the Brood;

And all the broom-stick Chivalry

Of Kitchen and of Butler's Pantry

Wore powerless to avoid the Eutry.

Wherefore whilst Whig, all solemn-sad,

Against the gates, in deep contrition,

Presses his anxious nose; and Rad,

Walks into sturdy opposition;

Let us, grown wiser, render glad

The General Hoart by this position—

United, constant, earnest—be

Our one "Fix'd Duty" to be "FREE!"

COTTON TWIST.

SHORT TIME, LORD ASHLEY, AND COTTON TWIST.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Your Correspondent of last week has misrepresented me so grossly, that he must be content to suffer his misrepresentation to cast a reflection either on his common honesty, or his common sense. It would have been undoubtedly "cruel vulgarity," even with reference to Lord Ashley's Legislative folly, to have expressed oneself as "utterly astonished that any man in his senses should have ventured to disturb the tranquillity of the legislature with a measure which, at most, had no more weighty a consideration to recommend it, than making more comfortable, and prolonging for a few years the existence, of a mere Working Man;" but this cruel vulgarity is the sole offspring of that dishonest, or stupid, but too prevalent vulgarity, of mistaking and mis-stating what an antagonist says, which, in my case, was this:—Quoting Lord Ashley's own words, I went on to say,—

"So that among the benefits of legislative interference, we find included—

"Imprimis—The giving up the indulgence of Ham with Tea.

"Item—The exchange of one-fourth less food for one-sixth less toil; and,

"Lastly—A promise of a three years longer average duration of 'Working life.'"

This can hardly be called the *reductio ad absurdum*, since it is but a short copy of Lord Ashley's own statement and showing; and I gave it then, saying and thinking nothing of the "tranquillity" of Parliament, for which, whatever it may be, for I have no clear comprehension of its meaning, I care not one jot—nor yet as thinking the duration of a poor man's life anything but "a weighty consideration"—nor yet with an idea beyond that of making his existence permanently comfortable, but saying nothing of any such argument as that alluded to, and thinking as little

of either—I gave it then, as I repeat it now, as a *most* “cruel” mockery, in itself, of that condition of the working man with which Lord Ashley most ignorantly and most mischievously, if not hypocritically, tampers, to the obstruction and prejudice of the only true means of relief.

Addressing Lord Ashley upon this, his very showing, I went on to say, in the very next paragraph—and, because it convicts your Correspondent of at least a gross and wilful carelessness of his statement, and fully explains my meaning, if any doubt could exist about it from the given quotation, leaving him no excuse for misunderstanding it, you and your readers will, I trust, excuse me in so far quoting myself,—I then went on to say, addressing Lord Ashley—

“I should despair, indeed, of the permanent improvement of the condition of the Working Classes, if, as a body, they are to be misled by such folly as this. Why, is it not apparent that the real mischief lies deeper than such Quacksalving as yours has power to reach? That your process is but a smoothing of the surface of the sore—a driving of the plague-spot inward? The true evil is not excessive labour, *per se*, but *that* necessity which makes excessive labour imperative as a means of existence. Legislate, then, for the freedom of industry—for the extension of markets—for such a healthy state of things as shall make the patrimony of a man’s head and hands a thriving and productive inheritance; and you will, at once, give a power, to be exercised at the individual discretion, the only safe discretion, not only of abridging the hours of work, but of increasing the means of existence, and of furnishing a fund which might make the extension of life a *period of leisure, instead of a prolongation of toil*. Under such a state of things, the man might take his proper place at the Factory, and the woman her only fitting place at home; but to transfer her for two hours a day from attendance on machinery at a Mill, to standing at a washing tub, and turning a mangle at home, is as ridiculous, as an act of humanity, as the whole statement is absurd in principle and false in fact. Under such a state of things, excessive labour might become a matter of choice, but the offer to give up Ham with Tea, and to surrender a meal a day, is as trifling, in reference to the grand question of the permanent improvement of the condition of the People, as the conjuration of a Ten Hours’ Bill is mischievous and delusive.”—*C. T. R., No. X, March, 1844.*

After this, I suppose I may leave my “compound epithets” and “coined sentences” to justify themselves—but, I may add, that I am neither a Capitalist, nor possessed with any abstract love of Capitalists; and as to one-sided party views, and a want of experience—the Reader will judge of that; at all events, my party views go beyond the limited perceptions of Lord Ashley and his mock Phi-

lanthropic Set, as my experience ranges wider than Mr. Gardner's Mill.

But you, Mr. Editor, have taken the only true distinction; and, whether quoting from direct memory, or speaking from general impression only, it will be seen, from the last-quoted paragraph, that you were right in your opinion that I should be found to agree with you in the principle, that agreements, privately entered into, for reducing the hours of labour, are very different things from statutory restrictions upon them

A Mr. Gardner deals out Short Hours in this way, by Experimental Doses, to his Men—he does not venture on the ten hours cry, but he agrees to fifty per cent. of the thing demanded, and he finds that it pays him so well, that he is disposed to give a twelvemonth's trial to fifty per cent. more of what remains. Slow and sure work well; and there is no objection to this, because, if it does not work satisfactory to both parties, the agreement can be varied or rescinded. But what if Mr. Gardner had been compelled by Act of Parliament to work his Mill but ten hours a day, and the result had not been satisfactory?—in that case the step could not have been retraced without another Act of Parliament, to undo the mischief which an Act of Parliament had done.

There is no more objection to the Men and their Masters acting universally as Mr. Gardner has acted, in the matter of time, than there is to the Men and Masters agreeing about the rate to be paid for work, per piece or per week. Both things are done every day; and the private agreement, or custom of the trade, to begin work at a certain hour, and to leave off at a certain hour, and to be paid a certain price for it, are matters of every-day arrangement, in every class and position of tradesmen and labourers: it is of the ordinary routine and course of business in the Labour Market. But to fix these things, by statutory enactment, in one unvarying Standard, is an absurdity only paralleled by the proclamation of Cade, directing the three-hooped pot to have ten hoops, and making it felony to drink small beer!

Is any man so far gone in folly as to propose that, for what would be in effect five days' work under a Bill such as Lord Ashley's, the wages of six days should be paid? Lord Ashley himself would not do this. But Lord Ashley theorizes first, to flatter the appetites of his victims, in arguing

that as much work might be done in ten hours as in twelve ; and then he talks at the practical people, by entering into calculations to show how, by half starving himself, and slaving his wife to death, the working man might put up with an equivalent reduction of wages, and be eightpence a week in pocket, which, "put by," might save the parish the expense of earthing his bones.

Mr. Gardner flatters himself that he has established the theory. He has done nothing of the sort: he has tried eleven hours under the voluntary system, and he sets that up as a test of what ten hours would be under a compulsory system, which constitutes all the difference. We may readily concede that, so far, he is successful in this individual instance ; and is satisfied. Praised be his philanthropy, it pays him ; but what if it had not?—What if it had proved altogether the reverse? And what guarantee is there that a statutory restriction—an imperative limitation, would work equally well with that one which, being voluntary, has the salutary check of a return to the old hours always impending over the understood compact between Master and Man?

In this view of the case, you must not only legislate for the hours of work, but for the wages of work ; and not only for the hours and the wages, but for the demand for labour, and the World-want for its produce. If hands do not arise and fall, as they are required, and if the sales be not as steady as the machinery itself, there must ever be a fluctuation in the hours of work, or a large mass of floating labour in the market to be bought in suddenly, at intervals, to meet the demand, and then to be discharged into a state of pauperism as sudden as their momentary activity. And where is this madness to stop? In many trades activity is a question of season ; and business cannot be carried on except by alternated periods of idleness and an overstrained application, which can only be obviated by deluging the trade with workmen, and by the consequent starvation of thousands during a considerable period of the year. I have traced the effect of this before among various classes—Professional Men—Shopkeepers—Domestic Servants—Agricultural Labourers—Tradesmen of every class ; and the utter impossibility of carrying on business on any such a principle must be evident to every sane man.

So much for the theory ; let us look a little at the practical view—the arithmetical and social mode of carrying out

the measure upon the proposition of an equivalent reduction of wages,—which must inevitably ensue, if that reduction, indeed, from the very unhealthy stimulus created and applied to the creation of additional and unequal labour, did not lead to more than an equivalent reduction.

It is necessary, according to Lord Ashley's showing, that the wife should cook the family food at home, at a period when she must be at the Mill! it is necessary that she should become the domestic drudge at home after the work at the Mill is done, scrubbing and washing—after the Egyptian mode of brick-making without stubble, for Lord Ashley's calculation does not allow of any such item as soap; and candles, and fire, and needles, and thread, are alike as costless, upon the same noble and philanthropic showing! it is necessary that every working family should buy a mangle—a notable investment, and highly profitable in a monetary point of view! it is necessary that the working man should forego the little luxury of Ham with his Tea, and what is of more consequence, abandon one meal per day! and, all this being done, Lord Ashley concludes that a Ten Hours Bill would cure every other human ill, and put eightpence a week into the poor man's pocket, to help bury him at the end of an increased average of three years' "working life!"

I repeat, that I should indeed despair of the condition of the poor man if he could, to any extent, be gulled by such thin folly as this; and it is very symptomatic of the weakness of the cause when its advocates are compelled to resort to such gross mis-statements of arguments directed against them as that which your Correspondent has charged upon —

COTTON TWIST.

London, June 27, 1845.

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT, AGAIN !

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In the May of 1844 a Committee of the House of Commons was sitting, under the auspices of Lord Ashley, upon the subject of Medical Relief,—the object of the inquiry being, as every one supposed, the mode and administration of that Relief, the conduct of which had been, and is, very much questioned, under the New Poor Law. Before that Committee, however, was summoned a Mr. Jasper Parrott, of Totness, Devon, a Justice of the Peace, acting in and for the County of the same, and, by virtue of that Justiceship, an Ex-officio Guardian of the Totness Union, and elected, by grace of the Board of Guardians, their Chairman also.

And Mr. Jasper Parrott, in answer to questions put to him by Lord Ashley, was pleased to state of a Mr. Phillips, a Medical Officer of the Union, that he would have been appointed to a certain other parish, in addition to those already under his care, at the average munificent salary of £3 per annum each, but that—

“Unfortunately Mr. Phillips had not conducted himself in the manner in which the board thought a medical officer ought to have conducted himself; for previous to this there was a complaint, about a year or two ago, that Mr. Phillips had been going about into pot houses and exciting the poor against the Poor Law. This was stated by one of the principal manufacturers of the place, and likewise by a most respectable tenant of Lord Macclesfield, a person of the name of Coates: they made this formal complaint to the board, stating, that it was dangerous if this was allowed, where there was a large manufacturing population; that it was exceedingly dangerous to the manufacturers there, and some ill consequences might ensue from it. In consequence of this the board summoned Mr. Phillips to appear before them to answer this complaint, because he, being a medical officer, of course they thought it their duty to inquire into it. They did inquire into it, and he could not disprove it; there was no doubt that he had been doing so. Then, when it became a question whether he should be appointed to Buckfastleigh upon the resignation of Mr. Mackay.

and when Mr. Lyle had applied, the three guardians of the parish being at the board, requested the board most particularly not to appoint Mr. Phillips, because he was in the habit of going into pot-houses exciting the poor against the Poor Laws, and that great danger might ensue from it. The fact is, that the same Mr. Coates that I mentioned before, from the excitement that had taken place (though I do not know that it was caused by Mr. Phillips), had had his barn burnt to the ground. What could the board do? They could not appoint such a man as that to have constant access to the poor—a man who had been exciting them." And the witness adds—"That is the history as to Mr. Phillips; undoubtedly he will complain, but I do not think that the board could have done otherwise."

Hereupon Mr. Bramston, the Member for Essex, and one of the committee, asked,—

"Why did the board, having this bad opinion of Mr. Phillips, still appoint him to take care of three parishes?" To which Mr. Jasper Parrott made the following reply:—"Boards of guardians do not like to act harshly. I must say my own feeling was against it; but at the same time boards of guardians wish rather to err on the lenient side. But I ought to state that Mr. Phillips was called before the board, and I was requested by the board to reprimand him for his conduct, which I did severely, and we thought it would deter him from doing so again; but after that it was reported to us by the guardians that he did the same thing again, but the second time was not known to us when we appointed him to the three parishes of Dean Prior, Rattery, and Staverton. It may become a question in futuro."

Now, Mr. David Phillips, the party referred to in the evidence, not deeming it exactly conducive to his benefit as a Medical Man, to be accused, on the Records of Parliament, with stimulating incendiarism, by haranguing the Poor against the New Poor Law in Pothouses, and with the recollection, at all events, in his mind that, whatever his offence, it was a two year old tale, which had met not only with its punishment at the time, but with its pardon since, and feeling it, no doubt, under the circumstances, to be a hard case to have it intimated that "it may be a question" whether he shall be employed in future,—brings his action on the case against Mr. Jasper Parrott for the spoken slander, and charges the defendant, in his declaration, "with having maliciously spoken and published the said words in a certain discourse which he had in the hearing of divers persons, and amongst others of one Mr. Bramston, and that such alleged discourse took place on a certain day, to wit, the 24th day of May, 1844." Upon this Mr. Jasper Parrott petitions Parliament to throw the shield of its protection around him. Mr. Divett

cites a case from the Journals in the time of William the Third, in which parties were committed for contempt, in bringing an action on the case for spoken words before an Election Committee, imputing to the Plaintiff an assertion that he would carry an Election if it cost him one thousand pounds,—Sir Robert Peel thinks it a grave question—a question of importance; but, upon the suggestion—so like him—that Mr. Parrott might have repeated these words in the Lobby, he manages to grant all which a Plaintiff in these cases requires—delay,—the advocates for imprisoning the Judges look on scornfully contemptuous, and mutter, “we told you so!”—Mr. Wynn cries—contumacy! and, ultimately, all parties are ordered to attend the Bar of the House.

Now, here is a most important proposition involved; and, putting aside Mr. Divett's case from the Journals as a piece of monstrous and tyrannous iniquity, not at all in point—for nobody doubts that the House may imprison everybody for anything, or nothing, provided it adjudges them guilty of a contempt, and sets forth that fact in a warrant, in due form of law—putting, then, that case aside, let us look a little at analogies, and see what it is that the House of Commons now claims.

First, however, let us clear the course before us. I take the case hypothetically only, and have nothing to do with Mr. Parrott's allegations, or Mr. Phillips's proceedings, in relation to the facts, or the merits involved in the contest between them in the Queen's Bench. But with regard to the House of Commons, the claim insisted on *now* is this: not only absolute freedom of speech for its Members—a positive impunity which no other authority has—but a claim that all witnesses summoned before it shall be protected in all they say—however false, however malicious, however irrelevant to the real inquiry, such spoken words may be! Why, such an impunity is unknown to the English Law; and Common Sense, as well as Common Law revolts at the usurpation.

If a Barrister, in addressing the Court or a Jury, make statements injurious to third parties, and irrelevant to the cause, he is liable to action; if a Witness in a Court of Law, or a Deponent in a Court of Equity, swear falsely, in a matter relevant to the issue, they are indictable for Perjury;

if they avail themselves of such a position to scandalise and defame, and injure other parties, no doubt an action will lie; if attempts be made to avail themselves of the records of our Courts for the same purpose, the defamatory matter will be struck out, and the affidavits will be removed from the file as scandalous and impertinent, and the parties will not be protected; if a witness, before an Election Committee, even, give false testimony, he may be indicted for Perjury: the analogies are clearly against the claim set up.

And let us look at the working of the thing in practice. We all know how fiercely local struggles are carried on, and we can as readily guess how quickly, in the present age of Commissions, and Committees, of Enquiry, such opportunities might be caught at for party and personal defamation and abuse. No doubt the power of Enquiry is a salutary power; but does any one doubt that it is in daily course of abuse to serve this man's crotchet, and that man's spite? and, granted the absolute necessity of placing no limit to enquiry, but that which might arise, in the individual case, from the positive negation of the House, is it, or can it in reason, or in conscience, be necessary to protect what may be false and defamatory, and what cannot choose but be injurious, perhaps ruinous, to the victim of the privilege so set up?

Such a claim can exist for no possible useful purpose. Mr. Phillips may have been an intemperate antagonist of the Poor Law; but the intemperate on the other side—for there is zealotry, and a very blind zealotry, both *pro* and *con*—have no right to fight him in this way, firing over the battlements of a Blue Book, from behind the walls of Parliamentary Privilege, on his unprotected helplessness; accusing him—a medical man, dependent on his character for bread—of seditious oratory in Pot-houses, dangerous to the safety of property, and, by implication, of incendiarism. It is a cruel stretch of authority to prevent the only offended party seeking to retrieve his character, dragged unnecessarily into an inquiry with which it had nothing to do—put in issue in a Court where he had no opportunity offered him of being heard, and published to the world under a statutory right which takes away his redress against the printed libel;—and it is still more cruel to do this by a Vote which though it may be feuced around from disputation and inquiry, has no colour of foundation in Law.

COTTON TWIST.

London, July 4, 1845.

SAYING AND DOING.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The *Standard* congratulates all England with the fact that, "Parliament" being now "seriously engaged with the business of the Country," the "talkers are scarcely to be heard of;" and that "Mr. Cobden is as silent as he always ought to be in the company of gentlemen and men of sense!"

It would be a curious inquiry, well worth the attention of a Committee of the House, as to what should be considered to constitute a Gentleman, other than the antiquarian test of wearing Coat Armour, and the legal one of being admitted to the Roll of Attorneys. Some might suggest Birth, which would shut out nearly all the industrial energy of the country, and include some of its deepest blackguardism! Others might suggest Manners—as the capacity to turn over a music book, or to assist a lady to a little more sugar—which which would let in all the Drawing-room Foolery, with no small quantity of something worse! But if any person of antiquated prejudices should establish a claim, grounded on unimpeachable integrity, kindly feelings, and an ability more insisted on by opponents even than by friends, Mr. Cobden would carry the point personal in his own favour by acclamation.

As to the question of sense, what shall we say better of it, than that "the fool doth think himself to be wise!" and—but why continue the argument with impudence so imbecile as this? There is but one excuse for it—it is all Gin! and, as a stick may be easily found to beat a dog, there is no chivalry in laying it across the back of a drunken man, unless, indeed, it were a stick of brimstone, which, in this case, might be looked on as a special dispensation of Providence in favour of poor scurvy Rogues, who,

"Rubbing the poor itch of their opinions,
Make themselves scabs!"

But is it so clear that the balance between the talking and the doing, now struck and preponderating the latter way, is so much in favour of the Country as the *Standard* would have its readers believe? Bills are passing their different stages by the score, with each day's sitting of the House; and if ten Members out of the fluctuating twenty, more or less, who look on, or converse with each other, or doze on the benches, or drop in, or drop out, but who, for the most part, take no trouble with the matter—even to say Aye or No—or who, when they do say so, say it mechanically, from the force of habit, and without any living apprehension of what they say, or about what they are saying it;—if ten Members out of those who *thus* far attend to their duties in *this* exemplary manner—nay, if ten Members out of the whole House, present or absent, and excepting the department or individual charged with the conduct of the Bill, or directly interested in it—if any ten of them will put their ten right hands on their ten hearts, and say, upon their ten honours, they have understood, or read, ten of these measures so passing into Laws to bind Twenty Millions of People, I am answered! It is a fair challenge, but it cannot be met; and *thus* is the Country governed.

Now the talk was infinitely more to the purpose than this, and had the Men of Sense preponderated as much in the Division, as they did in the Debate, the stomach of England might have been, at this present writing, independent of the state of the Barometer, and the *Morning Herald* might have been spared the mixed folly and impiety of laughing in one breath at the state of the weather in relation to the Crops, and of talking in the next of the Right Arm and Providence of God, as if these existed for no other purpose than that of protecting a Monopoly, and supporting the Agricultural Interest as a Class.

“We have seen,” says the *Herald*, of Thursday, “worse weather than yesterday, and we have observed nothing either in yesterday, or in a month of days preceding, to cause us to despair of an excellent harvest;” and again, “We ought to feel that now, as in every moment of our existence, we are in the hands of Him ‘whose arm is never shortened that it cannot save, whose ear is never dull that it cannot hear,’ and who ‘rules all things for our good.’”

I call this mingled folly and impiety: I call it folly, because it is put forward by men who are deplorably ignorant

of the facts, and who parade their own blindness as an argument against, and an answer to, the truth; and I call it impiety, because, warring in the first instance against Providence, by shutting off the means of counteracting the uncertainty of seasons in particular Countries and localities, it comes, when the sin of the father wickedness of yesterday, threatens to fall upon its child of to day, in the shape of a short, or a ruined Crop,—it comes with a fear-inspired invocation to the Almighty, and an hypocritical expression of reliance on His Providence, as if it were as easy a matter to deceive the Searcher of Hearts, as it is to deceive the Heart itself, which, abandoned to long falsehood for the deception of others, has at length learned almost to “credit its own lie!”

If the *Herald* can show Scripture warrant for the “good growing price” of 1815, or the “good steady price” of 1845, or for the “Marriage Settlement” theory of Sir—something—Knatchbull, or for Englishmen eating none but English wheat;—if Providence be a Board of Beneficence for dispensing rain and sun with a due regard to the Landlord Legislation, as improved by Peel;—if the bounties of the Almighty are indeed subsidiary to what is deemed practicable in Downing-street, and good Christianity in Bridge-street and Shoe-lane, then is there something in the pious reliances of the *Herald*; and his folly, which, in a worldly way of speaking, is so manifest to practical and well-informed men, may be the spirit of Prophecy working within him, and manifesting itself through the very cracks in his skull.

But if this be not so, the want of a practical acquaintance with the state of the Crops, with reference to the state of the weather, becomes a serious matter, which it behoves the Proprietors of the *Herald* to set themselves right upon, so as to preserve a safe silence—if they do not, upon consideration, deem it desirable to set their Readers right as well. And this they may do at a very inconsiderable amount of cost. Shoe-lane experience may, in the memory of its oldest inhabitant, recollect worse weather than Wednesday; but Shoe lane experience is not enough to warrant the conclusion that there was nothing in that day, nor in the “month of days” preceding it, “to cause us to despair of an excellent harvest.” Let the Proprietors, therefore, vote their Editor five shillings from the Petty Cash, and let this sum be duly

expended by him in five sixpenny rides out, and five sixpenny rides in, on the top of five several 'Busses running on the five principal roads out of London. Let him put on his oldest hat, remove the oilskin from his umbrella, carrying it loosely, and don his two guinea Paletot. Let him take the centre seat behind the driver, and if he have not confidence to lead, or to mingle in, the conversation, he may, at least, summon fortitude enough to listen. If the result do not satisfy him, or if, athirst for further information, the Proprietors might be induced to furnish the means of visiting a few of the nearest Provincial Markets, which contribute to the averages—the names of which might be picked up out of the *Gazette*, and the Conveyance Department of the "Post Office Directory,"—the result will be, that the Editor will find evidence for the conclusion, that we are within a fortnight of days, no worse than Wednesday, and the "month of days" preceding it, of the utter annihilation of that promised crop, the "*produce*" of which is, according to this loose talking and very shallow person, "*already magnificent!*"

Yes, this man, who remembre "worse days" than Wednesday, although, as he admits, it was not exactly the day for a "Fête Champetre," and who has seen nothing in the month of days preceding it to make him "despair," calls a standing crop, much of which is yet green, much of which must be lost in some shape or form, and all of which is within less than a fortnight, perhaps within as little as a week, of annihilation—he calls it "*The Produce,*" and the italics are his own, "*already magnificent—luxuriant beyond any former example!*" just the same as if it were cut, carried, stored, threshed out, and converted into a means of reducing the averages—doing the double duty, under the deceiving scale, of robbing the farmer of his promised share in an enhanced price, and fooling him at the same time with a show of protection not real—keeping the promise to the ear, and breaking it the heart, after the fashion of Sir Robert Peel.

Such a writer is the very one to support such a Ministry, —he lives in a blissful state of unconsciousness of his own mental prostration.

London, August 1, 1845.

COTTON TWIST.

COTTON TWIST REDIVIVUS.

No. LIX.

FAIR-WEATHER JACK NEARLY "OUT" AT LAST!

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—When Sir Robert Peel was on the very threshold of his patient's door, in the July of 1841, what did the Political Doctors? Did they speculate on the peculiar temperament of the sick man? or reason upon the symptoms of his complaint? or draw deductions from the skill of the Physician? No: they tapped the Barometer, looked up at the Vane of St. Margaret's, and exclaimed—"It all depends on the state of the weather for the next fortnight!" Why, sir, talk of gambling, is not this Political Staggering on the most shadowy scale? And, looking at the matter in this light, I then wrote in my Ninth Letter to Sir Robert Peel, under date 23d of July in that year, and published in your columns—"Why, what a Phenomenon is this! In the history of governments, here is an instance, for the first time, of one about to take a lease of power, determinable by a two week's rain, to come off about the same period of time previously to the coming in! This is not to be a Prime Minister: rather it is to be a political Fair-weather Jack-in-the-Box, who is thrust in and out, as Foul-weather Jill emerges into sunshine or retreats from a passing cloud; and a Cabinet so formed, and upon such principles, is unworthy the name of a Government; rather should it be called the 'Barometer,' the 'Rain-gaugo,' or the 'Which-way-does-the-wind-blow Administration!'"

But the Barometer rose, and with it the strength of the new Administration; the Barometer kept rising, and Ducal Supporters were volunteered, more than enough; the Barometer kept steady at its elevation, and Peel was enabled to

cut his steaks, Abyssinian rike, from the living carcass of the great Agricultural Calf, and to play off his grand juggle of selling penny cakes to John Bull at a shilling a-piece! So the game went merrily on until this present writing; and, now the Barometer *has* sunk, the strength of the Administration is smitten in the loins; the Political Barometer yet sinking, where are the Ducal Supporters? and, when the Political Barometer has found Zero, where will be Fair-weather Jack?

But, first, where is the value received of the Bill which Sir Robert Peel accepted in my favour, as a payer of his Income Tax? The Tariff was to pay the Tax; and how is that practically carried out? The Quartern Loaf has risen from Sevenpence-halfpenny to Tenpence; Meat is two-pence a Pound dearer; Sugar has got back to its old price, and monopoly is pocketing the difference; and, as to printed Cottons, unless Mr. Goulburn will issue his half-farthings, there is nothing appreciable to be got, in the shape of Reduction, there.

These things by the way—just to keep them in remembrance, as it were; but—“What are *they* to the deep, great want of the Country—BREAD? England is on the threshold, nay, upon the very *threshing* floor—oh! the frightful mockery!—of a grievous scarcity: Ireland is upon the eve of Famine! The Grain Crop is not equal to our wants,—the Potato Crop a wreck—a rotten heap of disease, from which Science is trying to extract a poor, weak, watery apology for Starch, at a cost treble its value! rare news for the white Waistcoats of Sir Robert Peel!—and what is the Government doing? and what are its organs saying, upon an occasion so awful as this?

True, the Goosie and its Shadow, or the Ass and its Echo, or by whatever other sobriquet *Herald* and *Standard* may, by the latest advices, be known, disclaim, with a smirking modesty, the imputation of being esteemed the organs of Sir Robert Peel; and that may be correct enough, in one sense; for a clever man never takes a fool for his counsellor, much less for his exponent: nevertheless, it is equally certain, that if the Government want a Spy they know where to get him, and, therefore, in some sort, Chang and Ching may be presumed, not *esteemed*, the organ of Sir Robert Peel: now,

what says Sir Robert Peel's organ? Of what use to Ireland, says the *Duo Singular*, would it be to open the Ports? the starving Irish are too poor to buy corn; and therefore all the imports in the world would not benefit them! A remarkable proposition, which might be yawned over in silence, for it is too dull to laugh at, but for the pendant it forms to the no less remarkable, and, be it said, with all respect to the Duke for what he is, the no less stupid dicta which fell from his Grace of Wellington's lips in 1811—first, that there is "No industrious man in the Country but is capable of earning a competency!" secondly, that "as there was Eight Weeks' consumption of Corn in Bond, it could not be a want of Corn which caused distress, but it must be a want of means to purchase Corn!" and, thirdly, that "he did not know, and had not heard from any quarter, how Parliament could remedy such evils!"

But what is the Government about, while the Government Organs justify so well their adoption, as such, according to their uses, by fitting a fourth side to this fool's Parallelogram, so far forwarded to completion, as it was, by the Iron Duke—what is the Government about, and what will it do?

Cabinet upon Cabinet Meeting has been held; and between the Duke, who has ordered out his Forlorn-hope, and made a desperate rush to prevent a perpetual check,—and the Premier, who would pitch "My Dear Wellington" to the Devil—as Guizot did Soult, like any other old firelock, which has rusted beyond all utility—even the utility of show,—and the "Angry Boy," the measure of whose foot Peel ought to know, the after-Dinner custom of Lord Stanley, when a Whig Minister, having been, to exhibit the soles of his boots to the Opposition, the heels kicking amongst the Papers on the table beneath the Speaker's nose,—and the "Dirty Boy," who has given up Corn, Currency, and Protection, and taken to Bricks, Mortar, and Building Leases—between all this and these, there has been fun toward, whatever the issue may be.

No doubt it was very inconsistent in Peel,—dropping all reference to the Sliding Scale, which has for the last three or four years regulated his convictions and principles,—no doubt it was very inconsistent in Peel to say that the Ports must be open, and the Corn Laws must go: but, Lord!

bloss you, he is used to that. Inconsistency, of this nature, is Peel's greatest consistency; and why should he, for the unhuried carcase of a power which is dead, and giving very sensible indications, from its rottenness, how desirable a quick interment would be—why should he, for the mere folly of keeping this Carcase lying in its mockery of State, sacrifice the Country—or himself? The thing is preposterous. What does Peel care for Sir Edward Knatchbull's family settlements, except so far as he cares for office? and what does Peel care for office apart from the substantive power which it confers upon him of putting his back to the wall in the Privy Gardens, folding his arms across that immaculate waistcoat, and bullying that Aristocracy which has called him Parvenu, and criticised his two left hands?

So the Premier sat firm, and as goes does not improve a man's manner, who is predisposed to have his own will in his own way, what wonder is it that the Duke and my Lord Stanley should have involved, and evolved, a sufficient amount of irritability to have called for all the conducting power of Sir James Graham to carry it a little off.

Scarcity! famine! indeed! The idea was preposterous to the practical old Soldier, and to the well-informed Colonial Minister. Not one Dish the less graced the tables at Apsley House—not one Dish the less spoke, or rather was eloquent in its dumb absence, within the experience of His Grace's dining out! No complaints of scarcity from the Commissariat at Knightsbridge; and did not the Duke, walking to Privy Gardens each Day, gather knowledge from the Bakers', and the Butchers', and the Poulterers', and the Greengrocers', and the Fishmongers', and the Italian Provision Shops, as he came?—the supply was never finer or greater! and, added Lord Stanley,—Has not the world an unfailing Granary at Tamboff? So the Duke clenched the matter with a general recapitulation of his old argument: There is plenty of food, if people have but the money to buy it; if they have not, I don't see how Parliament can help them, or what is the use of importing Corn for People, who cannot pay for it; and, besides, as every industrious, deserving man is, in this Country, capable of earning a competency, we should be only encouraging idleness and worthlessness by trying to assist them, if we could!

What matter then what the issue may be? Though the quarrel be still pending, or though Peel should be, as I

write, on his road to Windsor, to resign, or to obtain that Order in Council which is to

Open the Ports as high as the sky,

And let three quarters of Wheat and a peck of Oats pass by !

—the moral is the same. With the price of Bread rising daily,—with scarcity impending over the heads even of those who have a competency, whether industrious and deserving or not,—with famine threatening Poverty to the Death, though lying Inquests may blasphemously charge the Almighty with those Murders which are the consequences of human selfishness and human folly,—with an insufficient Crop, even for their own sustenance, in those Countries to which England has hitherto looked, in periods of scarcity, for her supplies,—with Russia offering bounties for the exportation of the little imported Corn we have—Corn which a fraudulent system of Averages keeps out of the Home Market, by the operation of that arithmetical lie, the fallacy of an average price—with all these facts staring us in the face, apparent to all but the mentally or the perversely blind, Cabinet Meeting upon Cabinet Meeting has been, for the last fortnight, wasting the precious days with Octogenarian babble, and the eternal greenness of an angry and perpetual Boyhood, with each day adding another and another brick to that wicked Folly, which is to wall up the Poor of this Country, and of Ireland, to perish of cold and of hunger during the coming winter, after the fashion and the wisdom and the humanity of old.

I say the moral is the same, whatever the issue of to-day, or to-morrow, may be. You cannot recover the fortnight lost; still less can you recover the Sunshine of the past years, by favour of which the means might have been taken to avert the threatened calamity, and the peril it must bring in its train; and thus is the Country governed, and well would it be if the Country would consider that fact, and apply the remedy in time.

And this is a consideration, as I have said, independent of the result of the issue of the struggle between Wellington and Peel. That result may, or may not, come before the readers of your paper simultaneously with this letter; and, therefore I shall not speculate on the relative probabilities of success. But it may be well to look either result in the face, by way of anticipation. If the Duke succeeds, we shall have a Drill Sergeant for a Premier, and the word will

go forth to the Tories—"As you were!" There will be a great slapping of breeches pockets,—a re-awakening of abandoned hopes,—an exhuming of buried watch-words. Much madness, more wickedness, most folly, will prevail in high places for a time; and then all will be found out—the Duke included. For the man is *passé*, and the time is past; and the wants of the Country must govern both it and him.

Suppose Peel to succeed—that is, suppose him to retain office whilst the Duke is forced to entrench himself within the sulky fastnesses of Apsley House. In that case we may have to support Peel against his recusant colleagues; and if our duty to our Country points that way, let us do it frankly and cordially;—but let us be well assured that it is the path of duty, before we strike into the opening which will be sure to invite us aside. And I apprehend the test for that duty is to be found, not in political expediency, or in coalitions—except on grounds the most intelligibly correct, nor yet in compromises upon the supposition that the thing proposed is best upon the whole, or the only thing practicable under the circumstances—a common fallacy, which has deceived and ruined many well-intentioned men;—but in the principles we espouse as Free Traders, in the practical application of which there is no ground for doubt, or excuse for mistake, since they are so plain, that it may be said as truly as tritely—"All who run may read." I do not ask men, under such circumstances, to be grateful to Peel: be grateful to those who struggle for the just thing, in cloud or in sunshine,—through evil Report or good Report, not to the man in the crowd, who throws up his Cap to Hozza when the Bells ring out, and the Flag floats into the Sunny Breeze from the old Church Tower! Be grateful to the Martyr for Truth, not to the Martyr of Expediency, if Martyr he elect, under a temporary reverse, to be! I should as soon think of being grateful to Peel for an unlimited adhesion to Free Trade, as I should to his flunkey for opening the Door of his Mansion in the Privy Gardens on the day he came down to Parliament to *move*, from his place on the Treasury Bench, or to *second* Mr. Villiers's Motion, from his seat as a private Member, for a Total Repeal of the Corn Laws. But as, in the joy of my heart, I should not object to see the flunkey, if in the way of so doing, so I say, if we, as Free Traders, are called upon to support, or

save, or welcome Sir Robert Peel, let us do it frankly and cordially, forgetting the past, welcoming the present, and looking with a rejoicing hope to the future.

In the midst of all this, however,—not for the sake of the fun—still less for the sake of the mischief, I rather hope than otherwise, for a Tory interregnum. Such a revivification would be as amusing as Death and the Devil in the puppet show of Punch. Besides, we want a little brushing up, we Liberals! and the stimulus would be as healthy while it lasted, as the lesson, which the end of the farce might read to our Aristocracy, would be important to them, in a sanatory point of view.

COTTON TWIST.

London, 7th November, 1845.

THE FIRST BLOW STRUCK AT THE PRESTIGE OF PEEL.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—When a man writes about Sir Robert Peel, he should never suffer the consideration to pass one moment from before his mind, that he is writing about Sir Robert Peel,—whom I take to be a Politician, *per se* :—

“None but himself can be his parallel!”

For if, forgetting this fact, though but for the *one* moment, the writer treats his subject upon broad principles, common to all men, or upon high principles, inseparable from great men, he—the writer—is very likely to fall into the same error which I confess to have committed, in my last week’s letter to you.

Again, no one will accuse *me* of a tendency to place upon a very high point of elevation either the mental or the moral endowments—I speak Pickwickedly—of the great Patriot and Apostle of that “Expedient” which is not always “Right.” Indeed, I confess to some compunctious feeling myself, on the score of what might have seemed, and perhaps justly, a strained harshness, in relation to some occasions of the Right Honourable Baronet for public strictures on his public conduct; but the uses of a good and sufficient hatred of what one cannot in one’s conscience deem otherwise than Evil, joined to a fierceish intolerance of the object of dislike, are incalculable in a politico-sanatory point of view; and so what I have gotten—I adopt that Saxon barbarism as most consonant to my Saxon feeling—see what I have gotten, by endeavouring to think, for one little week, well of Sir Robert Peel, practically forgetting, for the moment, that it was *of* Sir Robert Peel I was endeavouring to think well.

With that feeling, and that forgetfulness, however, in the crisis then in issue, my mind suggested two positions for Sir

Robert Peel—the position of success, with everything annexed which the hopes of the Statesman could desire,—or that of defeat, with such honour attached that the heart of man could never despise it—shadowing forth, under each state of circumstances, the position and the prospects of a Great Man! I was wrong; and, which makes it the more inexcusable, I was wrong from failing to take into my estimate a small matter—a *very* small matter in itself, but one so patent to the world; that every Reader, when I mention it, will be quite competent to set me right!

“What great effects from trivial causes spring!”

I chalked out, in my imagination, for Sir Robert Peel, “two” courses; but does it not live in the memory of scores of his fellow Members, and is it not printed, again and again, in the pages of *Hansard*,—yes, and in the columns of the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*—that Sir Robert Peel has always “three” courses to take his choice of? So that when I gave to him two *possible* positions—Success with its *éclat*, and Defeat with honour—I omitted the third *probable* position—Defeat with *dis*-honour; and Sir Robert Peel has reminded me of my oversight in the most palpable and practical of manners, by adopting that very third omitted course—adopting it, as the *Times* might say—“The Spite Cotton Twist!”

Now, if it be clear, as I fancy it must be to all who consider the matter, that a man without a party in Parliament or in the Country—hated by his political friends for what he does, tolerated by his political foes for what he is expected to do—must exist, and be successful, on Prestige, and on Prestige alone, I think it will follow, as a logical consequence, that if this Prestige be once shaken, there is every probability that the Man, whose existence depends upon it, must be shaken too. But what has given Sir Robert Peel this Prestige, on which alone he has been enabled to sustain himself in the face of three hostile Armies, continually combining, some two of them against the other one, to save him? Something, there may be, in his policy of the principle of divide and govern;—but that is not it: much, there may be, in the mutual jealousies and fears of Tory, and Whig, and Radical;—but that is not it: more, there may be, in the necessities and aspects of the time;—but that is not it—for *most* it is to be found in the uniformity of the success of

whatever he has proposed, whether to tax, or to untax; and, whatever posterity may say to the intrinsic value of his financial measures, and believing posterity will judge them as roughly as I have judged them, it is nevertheless certain, that the indolent age—the eminently do-nothing policy of the day, has been paralysed by the appearance of doing in Peel, and that the Prestige, upon which his power personal has hitherto existed, has been born of, and reared to its present, or, rather, its *late* proportions, by the absence of the semblance of a decent opposition to anything he has seen fit to propose.

And that is gone! And what, then, becomes of the Prestige of Peel? He has been bullied at the Horse Guards as if he were of no better worth than a Lieutenant of the 10th Hussars, pitted against a Colonel of the same Regiment! He has been bullied at his own Council Board! From the Great Sergeant, who, whilst he drills every body, his nominal Chief included, repudiates the very idea of responsibility as a Cabinet Minister, to the “little dogs and all”—the Sydney Herberts of that pack which at one time so well answered to the whip, there has been a mutiny of look, and word, and action; and where was the power and the prestige of Peel to control it or them? Why, “this *looks* rebellion!”—nay, it looks like the outbrealking of a pent-up fire—a rebellion which has been nursing its anger to keep it warm, waiting and watching for the Hour, and the Man, to guide it into successful resistance. So we find, that no sooner does our male Minerva of the Horse Guards lift up his *Ægis* from its heretofore guardian office, to knock down his quondam Telemachus with its iron rim, than up starts my Lord Stanley,—the Snarley Yow of the Colonial office—to revenge his own partial muzzling in the case of New Zealand; up starts my Lord Aberdeen, his milk of asinine kindness, imbibing, by the process of endosmos, from the surrounding atmosphere, a little acid for the especial occasion;—up start other dead bodies in the Cabinet, under the galvanic influences so suddenly brought to bear upon them; and, “*ét tu Brute!*” up starts the Juvenile from Wiltshire, whom Sir Robert, in a moment of miscalculating confidence, took from breeding Race-Horses and building Puseyite Churches, in order to testify to the world how little was requisite to govern a Country under the generalship of a Peel!

Oh! for one hour,—even of that King who wrote from amid his dafaat and captivity—"All is lost—*except Honour!*" and, "Good Heaven! the soula of all *my Triba* dafend" from that Hour of Peel, when he might with equal truth—but what of the dignity, and the credit, and the melancholy pride of the thing?—have exclaimed—"All is lost—*and Honour!*" Sir Robert Peel has been beaten at his own Council Board by his own subordinates, led on by an old Soldier, who assumes to govern a Government, for the acts of which he publicly prints himself irresponsible; and Sir Robert Peel remains the nominal Chief of an Administration he cannot control! Is this Peel—the man who could not ha done—not even by an old Picture Dealer? The Aristocracy, which came in with Christopher Sly and William Conqueror, has, in its superciliousness, christened him heretofora—the Cotton Spinner's Son! If he submit to this ha must ha esteemed no better than the merest machine—a Spinning Jenny, of human shape, clothed with a human skin; and, so, painted as lika lifa as may be, but made by the hands of jouruaymen, and not made well, it "imitates humanity so abomiuaably!" With a littla more coarseness, qualified by a littla less arrogance, he has, by his own friends also, been christened Iscariot! If he submit to this, there is notbing laft for him but to complete the parallel at his leisure.

But, Sir, such being the state of things,—Peel having been so beaten, sud having so submittid, not in the appointment of a Dean (for in that matter ha may be parmitted to please himself with any lumberiug geologist whose facilities for cracking a pieca of rock, or a joke, or—more solemn experiment still—impressing an agricultural mind, may be upon equal par,—not then in the appointment of a Dean), but in a matter affecting the feeding of Twenty-eight Millions of People—all threateued with scarcity, and many with absoluta' famine,—such, then, being the case, I want to know who *is* to be deemed responsible for the possible consequences—consequences so appelling that the Statesman, and the Man, and the Christian, should alika shrink from their harest possibility, and set aside all political and party considerations—much more all selfish considerations—for the chanca of averting them?

There *was* a theory in our Constitution, that the Government of England was a responsible thing, and the Premier

principally so, but we appear to "have changed all that." We all know that the Queen can do no wrong, which is a great satisfaction to loyal people, when we read the discreditable quibblings which Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief, attributes, by aid of a convenient fiction, to Her Majesty, in his "General Orders," as witness the order of the 8th inst., in the case of Lieutenant Hyder. We all know that the Queen can "do no wrong;" and, what is more to the purpose, we all know that Her Majesty does *not* do the wrong:—who, then, is responsible?

Shall we answer—Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington? Clearly, in this matter, the Duke "has done it all!" Yet, if I were to say—His Grace is responsible, he would probably give me the lie, with as little ceremony as he gave it to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, although, I doubt if I should take it so humbly as the *Post* did, notwithstanding my exceeding respect for the Duke. Besides, the Duke has denied his responsibility in print—he is *in* the Government, not *of* it;—lending it the sanction of his name, on the sole condition of having everything his own way, washing his hands very clean of all the consequences, and then throwing the dirty water in the face of Peel.

Is Sir Robert responsible? Were it a question with regard to any one given previous Premier in the whole range of British History, I should answer, most distinctly,—Yes! But were I to answer Yes, in the case of Peel, he would, perhaps, level with much less of ceremony against me, the same abominable accusation which he insinuated against Cobden; and, if *he* has grown wiser in that respect, the Old Man of the Evening Press, before whose eyes the hereditary noose is continually dangling, and whose mind is full of knives and loaded pistols, would he surely less scrupulous.

Shall we take Lord Aberdeen? Alas! Poor Man! what between his French responsibilities, and his Spanish responsibilities, and his Tahitian responsibilities, and his American responsibilities, he has quite enough to answer for to posterity, to say nothing of to-day and to-morrow, without adding a Corn and Potato responsibility to the list.

Suppose we lay it at the Door of the Colonial office, addressed to Snarley Yow? We shall have an especial Demurrer to such a course; for Lord Stanley is responsi-

ble already for so much Cora at Tamboff, that he is resolute not to add one grain to the many pecks of trouble it has accumulated upon his head.

There is but one resource. Somebody *must* be responsible; so I shall place my Hunchback at the door of Mr. Sydney Herbert, by way of getting rid of him; and, for the sake of old poetical associations, I recommend Mr. Sydney Herbert to drop his prize at the end of Capel-court. If he fail in that case, as is much to be feared, either from the vigilance of the Detective Force, or his own lack of wind, and should times ensue, which even Dukes and Field Marshals would shrink, as they have shrunk, in other and earlier days, when the blood was hotter, and the nerves stronger, and the will as good, from the attempt to control, there is nothing left for the Wiltshire Juvenile but to permit himself to be made a scapegoat, with the best possible grace; and with this consolation, which so patriotic and poetic a gentleman can hardly fail to appreciate, that *we*, as a people, can very well afford to remit him from the cares of Statesmanship, to the less responsible occupations of breeding Race Horses, and building Puseyite Churches, again.

I had intended to have said more—much more, to His Grace of Wellington; but my time, and your space, are both exhausted, and I reserve him for another occasion.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Nov. 13, 1845.

THE COMING CRISIS.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—A paper which persists in hanging on the skirts of the Liberal party, for the purpose of better enabling it to serve Sir Robert Peel, and which cloaks its treachery by a great profession of fairness, and a greater affectation of philosophy, assumes that there is, or was, no corn to be had, in order to infer, that, however good an argument our present condition of peril may furnish for Repeal of the Corn Laws, at some future time, the opening of the Ports would not avail us *now*, as there is no corn to be had! With a similar perversity, though not with a pro Peel perversity, the *Times* lectures the Anti Corn-Law League, and Mr. Cobden, on the same point, warning them both to be practical, and to abandon their one-sided views, as they hope to influence men of sense; for, says the *Times*, adopting for the nonce an exploded folly of the *Herald*—a pitch of degradation to which I never expected to see the *Times* descend—unless you can show that the Irish poor eat wheat, how should the free importation of wheat benefit them! I spoke of a fool's parallelogram, the other week; I am now about to show up a fool's triangulum; and I find my third side in the Reports of the Government Commission, in Ireland, of Scientific Men, charged with the duty of scraping something out of the Potato Crop which may serve Peel in what now promises *indeed* to be his "chief difficulty" increased to the most *superlative* degree.

Perhaps some of your Readers, less charitable than Cotton Twist, may conceive that there is more than folly in all this; and perhaps there is, excepting in the Scientific Men; for although Scientific Men may be had, to any payable extent, to praise the reekings of the most pestiferous exhalations, either from chemical manufactories, as was the case in the North, or from stagnant water, as was the case in the West,—I believe the Potato Professors to be a cut above

that; and to have nothing worse about them than the common failing of those who pore over crucible and retort, until they fancy they know as much about the Natural Elements as their Maker; when—presto! a rotten potato is put under their nose—they find they know nothing at all; and, seeking to inform themselves, and to illuminate others, they blow up the bladder of their little knowledge with the wind of many words, and propose expedients which would be excellent, were they not impracticable—because of their unweighed, but overweighted, trouble and expense!

If one were to advise the starving Irish to brush their Potatoes clean with Tooth-brushes, wash and dry them repeatedly, and then to stow them in Drawers, separately lapped in Lambs-wool, it would scarcely be a caricature of the wisdom of the Potato Professors; whilst their peroration to the Irish Peasant—who, for the most part, is too lazy to take the pipe from his mouth, for the purpose of conveying the food to it,—not to suffer it to be said, that he would not exert himself, and encounter “no end” of trouble, in so vital a matter, is of the very sublimity of bathos!

Nevertheless, they mean well, whatever Sir Robert Peel did in setting them about their industrious idleness. The Scientific tub was not a bad one to throw to a whale educated in the March of Intellect School, by the Royal Road process of Instruction so much in vogue with the Education Quacks, the greatest enemies which Education ever had; but whatever we say to the Philosophers, I suppose there cannot be two opinions as to the merits of the two Newspaper arguments I have adverted to above.

Corn we *might* at least have had of some sort; and, if not all Wheat, then Barley, and Oats, and Maize: and, whatever the *Herald* may say, or the *Times*—oh! *Tempora*!—may echo, I suppose a fellow-creature must not be suffered to drop and die for want, although he be an Irishman, because Wheat is too good a food for such as he, when his usual food, “the soul-degrading Potato”—contentment with which is the curse of Ireland,—cannot be had.

Corn, Corn! I say then; and again, Corn! and as much as may be; and, though it *be* of the best, I cry again—Corn! for, Oh Paddy, my brother! idle, ignorant, weak, wicked, treason-taught though you be—eat of my Wheaten Loaf, leaving the pig’s offal to its rottenness,—eat of my best Saxon Wheaten Loaf, lest you perish, or no Christian man am I!

But where is my Wheaten Loaf? Alas! the feast I bid him to, I may not be enabled to spread for myaelf. Thanks to our parental Government, which, when it might have doue something towards a practical alleviation of the impendiog scarcity, chose to consider their places, and the possible personal consequences of a Cabinet rupture, in preference to the feeding of the People; and so substituted, for the free importation of Corn, a system of Poor-law Union Graters, for converting bad Potatoes into worse Starch, as if the human stomach could be sent to a chemical laundry, and small-plaited by way of reducing its capacity! Thanks, again, to the Gentlemen of England, who tax human food to support inhuman extravagance—oh! fie, “Gentlemen” of England! And thanks to those mistaken Clergymen, who constitute the Church one of the pillars of this hateful system; and then wonder, as the “Gentlemen” of England wonder, how it is that the ancient love and respect for the Squire and the Parson are not as deeply seated in suffering pauper bosoms as they used to be in the hearts of a well-fed peasantry. But all are warned—those who wish to see the Country governed in that Peace which can only be well assured in Plenty—those who desire to revive ancient respects, and to see the foundations of property and power secured in the better convictions of the People—those who would hand down the true faith in all its integrity—all such are warned to come from under the doomed Roof of this Pagau Temple of Monopoly; for the locks of our Sampson are growing,—and, with one more prayer to put up, and one more exertion to make, down it shall come!

But, Sir, we have in the meantime a reckoning to make. The Opening of the Ports—if requisite, is not only an act for which the Government is responsible to Parliament; but it is a Ministerial Duty, for a neglect in which a Minister may be Impeached by the Law and the Constitution of England; and, no doubt, any Minister would deserve to be so Impeached, to whom the neglect of this duty could be distinctly traced, should the predicted consequences ensue; and, much more would any Minister deserve to be Impeached, who had actually opposed such an admission of food, and to whose influence the negating of such a proposition, if made, was alone to be attributed.

This, then, is a question of mixed responsibility and fact; and I shall exercise my constitutional right of discussing the question, with your permission, in my next Letter.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Nov 21, 1845.

SHOULD PEEL BE IMPEACHED, OR ———?

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—The Siamese Donkeys of the Daily Press [who sit in their several Dens in Bridge Street and Shoe Lane, grinning, like Giants Pope and Pagan, in English John Bunyan's Book, at the Pilgrims of Free Trade, and uttering follies which would be wickednesses, if their power to do mischief were but equal to their will to do it],—can no more abide any allusion to such a thing as responsibility, than a Turkey can the shaking of a red rag. Let a man but mention that condition, which is the tenure of every man's existence, and they evoke, from the kindred recesses of Bedlam, the name of a howling maniac! One would think that Peel had bitten them; and that, not content with that, the rabid man of three-cornered motives and modes of action had taken also a sly snap at His Grace of Wellington, for I perceive, by the papers of the last week, that the Duke has again announced his irresponsibility as a Minister of the Crown, by printing once more that extraordinary hallucination of his that he is "not in office!"

Now his Grace is very much mistaken; for he is, *quasi*, in office—that is to say, he has a tangible, legal, official existence, as a Cabinet Minister; and, as such, he is one of the responsible advisers of the Crown, with all consequences attendant, and attaching thereto. Therefore, when it is said—Impeach Peel! or—The Ministers deserve to be impeached for not taking the *only* measure against possible famine, either by opening the Ports on their own responsibility, or shifting that responsibility to a Parliament, called together to deliberate on the case and its necessities,—it becomes of importance to inquire how far those statements are true, and which have never been contradicted, though they have been publicly asserted again and again,—which say, that nothing of the kind was done because the Duke headed a refractory majority at the Council Board against his

nominal Chief, whilst, at the Horse Guards, he loudly proclaimed his readiness to take charge of the Government, if the defeated, or about-to-be defeated, Premier should prefer the honour of an independent Member of Parliament to the discredit of being forced to adopt, and incur the responsibility of, a Policy which had been forced upon him, in opposition, not only to his better judgment, but to his own propositions.

Because, if this be the case, Peel might have been weak, or he might have fancied that, by bending temporarily to the storm, circumstances would end in not only justifying what he had seen fit to recommend, but also enforce his policy upon his now refractory colleagues—the frightened, and, therefore, the refractory no longer. He has had experience of that, even in the Duke; and, if such be the case, weak or mistaken he may be, but he is only technically guilty, the real offender being Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. Wherefore, if we talk of impeachment, and if these things be so, and if the necessity for such a thing should arise, it is the Duke who should be impeached—not Peel, who might, indeed, in perfect accordance with the “eternal fitness of things,” be permitted to turn Approver.

“I put the case hypothetically, as you will perceive; it is the only way in which such a case can be put; but, granted the premises, and I wait for the argument which is to point out the logical flaw in my conclusion;—putting to you and to all, in the mean time, the comprehensive question of the Chancery Draughtsman—“If not, why not? and how otherwise?”

In *that* there would be, at all events, solid, substantial comedy; but, really, in the idea of impeaching Peel, however it might affect the nerves of the “too susceptible Tupper” himself, there is such a mixture of broad farce, that I must be forgiven the constructive contempt of laughing in Court! Fancy Westminster Hall all carpentered, and green and red baize-covered into a legal exhibition-room;—the Lawyers all met, the Judges all ranged—a “terrible show!” An over-excited spectator in the galleries relieves his feelings by cracking a walnut between his teeth; a measured tramping of feet, a half-suppressed buzz of expectation ensue, and—enter Peel between two Beef-eaters!

No, it won't do; as Bottom says, or would have

said, under so changed a state of circumstances—"I believe we must leave the Impeachment (of Peel) out, when all's done!" and, as to the Duke, with the accession of Lord John and Lord Morpeth to the ranks of Free Trade—with their frank and honourable adhesion to principles so demonstrably the result of conviction, now ringing in our ears, and rejoicing our hearts with the feeling that the Aristocracy of England is not all rotten to its core, we can afford to be merciful,—afford to suffer capitulating enemies to march off the field, even with the "honours" of war; and so we are content, without impeachment of the argument, to let the Duke escape impeachment this time, though it prove in the sequel that he did turn recusant, and defeat the better, though more frightened, policy of Peel,—asking, however, for another purpose, and for the sake of the moral it conveys, who is Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, that *he* should have done this wrong to his Countrymen? and what is the provocation his Countrymen have given *him*, that he should wrong them in such a way?

It is the fashion to heap up at the feet of his Grace that species of Cannibal adoration which the Poet Laureate of Central Africa indulges in, when he howls Birthday Odes to the "Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo:" *e. g.*—

Huzza! for the Son of the Sun!
 Huzza! for the Brother of the Moon!
 Througbout all the world there is none,
 Like Quashiboo, the *only* one!
 Descended from the Great Baboon! *Baboon!*
 Descended from the *Great* Baboon!
 Buffalo of Buffaloes, and Bull of Bulls!
 Ho sits on a throne of his enemies' skulls!
 And, if he wants others to play at football,
 Ours are at his service, *all, ALL, ALL!*
 Hugaboo, jah! Hugaboo, joo!
 Hail to the Royal Quashiboo!
 Emperor and Lord of Timbuctoo!

And so it goes on with the Duke, in prose and verse; and if one do but suggest that his Grace is neither Nestor nor Achilles, there is nothing vile enough for the recusant, nothing so absurdly menial that it will not be asserted in reply. As a Statesman he emulates the qualities of Solon, Lycurgus, and Alfred, with any others readily recallable to memory; and, as a Soldier, neither the World, nor the World's History, has known his parallel!

It is not at all to be wondered at that, under such a system of sycophancy and cringing adulation, his Grace should have fancied himself relieved from the courtesies of society,—have gone about playing the snapping turtle in every direction,—pulling noses offered to him conveniently to be pulled, firing up at a toadying Editor, for a trumpety mistake, as if he were a valet, hanging on in the hope of a small annuity; and taking those people at their words who, like the fellow in Swift's Tale of a Tub, pray for slaps in the face as a matter of personal grace and favour.

But, let the truth be told for once, however much stranger than fiction it may seem,—His Grace, great though he be for what he is, yet is that greatness not of the highest kind, nor does it rank so high, in its own class, as his flatterers would have him believe.

As a Soldier he is, or rather has been, a clever strategist, cool of head and heart, successful and—lucky! In him a certain obstinacy of disposition, and iciness of judgment, have served in the absence of a chivalric feeling; he has throughout all, never lost the sense of what was due to himself; and, in every respect, he has taken care of that self, in person, in honours, and in pay; for if the Duke has served the Country, the Country has not been niggard to the Duke; and he has brought to all which the Country has given him, the full sense and power of enjoyment. To the Duke, then, be the wearing of all his laurels unenvied—the Country is not likely to forget them, or what they cost; it needs no annual refresher to remind us that the army which he commanded fought at Waterloo; the Banquet of the 18th of June may serve, indeed, to point the moral of a too-universal toadyism ending in self-adulation; but, apart from the indelicacy of that, its only other use is to recall the fact, that of all the laurels so won, the Duke has not failed to pick up and pocket every shred to which he could lay claim; whilst, amid the hubbub that waits upon success, Soldiers who have bled and died for England,—Soldiers, not to speak indignantly, of a more chivalric spirit, have been forgotten, and not a few leaves from the Upeas tree of Glory have been awarded to, and accepted by the living, which generosity, eye and justice, would have left, to such immortality as might have awaited them, on the tombs of the dead!

So much for the past; how does the Duke, in his own department, concern himself with the present?

It is sufficient, in answer to this question, to refer to the late two General Orders issued, under his Grace's authority, from the Horse Guards, in the several cases of Lieutenants Hyder and Kirwan.

In the first case a Colonel is threatened with a Court Martial for the ill treatment of a subordinate Officer—a favourite amusement of Colonels;—and he anticipates his own possible trial by applying for one against his subordinate—a favourite precedent with Colonels,—on some trumped-up charge of three years old. Of course, the Colonel's application is granted at once—the other can wait; and, of course, the charge turns out to be unfounded. During the trial the Colonel destroys letters which he had been required to produce, as material to the case, and his excuse is that they had been written on the back, and he thought some fair copies in his possession would be more decent for the eyes of the Court. Here are three suppositions at once—*à la Peel*—to one of which all miuds must come—1st, That the copies were not copies; or 2d, That the writing on the backs of the originals was of a nature desirable to be kept from the eyes of the Court; or 3d, That the Colonel was a goose! Under the advice of Counsel, Lieutenant Hyder commented sharply, and very properly, on the character of the evidence, and of this fact, and the Court found the evidence against him false, by acquitting him of the charge. What is the Duke's comment on this transaction?—He makes her Majesty palliate the destruction of the original Documents, by intimating that the copies might have been called for, but were not! and the censure applied to Lieutenant Hyder, for reflecting on evidence which the Court adjudged untrue, is greater than that applied to Colonel Vandeleur for destroying evidence in the ante-chamber of the Court!

In the second case, a party of officers resort, on a Sabbath Day, over their wine, to wrestling and the like; and one of them, in the fortune of fun, getting more falls than squared with his excited state, rushed from the room for a weapon, and with it, ran a poor Quarter Master through the body, who, good naturedly, was endeavouring to prevent him from committing what might have been murder. The Quarter Master recovers, and does not seem to wish to run the aggressor hard, nor do I; but a Court Martial, or a Court of Inquiry rather, sits, and reports the evidence to

the Commander-in-Chief: the General Order follows. How is the offence treated? The aggressor is sent back to his duty, as if he were an apprentice, who had ran away to some adjoining field to fight a shopmate;—not a word of Sunday intoxication and Sabbath breaking sports,—but officers are sought to be made ashamed by libelling schoolboys, in imputing to the latter such after-dinner practices, and, therefore, arguing on their childishness in grown men! and the occasion is taken of diverging from the subject for the purpose of constituting an historical parallel to King James's Counter-Blast against Tobacco,—drawn up in the style of a special pleader—to include every variety of smoking, by pipe, cigar, and cheeroot! and this is the Duke's mode of improving the moral tone, and keeping up the chivalric feeling of the Army!

Now, such being the case, I think it quite clear that the clever Strategist is not the sort of Quashiboo who should Timbuctoo it at the Horse Guards; and as to his second claim, to be considered the English Buffalo of Buffaloes—his Statesmanship is a blank cartridge, indeed!

Does the world remember that this is the man who began by declaring that he must have been mad to think of taking the Government, and who ended by taking the Government, and demonstrating the truth of his own statement? How well and truly did the then glorious Harry Brougham speak the awakening mind of the nation, revolting against the threatened rule of the Bayonet,—when he laughed all fear of the Great Captain of his Age to scorn, safe in the fact that a greater than he—the Schoolmaster was abroad! And how fully was that truth exemplified. The Protestant bulwarks were yielded, with the cry of—No Surrender! scarcely cold on the lips of those who, capitulating for themselves, betrayed the trust for whose defences they were paid;—County Meetings were described as farces, and the Birmingham Union was sneered at;—Reform was denounced, and the Ministry shrank from the responsibility of taking the King of England to dine with the Lord Mayor!

No; the Duke is no Statesman. We have nothing to fear from the Machievallian Strategist in Politics, who gives up the game, to save appearances, two moves before he is check-mated; and, as to his Soldier craft, let us hope that Free Trade will shortly give the Nations something better to

do than cutting one another's throats. But considering what the Country has given, it is, at the very least, a poor return—this last alleged contribution of his Grace towards a general famine. But let not that, nor any other, consideration divert us from that combination which is to settle the question of a free import of the necessaries of life for all future time. The Famine Laws must go; that which cannot be cured of their past effects must be endured until the new system produces its full reaction; in the meantime the Poor must be fed though the Poor Law may not. Rally, then, not alone London, but all England, to the call of Lord John; no tampering with a Cabinet which would not when it could, and which should not when it would; recollect that all Peel's measures have either been delusive or treacherous; unite, for now is the time for action; agitate, for that is the road to success! And, oh, Free Traders, whilst you answer, with a noble and trusting frankness, the call of a New Leader, forget not that Cobden and the League have, under Providence, "DONE IT ALL!"

COTTON TWIST.

London, Nov. 25, 1845.

Professor Buckland's
NEW "CORN-LAW" COOKERY-BOOK FOR THE
POOR!

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF THE "VERY" REVEREND'S INAUGURAL LECTURE TO THE OXFORD ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, ON HIS INSTALLATION TO THE DEANERY OF WESTMINSTER BY SIR ROBERT PEEL, AND SUBMITTED—

To the Editor of the Weekly Chronicle,

AS A SUPPLEMENT TO NO. LXII. OF "COTTON TWIST!"

Two centuries or so ago, one of our old dramatists wrote a Play, under the title of—"John Bull is an Ass!"

Without going beyond the title to search for proof of the fact, in any of the scenes or acts, we see at once that the author has penetrated into the very marrow of his subject, summing it all up into one brief moral, the truth of which has the force of an axiom to all reflecting minds. Yes, John Bull is an Ass! and such an unlicked cub of an Ass, that, like Hamlet's cloud, he looks also, sometimes,—“very like a weazel,” and, again, so “*very* like a whale,” that men learn readily to account for those extraordinary practices on his gullibility which daily take place;—now pushing him, ingeniously, between two hay-panniers of equal attractions, to the utter confusion of his hungry, yet hesitating, judgment; then teaching him, by the aid of one of his many Grandmothers, some novel mode of sucking eggs; and, again, throwing some ugly old tub into his path, to amuse him with its unwieldy gyrations, its portentous size, and its lumbering shape!

The last tub is no less a specimen of Ministerial cooeping, than the outward semblance of a Dean; and the clerical Diogenes—a well-fed specimen of *Ascetism*—therein habiting, is no less a person than Dr. Buckland, Professor of Geology, and a small-beer chemist, of the new Agricultural School! For some time past, the public has heard much of this Gentleman; for, independent of his proper pursuits, in the matters of tertiary formations, grey-wacke,

and plum-pudding stone, he has visited at Tamworth—he has astonished the Farmers with all sorts of hard names—*night rot aw sauder*, and—*gwanne*,—he has cut a few Elephantine jokes,—and he has taught the old women of England, *inter alia*, how to peel and boil their potatoes! Of a sudden we find him pitchforked, by Peel, into the Deanery of Westminster, there to sit like a Dutch Burgomaster, or to stand on his head like a Chinese Posture Master, as the laws of gravity may determine; and, while men are seeking a why for this wherefore, and speculating on the conflicting claims of Geology, Agricultural Chemistry, Philosophy applied to the Art of Scraping Potatoes, and Rhinocerosian Polkas and Somersaults, on a sudden the *very* Reverend comes out in a new character, that of Cook to a Quack Doctor, teaching the Country not only how to boil its Pot, but furnishing us with a Dietary fitted to the regimen of Dr. Peel.

A vast change is to take place in the food of the People under the new Philosophy, as taught by Professor Buckland to the Oxford Ashmolean. As the Famine Laws deny them the “great meals of Bread and Beef,” on which Henry the Fifth’s soldiers, eating “like wolves,” also “fought like devils,” at Agincourt, and before Harfleur, therefore they are, in future, to be dieted on—“Gluten, phosphorus, lime, magnesia, sulphur—and cetera!” The gluten to “stick to their ribs,” in the shape of “muscular fibre;”—the phosphorus, to throw a light upon the darkness of the theory;—the lime, to add to their *bony* configuration;—the magnesia, to purge their bowels;—and the sulphur to scour their blood! This may be called Esculapius in the Kitchen—the Doctor turned Cook! a great state expedient—Food and Physic combined!

The Very Reverend sets out with decrying all “fat” as a superfluous incumbrance to the Poor Man and to—the beast!” “Fat encumbers and impedes activity”—they “want not fat, but muscle.” “Economic farmers should feed their *growing*, but *not* their *fattening* hogs on beans, and *finish* them with harley meal!” “What is so restorative as beans to the jaded hack or the exhausted race horse?” “Sepoys, on long voyages, live exclusively on Peas!” “Hence the rapid restoration of the shrunk muscle of the exhausted Post Horse by a good feed of oats and beans!” “Hence the sturdy growth of the Scotch Children on Oat Cake and

Porridge, and on broth made of the meal of parched and kiln dried Peas!" The conclusion is obvious, without a quotation to enforce it—the English and Irish poor are—Scotch Children, Sepoys on long Voyages, exhausted Post Horses, Jaded Hacks, and *growing* Hogs! As such, their sbrunk musole is to be restored with this hack and bog provender, the Famine Laws denying them better; and, if we ever arrive at the refinement of *finishing* them, that is to say, if their carcasses ever reach the marketable value of a fat pig, we may throw in the "Barley Meal!"

But it is in Organic Chemistry the Very Reverend is so potent and extra-providential; for, falling back on the astonishing discovery that all bodies contain, in certain combinations, a set form of elemental properties, he takes the human stomach back to first principles; and, out of them, manufactures a round of Dishes, enough to make a buugry man's moutb water, and a full man's stomach sick.

"Potatoes," says Dr. Buckland, consolingly enough, "Potatoes contain but little nutriment, in proportion to their bulk; they are chiefly made of Water and Cbarcoal." That is what the Doctor calls a "*very truth of Organic Chemistry!*" "*It*"—i.e. the Charcoal—"is also the *main* ingredient of rice, sago, sugar, butter, and fat!" Now, mark the fecundity of Chemical resources, and the practical converse of the first proposition—"Charcoal," reiterates the Orator, "which, next to water, forms the chief ingredient in potatoes, is subsidiary to life, though not to strength." Well, let us be thankful for what it is, and forgive Providence for what it is not; but—Are men to eat Cbarcoal? Answer, hy Dr. Buckland—"Alas! a knowledge of such facts may become needful in the approaching Winter!"

For it is quite a concluded thing, in the logic of Organic Chemistry, that if Potatoes are but Charcoal and Water, Charcoal and Water must, on the other hand, amount to Potatoes, which must be a vast consolation to poor Paddy, who has only to burn his Shillelsh, and dip his old iron crock into the next brook, to render himself independent of the Potato crop for ever!

As the Very Reverend suggests no mode of cooking the charcoal, I have stated my dilemma to an ancient *Chef de cuisine*, who agrees with me, that, to eat the new Buckland variety of Potato in its raw and cold state, would be a Canibalish practice, unworthy of the present advanced state of

the art of cookery; and he, therefore, suggests two pleasing varieties of this Dish,—1st, a stir-about, or porridge, made of the ground dust; and, 2nd, a dish, *à l'enfer*, served up in its natural flames, with the other constituent hot!

1st CLASS OF DISH, *Charcoal*, then, and *Water*, is one of our chemical resources to “support life,”—which is something,—“though not strength,” the want of which may be an advantage to some people, in the event of a famine.

2nd CLASS OF DISH—*Horse-Beans*: “All over the world, excepting England, *both* the rich and poor rarely dine without a dish of beans,—sometimes *their only* dish.” “Their flour is as nutritious as that of Peas, and has no *bad* taste: bakers mix it with bread”—the fraudulent rogues! “In Beans we have vegetable caseine, or the *peculiar* Element of Cheese.” The good effects of Beans on “jaded hacks,” “exhausted post horses,” and “growing hogs,” have been already noted,—and now they contain the peculiar Element of Cheese, or Bread and Cheese all in themselves! and are the food, not only of the *poor*, *all over the world*, but of the *rich*—so says Chemistry, if not History—and, sometimes, *their only* food. Such is the wisdom of the world, and the improvident folly of England, the “Envy and Wonder of that World!”—perhaps on account of the *Horse-Beans*.

3d CLASS OF DISH—*Peas*: Great are the virtues of Peas, greater by far than the virtues of Beans, although it is not specifically alleged that they contain Bread and Cheese. On “Oat Cake,” and the “broth made of the meal of parched and kiln dried Peas,”—a Man “can live and do good work for 1½d a day,” whilst the unhappy children of the rich perish because they are fed on “fine Wheat-flour, Butter, and Sugar.” There’s a fact for the Poor Law Commissioners, based on the “*very* Truths of Organic Chemistry!” “A large mouth in mine opinion, and not to eat Peas with ladies in my time;” *Holinshed’s Chronicle*, quoted by the Doctor, and acknowledged; “Friar Tuck laid before his Prince, as his first Dish, parched Peas”—*Scott’s Ivanhoe*, quoted by the Doctor, and *not* acknowledged. “Peas, then,” concludes the *very* Reverend Logician, “were the food of ladies and also of Monasteries!” After this specimen of an inference, let Cotton Twist try his hand at a parallel one: “A man should have a long Spoon who eats broth with the Devil”—*Old Saying*.—A *short* Spoon was, then, the universal mode of old, when men eat broth with the Devil!

The Doctor discovers, as a "*very Truth of Organic Chemistry*," that "Peas stick to the ribs;" he might have added, with equal truth, that they "blow out the Jacket!" But Peas are his favourite; and he shoots them about to every part of the chemical Kitchen: "What Boy would not prefer parched Peas to nuts?"—Answer—No Boy but an ass of a Boy, except, indeed, he required them to pelt an unpopular Professor. "Boiled or fried slices of Peas-pudding are not unsavoury food"—with a little Charcoal Dust, sifted over? "Our forefathers and their children, we know, from Nursery Rhymes, ate—

Pease pudding hot, pease pudding cold,

Pease pudding in the pot, and nine days old!

Let us for a part of this, and next year, live as they lived 300 years ago!"

I hold it to be a species of blasphemy in a man who quotes a Nursery Rhyme, and does not quote it correctly; it should be Porridge—not Pudding; and since we come to that, let us do many other things which our ancestors did 300 years ago, and, on the same authority—Let us "hush-ahy" our Babies upon the "tree-top!" let us go "to market to buy a buttered bun," and finish our marketing with that notable exploit!—let us "ride a Cock horse to Banbury Cross!" let us ask the "Black-sheep" if it has "any wool," and wait for its answer!—let us take lessons of that celebrated Cock, who, not knowing "what to do, went to bed and scratched his head, and cried cock a doodle doo!" and above all things, let Dr. Buckland not fail to take his own physic, for "this and part of next year," in the shape of nine-days old Peas Porridge, in a state of putrescence, with a strong intervening metallic flavour, consoling himself, in the act, with the "*very truths of Organic Chemistry*" and the Wisdom of Our Ancestors!

3d CLASS OF DISH—*Vegetables*: These consist of *Field Turnips*, *Carrots* and *Parsnips*, and—*Mangel Wurzel*. Dr. Buckland allows these to be boiled, but, as he does not insult his preparations of Peas with anything so unnecessary as *Perk*, and so likely to produce fat, that abomination in a *Working Man*, and in—a *Beast*, in whom muscle alone is wanted—so neither does he take beef or mutton into his consideration with *Turnips*, *Carrots*, or *Parsnips*. As to the *Mangel Wurzel*, let him try it on the obstinate old Hyena at the *Surrey Gardens*, who won't die; for why should Christian

Men submit to be fed like Oxen, that Dr. Peel may be Premier, and Dr. Buckland a Dean?

4th CLASS OF DISH—*Bread Stuffs*: Barley, Oats, Rye, Maize, Beans, Peas, all are preased into the service—every thing *but* Wheat, *even Bones*! “The best biscuits for children have an admixture of burnt bones, and the flour of bonea is often mixed by Bakers with that of Wheat in bread, and (bating the fraud), the bread is better, and more strengthening, than if it were made entirely of Wheat!” Wonderful are the discoveries of Chemistry—rather at issue with the conclusions of law, it is true; but this “*very truth*” is one likely to penetrate an Andover Union with delight—it is a “great fact,” not to be lost sight of in the future management of a Pauper Poor.

4th CLASS OF DISH—*Welsh Maccaroni*: On this subject—cheese—the doctor is as eloquent, as if he had descended from Cadwallader himself: “As we heat or toast it, it melts, and, ere it reaches our mouth, is drawn into strings of almost ready made muscular fibre!” How very unctious; a fastidious man might exclaim how—nasty! but what a satisfaction it must be to a bean-fed population to know that this “Vegetable Caseine”—this “ready made muscular fibre”—this “peculiar element” of cheese is to be found in the grand restorative for jaded hacka and exhausted post-horsea!

5th CLASS OF DISH—*Starched Handkerchiefs*: “The woman at Tuthury, who pretended to fast for many days and weeks, sustained life by secretly sucking handkerchiefs charged with sugar and starch!” This is a much less satisfactory process than Captain Rous’s Bread and Cheese and “a Suck at the Pump!”

6th CLASS OF DISH—*Bed and Blankets*: “During the manufacturers’ distress in Lancashire, five years ago, many of the poor remained in bed covered with blankets, where warmth, and the absence of exercise, lessena materially the need of food!” This will be considered an excellent expedient by all rich, idle people, who love to lie in bed, and have beds and blankets to lie on, and in!

7th CLASS OF DISH—*Warm Water*: “When Sir John Franklin and his polar party travelled on snow nearly a fortnight without food, they felt no pain of hunger after the second day; they became lean and weak by severe exercise and cold, but sustained life by drinking warm water, and

sleeping in blankets with their feet round a fire!" And this is equally benevolent and convenient to such as have not where to hide their heads; always supposing they have blankets, and private or public charity supplies fire and the warm water!

I have thus endeavoured to classify the several Dishes under their genera, but their species are much farther diversified—so far, that I cannot but admire the fruitfulness of that Genius which has devised them, under the melancholy impulse of the reflection, to which, summing them all up, the Very Reverend arrives, when he exclaims:—"Alas! a Knowledge of *such* facts,"—Charcoal, Starched-handkerchiefs, warm-water, and all!—"may become needful and useful in the approaching Winter!"

In the full conviction that it will be so—for who could doubt a Professor of Geology, a Chemist, and a Dean, speaking under such sanctions—I have drawn up a Feast of Three Courses and a Dessert, *à la* Buckland, which I submit to the candid consideration of a discerning and benevolent Public:—

GRAND NATIONAL FAST FEAST.

THE VERY REVEREND PROFESSOR BUCKLAND,
Dean of Westminster, in the Chair!

BILL OF FARE!

FIRST COURSE—*Soups!*

HOT WATER!

CHARCOAL—*à l'Enfer!*

STIR-ABOUT OF CHARCOAL!

SECOND COURSE—*Solids!*

FIELD PARSNIPS!

MANGEL WURZEL!

FIELD CARROTS!

*Pease Porridge
Hot!*

*Maize Cakes! Oat Cakes!
made with burnt Bone-dust!*

*Pease Porridge
Cold!*

*Barley Cakes! Rye Bread!
made with raw Bone-dust!*

THIRD COURSE — *Game!*

STARCHED HANDKERCHIEFS!

BED AND BLANKETS!

GLUTEN!

DESSERT!

PARCHED PEAS!

A TURNIP!

WELSH MACCARONI!

A CARD.

Cotton Twist presents his compliments to the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, and the Very Reverend the Dean of Westminster, and, enclosing the above Carte, begs to invite the R. H. S. R. P., and the V. R. T. D. O. W. to a Model Dinner, which is intended to come off the third "Snowy" Day, at one, for five, precisely, on Wimbledon Common. Duke Humphrey and General Fast have both promised to attend.

N.B.—A Bivouac Fire will be provided, but not extra Blankets, and every Gent. will be expected to take the measure of his own mouth with his own spoon.

R. S. D. (*i. e.* Snowy Day) V. P.

London, 29th Nov., 1845.

Phosphorus! Lime!

*Potted Pease Porridge
nine days old!*

Magnesia! Sulphur!

*Snow, and a full supply
of Warm Water!*

SELF-DEVELOPMENT OF AN AGRICULTURAL
MIND.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

Sir,—When the Agricultural Protection Society was first formed, it put forth a Manifesto, on the Monkey, Cat, and roasted-chesnut principle, under the hand of poor Whig Mr. Cayley, the Honourable Member for the North Riding of Yorkshire, which, as I dare say you, and most of your readers, will recollect, was very summarily hit into what the Americans call “immortal smash,” by a spoken criticism of Mr. Cobden, delivered at an Anti Corn Law Meeting, held the same week, in the good City of Bristol. It is a remarkable coincidence that, in the very week in which the very next ensuing “Great” Anti Corn Law Meeting is to be held in the same City, at which Mr. Cobden is to attend, Mr. Cayley supplies another text for a similar crushing commentary, in a letter two columns long, provoked by, and intended as a reply to, Lord John’s Address to his London Constituents; and it is satisfactory, when so much is said and sung about the “agricultural mind,” to have so complete a development of what that agricultural mind consists of, from so unquestionable and authoritative a source as Mr. Cayley.

For Mr. Cayley appears to have taken infinite trouble to write himself down what he is, and to have thereby set up a claim to dispute the pass with the Leader of the Desert, which may well warn Sir John Tyrrel to look to his Ears,—especially as he promises, also, to follow up the demonstration, and the development, in a second Letter on the same terse text, “providing the Physical Strength is left to me,” as he pathetically observes, sufficient to fulfil the intention.

We are here, *en passant*, irresistibly reminded of that Authorling whom Pope immortalises as one—

Who, having penn’d a prologue with great pains,
Feels himself spent, and fumbles for his brains!

and as irresistibly compelled to add, in the language of another poet:—

He taps his head, and fancies wit will come;
Knock as he will, there's nobody at home!

If anybody doubts that fact, let him contemplate the following two exquisite Ears of a Dilemma, which Mr. Cayley supplies in this, his last effusion, in two consecutive paragraphs, which, for the better exposition of the Prandial Dilemma they are intended to supply to the hungry Donkeys for whom they are designed, I request your printer to set up in parallel columns; and to display in the fashion hereunder written.

"Either," says Mr. Cayley, laying out his premises in the "exceeding good—senseless" style which prevails with his class—and arguing on the supposition of suspending the operation of the Corn Laws, by opening the Ports—

"EITHER

WE *could* HAVE
OBTAINED,

or

WE *COULD not* HAVE
OBTAINED

An immediate Supply :"

"If WE *COULD not*,

It would have been mischievous to have opened the ports, since the expectation of a large additional supply would have so lowered the price of corn, and have led to such an increased consumption, as might have trenched injuriously on the means of supply before the next harvest."

"If WE *could*

Have obtained an immediate supply, an equally mischievous result might have followed: it would have equally led to an immediate increase of consumption, and might equally have trenched on the ultimate means of supply."

Aye, Marry! how prove you that, Master Cayley, in the great heap of your wisdom? Let the Honourable Member for the North Riding play the part of Every Donkey his own Costermonger, and "unmuzzle" himself:—"Since," he says—

"SINCE it is notorious that, with perhaps the exception of Canada and the United States, and possibly Spain and Italy, there is as great a deficiency of wheat in the rest of the world as in England, if not a greater deficiency."

Now let us contemplate this extraordinary position for one moment, with the gravity it deserves. First, it appears that *come* Corn, or *come no* Corn, the effect of a free trade in Corn, however nominal, would be to bring down prices, and place the food of the people within the reach of the people, at

a cheaper rate. But then the danger is that, food being cheap, the people would buy of it, and eat of it to such excess, that the feast of to-day would of itself create a famine to-morrow! "Wherefore," says Mr. Cayley, "it is desirable to strike an average of starvation, by keeping up a healthy check upon the excesses of the universal stomach, in a continual drain upon the universal pocket: *argal*, lest the people should improvidently eat too much now, and so come to want hereafter, it is policy, wisdom, and humanity, in me to continue to use my legislative power, so long as the League machinations in freeholds permit me, to increase the price of that food which *I* have to sell!"

No doubt, the man who could thus reason, and reason thus sincerely, for it is out of the question to suppose any insincere man would be goose enough to suppose it possible that folly so palpable as this could pass current in the world;—no doubt, then, the man who could reason thus sincerely, might very well bring himself to the belief that the Corn Laws "have been founded in a *comprehensive* principle of *public* advantage;" and when he adds, "*I may be wrong in my view of this great subject; if I am, I hope to be corrected, and the truth will prevail;*" and, modestly says—"I am not so *presumptuous* even as to suppose that *I* can be *entirely* right in my estimation of all the bearings of so large a question;"—and naively asks—"What human being ever was *absolutely and perfectly* right in his judgment of any one subject?"—and stoutly asserts of himself—"I have tried to steer clear of error as far as my *feeble light* will permit; and *if I* have erred, *I* have erred with an honest intention;"—one can readily refer that to the ineptness of his folly, which one would be loth to ascribe to the wickedness of his selfish perversity, regretting only that his pecuniary interests, according to his own shortsighted views of things, should be so intimately and inseparably connected with his virtuous intentions, his exquisite logic, and his *sage* (and *onions*) conclusions. But when Mr. Cayley—"Doubting the infallibility of *human* powers in judging of the future, and having already seen too many instances in which as legislators (to the subsequent cost and injury of thousands) our anticipations have been lamentably disappointed," declares with the same pronominal sagacity that—"I would, in matters where *small* mistakes may breed *great*

wrongs, argue for being guided by the practical, cautious lessons of *history* rather than by the *visions*, however ingenious, by the *conjectures*, however specious, of *speculation* and the *closet*," it really becomes necessary to tell Mr. Cayley that "history" is to be read, now-a-day, elsewhere than in Parliamentary divisions, *Gazette* "averages," and "top prices," at Mark-lane ;—that the "vision" and the "speculation" are all his own—a speculation on human credulity, and a dream of its successful operation ;—that the "great wrong" is the wrong which robs the working man of this country of one-third of his Daily Bread ;—that the "small matter" is his own apparent capacity to judge of right and wrong between man and man, and to estimate the possible consequences of the *incapacity* ;—that it is the "fallibility" of "legislators" and the consequent "cost and injury to thousands" that have induced the people of England to take this question into their own hands ;—that his "feeble light" is quite equal to his power of estimating "all the bearings of so large a question ;"—and that the "truth" will as certainly "prevail," as that Mr. Cayley's "hope" personal to himself, will be fulfilled.

Mr. Cayley "*starts*" he says, "with the broad affirmative," that the Corn Laws have been "founded," and "are essentially for the public good,—for the welfare—the permanent welfare, not of the few, but of the many." A great many other persons will "*start*" also at, if not "*with*," the *broadness* of the "affirmative," until their astonishment subsides into laughter, when they read Mr. Cayley's *because* to his *why* ; for he arrives at the still broader affirmative, that if the Landlords "had believed them to be, as some assert, laws for the starvation of the people, and not laws constituted for the lasting support of the people, and for the continuous cultivation of the land—they would never have supported them !"

Now, the two termini of this extraordinary line (of argument) from nothing to no-where, might be left to the natural fate of all bubble speculations on human credulity—their ultimate dissolution into thin air ; but Mr. Cayley is not satisfied to say so little ; he declares further that—"it is only because the landlords and farmers of England, as a body, are convinced that the Corn Laws are for the public benefit, that those laws have always received, and still continue to receive, their unabated support. If they had

thought them injurious to the permanent welfare of the people, I cannot doubt that they would have been as ready to repeal them as yourself;" and, therefore, it becomes necessary to call a few Witnesses into the Box, as evidence on the other side. What said the Agricultural Majority in both Houses of Parliament, on the Confirmation of Peace, when the effect of imported food was apprehended on Rents, forced up by the War and its incidents to an unnatural elevation, and the aristocracy of Land were indisposed to reduce their expenditure, and their state, and their gains, to the level of their honest means? It was said, that Corn could not be grown in this Country under some 70s or 80s the quarter! What said Sir Edward Knatchbull, but a few short months ago, as one influencing reason with him against Repeal? That Marriage Settlements had been made by those Landowners, who benefit by the Corn Laws, grounded on the Rents they were enabled to collect by the instrumentality of these very Corn Laws, which Settlements could not be carried out under a Repeal of the Corn Laws, because, consequent upon that Repeal, the artificial value of Land, and the legislative excess of Rent, must come down! What said the Ducal Fishmonger, who set up a vested right to tax the Londoners from one to two thousand a-year for his private emolument, in the single article of Salmon? He treated the admission of others to compete with his Shop as a wrong, and a loss to himself! What evidence is furnished by Mr. "Farmer" Miles? He foams at the mouth in his endeavours to protect the pound of English Butter against the firkin of American Grease! Nay, what says Mr. Cayley himself? The very fear of Foreign Corn coming in diminishes, he says, the price of food, just as effectually as the importation; if the shadow, then, he so potent, what may we anticipate from the reality; and, if such be the effect of an open road, though nothing arrives by it, what but the very wantonness of extortion, the resolution to withhold food from the market till men are prepared to give the full famine price for it, by the sharp cravings of an hunger it is death not to satisfy—what hut these can be the causes of the present high price of food?

Nor is that all the evidence which Mr. Cayley furnishes, by way of reply to himself; for, reiterating his convictions of the wise, and just, and provident principles of the Food-Taxing and Famine-creating laws, he says—"On no other

ground could they have stood so long, on no other can they stand, on no other ground ought they to stand for a moment longer, unless with a view of gradually breaking the violence of the shock to the property embarked in the land, which so sudden a change would confiscate." What then? The Corn Laws are a means of Taxing every man, to enable the Landlords to convert waste lands into productive soils! Why "confiscate," if the Tax did not form an element in the Value of Land, and, therefore, in the elevation of Rent. Here is a clear admission of their pecuniary value to the owners of land—"A body of men," says Mr. Cayley, "as amenable to the charities of life, as interested in the welfare of those around them, as anxious to do their utmost to alleviate the pangs of suffering and distress they may witness, as ready to submit to personal privation when the claims of religion, humanity, or their country call for the sacrifice, as ready, to say the least, as any other body of men!" But where is the evidence of this? In their Qualification-laws,—in their Game-laws,—in the Agricultural Majority-made laws for taxing food,—in the "make"-and-"break"-the-Government speeches of the Duke of Richmond,—in his indignant denunciation of the competition offered to his Salmon,—in Mr. "Farmer" Miles's contest with the "bellies of the people,"—in the Custom House tariff-stick, thrust into the butter-cask, that the agricultural mind might be comforted with the protection thus afforded,—or in the marriage-settlements of Sir Edward Knatchbull's Sons and Daughters?

"Amenable to the charities of life!" When did their charity fail to begin at home? "Interested in the welfare of those around them!" Let the physical want of Wiltshire, and the moral cultivation of Suffolk, testify to the fact! "Ready to submit to personal privation!" Will they submit to fulfil their own contracts, made on behalf of their own Children, without the aid of Taxation, which belongs of right only to the Country and the Crown? "On no other ground could the Corn Laws have stood so long," except on the ground of their justice, and their humanity, and their wisdom! They have stood on the ground of ignorance, now extinct,—they have been fenced with monopolies, now no more,—they have been supported by a power, which has changed hands; and that they "deserve" no longer to stand, and *will* no longer stand, is the natural consequence of

these changes, grounded in the concurrent fact that these laws are neither wise, provident, just, nor humane!

Mr. Cayley turns up with great industry the barren sands of the Agricultural past, picking up such bits of dead wood as "a prematnrly warm Spring on the Continent" in "1794,"—a "dry snmmer" in "1798," and a "wet" ditto, in 1799; he tells us that the "harvest was deficient" in "1811" from "blight," and that of "1816" still more so, "from rain and want of warmth!" Quoting which facts from Mr. *Lowe*—who should be called *bleat*, so calf-like are his articulative sounds,—he concludes that, in *all probability*, "similar seasons prevailed here and on the Continent, in "1708, 1709," and "several seasons" between "1764 and 1773," drawing from the maternal source of the same authority the following milk-warm conclusion—"When, therefore, it is proposed to leave England dependent on foreign supplies, it should be recollected that the same causes which occssion a bad harvest in England, would very probably produce them in other corn countries."

Now, a rational being would say,—If seasons be so uncertain, can we have too groat a breadth of sown land to rely on? and since warmth, and want of warmth, and rain, and want of rain, are equally unaccommodating to the Agricultural Barometer, and Providence will not constitute Mr. Cayley an Apollo, nor Mr. Miles an Aquarius, to mete out our Sunshine, and our Showers,—and there is a natural protective duty in favour of British Industry, of from eight to ten shillings a quarter, in freight and insurance, would it not be more wise, and more just, and more humane, and more provident, to look abroad over the face of the whole Earth, and to see whether we cannot find our interests more truly, and honourably served, in restricting no man's industry, and picking no man's pocket,—by compelling him to buy that of Mr. Cayley for tenpence, which he could purchase over the way for half the money?

But that is not the argument. It is not proposed to leave England dependent on foreign supplies; but to admit Englishmen to buy in foreign markets, if it so please them, or it suit the course of their business so to do. It is quite time enough to starve, when all the land in the world fails to produce food for the people in it. Quite another thiug is it, this telling the people of England that they shall not buy food

except at a certain price. as Mr. Cayley says it is just, and wise, and honest, and provident, and humane, to do.

Mr. Cayley offers us comfort in the shape of advices from Yorkshire—1st, He says, “That the wheat crop, though very deficient in yield when considered relatively to the quantity of straw, is yet believed to be *little below the average of the last few years* ;”—2dly, He asserts—“That the deficiency of yield *chiefly* arises from the number of *light* grains which are necessarily blown out in dressing the corn for market, leaving the whole of the *marketable* grain, with but few exceptions, sound and wholesome;”—3dly, He asserts “That *where proper care* has been taken in sorting the potatoes attacked with gangrene or murrain, and in storing them in dry cool situations, little progress appears to have been made by the disease *of late*, and it may therefore be *reasonably hoped* that the *full extent* of the evil is already known;” and, 4thly, He declares “That the deficiency caused by the potato failure will be, *in some measure*, compensated by the unusually large crops of *oats, barley, and beans* !”

What a consolation to be so comforted ! A deficient average Crop ! A part of it blown away ! Something done *of late* by *proper care* to create a *reasonable hope* that we know the worst about the potatoes ! and a prospect of living on *oats, barley, and beans*, at the worst, as if we were so much Stock getting up for Market, or for a Show ! and this Mr. Cayley calls “being compensated in some measure”—a measure of oats, barley, and beans !

And such is the operation of those laws which, according to Mr. Cayley’s innocent showing, do not “*prohibit* the importation of foreign corn ;” but only “*prevent* its being entered for consumption at a price that would ruin the English grower !” “What he wants,” says Mr. Cayley, “is not scarcity or dearness. Scarcity is a curse to man and beast—plenty a blessing to both ;” but he “requires for his existence as a cultivator”—What ? “Protection against prices which are unequal to pay the cost of cultivation ;” and “some compensation in an increased price for a scarcity of his commodity *from a dispensation of Providence*,” and, therefore, reasons Mr. Cayley, if “you at once admit foreign corn the moment some deficiency is apprehended in his crops, you at the same time deprive him of that increase of price which he thinks the *natural compensation* for defi-

ciency, and you rob him of what, *under our artificial system*, he believes, and *not unreasonably believes, to be his due.*"

Indeed, an artificial system; and a very thin artifice, indeed! A claim set up for protection—in other words, a tax for a Class—a premium given to land rents and bad farming, and to a want of "proper care;"—a system avowedly kept up to prevent the importation of Corn, except at a famine price—14s duty being required, when the top price is 74s;—a deficient harvest—admitted to be below the average; the light grains blown away; "proper care" at last on the part of those who ask for protection; and a consequent reasonable "hope" that we know the worst, which appears to be a peck of oats, a hushel of beans, and a measure of barley; and then a protest against letting in the food, declared to be so short all over the world that there is danger of starvation to-morrow if we fill our bellies to-day—a protest grounded on a desire to be *protected from Providence* under our artificial system, created by those who cry out to be protected! and this an English Gentleman—a Whig—a Landed Aristocrat, and a Member of Parliament for the North Riding of Yorkshire, considers, in the Nineteenth Century, "*to be his due!*"

Nay, "he cannot"—Mr. Cayley says the "farmer" cannot, but that is an evident misprint, for the farmer has no interest in the matter, therefore Mr. Cayley cannot—"believe that the public (unexcited by specious declamation) would ever grudge him the benefit of a law which *under low prices* (when the consumer's interest is not palpably involved) *protects the grower*; which, *under scarcity*, partially compensates him for a deficient crop, and which admits foreign corn to the consumer at a price, *considering scarcity, not unreasonably high.*"

A compensating price "*not unreasonably high—considering scarcity!*" "*Protects the grower—under low prices!*" I cannot extract a lower depth from the lowest of mental degradations; so let me wind up with Mr. Cayley's concluding aspiration:—"More do the farmers (*i. e.* Cayley and Co.) want, do you ask? May I answer you? Yes; they now not improbably want, as I do, to see Lord John Russell in his old place as leader of the House of Commons; for then they would feel that they might safely repose under the protection and consistency of Her Majesty's ——— Opposition."

Well, however, we may pity their discensolate and out-cast condition, it would be an act of mistaken friendship to flatter them with any "repose," except in the grave ——— of Monopoly!

COTTON TWIST.

London, 4th Decemocr, 1845.

MR. CAYLEY'S SECOND DEVELOPMENT.

At a recent Meeting of the East Surrey Agricultural Association, its President, Mr. Sutherland, although he disclaimed all belief in any "immediate intention of the Government" to alter the existing law," yet he "considered it very likely that some material alteration might eventually be made, and he suggested whether it would not be better for the Agricultural Interest to endeavour to propose some measure that would be likely to effect a compromise, and thus avoid the extreme of 'Total Repeal!'" Now this was wise in Mr. Sutherland: considering that he is not only a Squire but the President of an Agricultural Society, it may be written down *exceedingly* wise; but it is not *wise in time*. We have gone beyond compromise; and so thought, though for a different reason, another Squire there present, whose name is not worth recording; for, as he said, 'they were not assembled to propose or suggest any MODIFICATION of the present Corn Law, but to take the best measures to *secure* the amount of PROTECTION that was at present afforded to Agriculture.'

Now, of this latter opinion seems Mr. Cayley, he will keep *all*: ARGAL, he is not only *not wise in time*, but he is *not wise at all*. He eschews the repentant policy of Mr. Sutherland, and sticks to the philosophy of the other Mister, whom the Reporter describes as "of Rook's Nest"—a very appropriate place, since, as we know, "Birds of a feather flock together;" and, as experience and natural history teach us,—the Rook is the most mischievous and thievish of birds,—the Nest, therefore, just the sort of thing for a Protection Society!

Mr. Cayley commences his Second Letter to Lord John in the following hybrid style:—"Dear Lord John—Somewhat exhausted with my first effort, but in no wise disheartened, I appear, I trust, to time."—This may be termed the pugilistic-deprecatory mode of attack; and puts one very much in mind of an overgrown Schoolboy, who comes up "piping" to the scratch;—and here Mr. Cayley takes

consolation, from the supposition that "Dear Lord John" has by this act of his so far benefited monopoly that he has made it impossible for Peel to "sell the pass" at all. For, "You," says Mr. Cayley, addressing the *then* proximate Whig Premier, "you have taken the lead out of the hands of the minister, who, in fealty to the great Party through which he governs, must disdain to follow you in the path to which you so significantly point. You have bound him under the heaviest recognisances—those, at least, of self-love—to preserve the scale of duties on foreign grain, as by law established, until Parliament meets—when the elastic and self-acting principle of that scale will have accommodated itself to the public wants, and when every cause for clamour, as I trust, will in consequence have passed away."

Such is the Agricultural Mind, and such low views does it induce a gentleman to take of the last influencing motives with a First Minister of the Crown, charged with the responsibilities of governing a country threatened with a famine, and amenable to impeachment for the conduct he pursues. Because a political rival, of antagonist principles, suggests for himself the proper course to be pursued, the Minister is to pursue the opposite and the wrong course; and Mr. Cayley takes heart of grace in that thought, and in the hope, that the scarcity may exhaust itself when the food is still more considerably exhausted; and, admitting a cause for discontent now, he trusts it will be forgotten when the occasion for it has passed away! Not so, Mr. Cayley: we intend to take warning by these indications of Providence leaving all violations of its natural decrees to their consequent punishment; we take some of the offence to ourselves for permitting your sort of people to act by us as you have acted so long; but we will put it down for the present, and prevent it for the future, or there is no truth in England, and no help in our own right hands.

What is it to us, or to the question, that "the farmers of England, from the Norman conquest to the year 1463 (*i. e.*, for above 350 years), were absolutely prohibited from exporting corn to the Continent?" or that some two Centuries ago the reverse was the policy of the State—such a State as it was? or that the principle of protection was afterwards applied even to a Sliding Scale, and to the Linen and Woollen Manufactures? We know all this Penny Magazine lore, better than you, who have read it up for the nonce; we could tell you of

times, when Borough Mayors seized the goods of the farmers attending the Borough Markets, and sold them at a "reasonable" price, whereupon the Farmers withheld themselves from bringing their wares to market at all; we can tell you of Royal Proclamations, ordering Corn to be threshed out and brought to sale, and fixing its price, and what quantity the Farmer might retain for his own use, whereupon he ceased to cultivate at all; we can tell you of Acts made to encourage the decaying Fletchers and Bow-makers' trade, by prohibiting the making of Patten-woods out of the wood of which Bows and Arrows were usually made, and of an Act passed to amend an Act, wherein it was recited, that by the foregoing Act the making of Patten-woods had been put an end to, to the greater damage of the Handicraftsmen in Patten-woods; and, thereupon, enacting, that Patten-woods might be made of such pieces of wood as were not fit to be made into Bows and Arrows!

God help you, Mr. Cayley, you are not half read up in the wisdom of our Ancestors, and you are very much behind the common sense of the present day—in which the last relic of Ancient Toryism and Modern Conservatism promises to be found in Bricks, the length, breadth, and depth of which are all regulated by statutory inches!

You see, Mr. Cayley, if, dazed as you are with your currency crotchets, you can see anything, that this question is not to be settled by abusing either Mr. Ricarde, or Mr. Maculloch, the first for his "gigantic errors" on currency, the latter for the same, with an additional fling at him for his heresy in declaring Irish Absenteeism not disadvantageous to Ireland. With regard to the latter point, be content to leave him to *Blackwood*, which concentrated all its antipathy at the time, by calling its object "a red-shanked bog trotter!" and on the former head both Ricardo and Maculloch may be very well left to the Brummagem Twins Gemini—or, according to the *Times*, Geminæ—who talk a sort of informed nonsense on these recondite matters, whilst in faith and in truth, the nonsense you talk about them, is anything but informed.

No doubt you forgive Mr. Maculloch, however, for many things, when you read and extract something so congenial to your feelings, as his opinion that our manufactures "have expanded to so dangerous a degree, that if the legislature could have foreseen the extent our manufactures would

have reached, it would have hesitated before it had lent any stimulus to their progress;" and no doubt you consider it a most notable argument against the repeal of the Corn Laws, that it "would cause a still further extension of this overgrown manufacturing system." But do you suppose, Mr. Cayley, that the manufacturing intelligence, and capital, and energy, of this country are to be cut and pared down to the level of old tottlers up of dull, dry figures, booby squires, and ousurency qusecks? Dot-and-carry one knows, perhaps, about as much of the *rationale* of his multiplying, and adding, and subtracting, as Mr. Babbage's calculating machine would; and as there is no pretext for saying he is, mathematically speaking, so correct as that celebrated arithmetical hurdy-gurdy, it would be infinitely better if Mr. Babbage would apply his invention to words as well as figures, and we might then arrive, hap-hazard, at something infinitely more to the purpose. Take a lesson from that, Mr. Cayley; and when you contribute to any one of the constituents of our manufacturing success, you may acquire an inchoate right to meddle in the matter—but, not before.

And so Mr. Maculloch, having arrived at one folly, goes on, as you allege, to another. The Arithmetical Frankenstein of his own monster figures, he cannot unmake his Phantom;—he has just enough sense to see that it is impossible for our industrial economy to retrace its steps; and, therefore, he shelters his own folly in the sage conclusion that we have gone too far to recede, and must go on! In a moment of grave jocosity, befitting a Currency Doctor and a County Member, you compare him to the Wise Man of Islington, who, having jumped into a hramble-bush, thereby scratching out both his eyes, did incontinently jump into another hush and scratch them in again! *Infelix Puer!* as Peel might say,—cannot you see that the wisdom teeth of the Man of Islington decorate your own mouth. It is you who would jump into the other hedge; and, inasmuch as plenty is such an evil in the clothes, would fein try what a little starvation will do for us in the food we eat.

And so, according to Mr. Cayley, Repeal of the Corn Laws is to be suspected and doubted of Philosophers and Statesmen because it is a novelty! Why, what is the present Corn Law and its antecedent but a novelty—a novelty carried amid riotous opposition, only kept from violences more

dangerous by the Musket and the Sword? Don't tell us, Mr Cayley, of 6d duties at and above 48s, and 2s 6d when the price of Wheat was 50s. We are talking of a duty of 14s when the top price is 74s; and we are talking under the pressure of foreign rivalry, provoked out of its natural course of industry by your hostile monopoly, and under the provocation of impending famine and present scarcity.

What babble is this Mr. Cayley, that you complain not of men purchasing freeholds, but that it evidences, in the Free Traders, a distrust of the existing Constituencies; as if it were not notorious, that only one grown Englishman in six has a Vote, and that you and yours have packed the Constituencies with convenient tools, and tenants at will. We do not despair, even of the *old* Constituencies; but we say that the man who has no Vote and can afford to invest in land, or house, to the qualifying extent, and who does not do so, is unworthy to live under a free Government, and has no title to any other treatment than the treatment awarded to him by the Landed Aristocracy—the monopolist section of them I mean, for many of them are wiser men and better Christians, than to follow an evil example into the support of an evil so flagrant as the one you are now supporting.

But my greatest complaint with you, Mr. Cayley, is, that having travelled with you so far, I find you getting so insufferably dull that your mental languidness becomes quite infectious; I insensibly drop from yawning into dozing, and lose that amusement which I should otherwise derive from your inconsequential absurdities, in the droning prosiness of your style—*e. g.* No-bo-dy-will-sell-us-corn-except-for-gold-we-must-buy-gold-with-our-goods-and-this-will-force-us-to-de-luge-fo-reign-mar-kets-with-our-goods-al-ready-full-pro-du-cing-no-grea-ter re-tur-u-and-de-ran-ging our cur-ren-cy-in-this-hide-and-seek after gold-hum-drum-dron-dr-one! and such skimble, skamble stuff; so that it is quite a relief to alight at last on a simple Historical absurdity, and to find you exclaiming—"Whence the greatness of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage? Monopoly! [*i. e.* of Trade] short lived, indeed; and each, in turn, to give way to a monopoly of greater power; but all, from a state of splendour and greatness, to sink to insignificance and contempt; unless, like Tuscany, Holland, Flanders, and England, its great accumulation of wealth was secured to it by its solid

investment in land : the only lasting basis of national greatness!"

Hear to the *soi-disant* Philosopher in History, expatiating on the "lasting basis" of his dirty Acres! Is the Religion of Christ nothing? Is there any parity between the moral, or the political, or the economical, or the social conditions of Tyre and England. The only parallel I ever heard of, was that furnished by Jekyll, when, carrying on the stuff-gown war of wits against the "sleepy hollow" of the Common Pleas, he said that the purple robes of the Sergeants-at-Law came from Tyre, and that their arguments went to it! "Woe unto thee, Tyre and Sidon!" says Holy Writ; but, according to Mr. Cayley, they might have laughed the denunciation to scorn if their great accumulation of wealth had been secured by its solid investment in Land! "Dirty Acres" set up against the mysterious dispensations of Providence, with Mr. Cayley to hold the balance, and to decide between them! This is quite in keeping with the claim of his first Letter to be protected against the dispensations of the same High Power, by a compensating Tax, for a scarcity, the result of the Protection he so madly upholds, and the effects of which he irreverently and untruly ascribes to his God, as if the Almighty were bound to regulate the Seasons by the graduations of the Sliding Scale!

But, Mr. Cayley, take this consolation: as the whole thing is doomed, you need not weary your mind with the results, for you are exonerated from all responsibility, by the fact that no one thinks of consulting your Delphos either as to the issue or as to the means by which it is to be brought about. And for taking so much more notice of your Letters to Lord John than any other party is likely to take—not to say Lord John, who is busy in doing the very thing you seem to think furthest from probability; or Sir Robert Peel, who has equally falsified your absurd anticipations—I have this excuse, and no other: I write, not with reference to your importance in the cause, but with reference to the importance of the subject matter in debate; and because it is most desirable, at the present juncture, that no opportunity should be lost of indexing and pointing out to the awakened attention of the Nation, all self-developments of the Agricultural Mind.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Dec. 11, 1845.

The Ducal Sliding Scale.

A DIGRESSION, BY COTTON TWIST.

The Duke of Wellington was "convinced," in 1830, that *the Corn Laws could not be repealed without injury to the Country*; and he declared that the measure of 1828 had "*worked well to promote the objects which the Legislature had in view in passing it, by preventing the price of Corn from rising so high, in a season of scarcity, as to be injurious to the Country at large,*" and in seasons of plenty to render the price "*sufficient to give the Agriculturist a fair value for his commodity!*"

Intermediately we have heard much of Agricultural Distress, and of Manufacturing Distress; and, singularly enough, no party seems to have been satisfied with the working of this thing except the Landlords, for the money value of protection to the Farmers, when the price was low, has never made itself apparent to their Breeches Pockets; and the sudden vanishing of Protection when the price was high, was equally distasteful to them, whilst it afforded small consolation, indeed, to the poor and hungry purchasers of their Daily Bread. The thing has been gradually culminating to a point; the perfect Sliding Scale has been changed to something still more perfect; the farmer, beginning to see that Security of Tenure has much to do with the outlay of his Capital, and more to do with his interests than Landlord-made Laws, has learned to institute Clubs, and to talk of Tenant Rights; Hush-money, in the shape of ten per cent. on the Rent, has been thrown back to the all-but-insolvent Cultivator, who, flattered with a fallacious promise of Protection, has been made the sponge to suck up that wealth from the system which the "Farmers' Friends" have contrived to squeeze into their private coffers; the People have risen, or are rising, as a Nation, to put an end to the juggle and the fraud; the astute Whig Leaders see that the time is come for active service, or for the actual sale of their commissions as leaders of the People; Peel fears, and then finds, that *his* time is past: we are brought into the very arms of scarcity,

and set down within reach of the jaws of famine ; and the Duke—the Duke of Wellington—who has said that no deserving man in this Country need have other than a competency—thus stigmatising all want as undeserving !—the Duke, who has said that whilst there is Corn in the Country starvation cannot be the result of want of food, but of want of money to purchase it !—thus sneering at the very helplessness of poverty—the Duke is no wiser in 1845, under such circumstances, than he was in 1830, when his Government had delivered the Country to the Incendiary, and his policy had brought it to the very verge of Revolution !

For blindness of judgment, obduracy of purpose, hardness of heart, and power of mischief, I place His Grace of Wellington at the very summit—the A 1,—of my Ducal Sliding Scale !

The Duke of Cambridge, like the Duke of Wellington, has many reasons to be grateful to the Country for the liberality it has manifested towards him and his ; but, unlike the Duke of Wellington, the Country has no cause for reciprocating this feeling ; for he is of that class of Dukes which Lord Brougham described—in describing his Brother—“The illustrious by courtesy ;”—the “accident of an accident,” as Thurlow said of, and to the face of, the hereditary nobility of England. He was born Royal,—born to the privileges of a national provision for himself and his children, but neither to brains nor discretion ; and, as his knowledge of society and the condition of the People is gleaned from the reverential obeisance of some casually met Peasant,—from the well-fed obsequiousness of a flunky in the Royal Livery,—from his Box at the Opera, and from taking the Chair at some ostentatious Charity Dinner, it is not at all to be marvelled at that His Grace should take a false view of the State of the Nation, although it is a pity in itself, and injurious to Royalty, that he should babble of things beyond his knowledge, in situations from which they become reported to the world.

The Duke, A 2, however, says that “the state of things,” in relation to the Crops, “was *nothing like so bad as had been at first represented, not even in Ireland ;*” and further, “*he thought, from what he had the means of becoming acquainted with, that no class of persons in this country had cause of complaint !*” And this is said with Corn at 7s the Quarter, and the Duty at 14s—with the “top-price” of

Broad in the Metropolis at 10d the Quartern Loaf, and Potatoes averaging four times their price at this period in 1844! It is said in the face of facts daily recorded and recording throughout the Country; and it is precisely what one might expect from a Duke, so fed and provided for, who really cannot see distress through the hazy steam of his soup, or understand how any one can be in want of food when there is no deficiency of Game, and whilst the Venison is so fat! This is precisely the sort of Duke to come to the conclusion that "no class of persons in this Country has cause of complaint"—not even the Paupers of Andover—not even those who perished for want in Bolton some two years last past—not even those who are like to perish now—not even the Peasantry, with a ruined potato crop—potatoes and salt being their diet, and sometimes, indeed, the potatoes without the salt, because they cannot afford to buy it, much less a bit of cheese or bacon!

For blind fatuity, and garrulous impertinence, leading to the same end, with the end of the preceding example, I place his Royal Highness of Cambridge A 2, on the Sliding Scale of Dukes.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland, has submitted certain potatoes to the test of his own personal experience, and finding them "relishing," he does not believe in the existence of the Potato Disease. What to him are the Government Commissions and Enquiries? What the Newspaper reports and advices? What the experiments and received opinions of scientific men? Shall he not believe the evidence of his own senses? The Potatoes selected by the Ducal Purveyor, and inspected by the Ducal Steward of the Household, and peeled by the Ducal Scullion, and cooked by the Ducal Cook, and scrutinised by the Ducal Attendants, and served to the Ducal Table, and brought to the Ducal side, by the Ducal Attendant, to be tested by the Ducal fork, and placed upon the Ducal plate, and submitted to the Ducal Palate,—shall not these weigh down in the balance every other fact, and all other considerations? It is a great chimera—a political trick—a national delusion—a scientific humbug—there is no Potato Disease at all, for the Duke of Rutland has found one Potato relishing!

And, therefore, for a most Ducal insolence, in settling this question, leading to the same results with the two examples preceding, I place his Grace of Rutland A 3, on the Sliding Scale of Dukes.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond, who claims to sell fish, as well as bread, at his own price, admits, in his capacity of Chairman to the Protection Society, "that the Potato Crop in England and Ireland is deficient to a greater or less degree," but he takes comfort, personally, from the fact that in "three or four Counties" in "the North of Scotland," there existed "no disease at all in the Potatoes," and he "believes" that in Sussex, "though there has been a disease among the Potatoes, there are a great many good and sound ones." This is like saying to a shivering beggar—"True, your clothes are all in tatters, but here is a patch on your back which is quite sound!"

Truly a fine specimen of Ducal Logic, worthy of the man who talks of importing Potatoes from Portugal—the low, degrading diet to which Monopoly has reduced the Labourers of this country—but not one word of importing Corn, except to stigmatise the act of preventing a famine, so far as open Ports may now prevent it—a famine, the danger of which Monopoly has brought upon us—as an act of "Perfidy" to him. A free trade in Corn and Provisions—Cheap Bread for the Poor!—a question in which high wages, good profits, and general prosperity, are involved;—an act which, if it cannot avoid all present and impending calamities consequent upon the Ducal system, will yet prevent, under Providence, all future recurrences of the same; and this act his Grace of Richmond calls "Perfidy" to him, just as he called that act a robbery which prevented him from robbing London of £2,000 a year in the monopoly which he so long enjoyed in the single article of Salmon! His Grace says that Potatoes can be imported at prices "which the Labourers cannot pay, but which the Landlords *ought and will*."—Will? *Must!* my Lord Duke; we know they *ought*, for men cannot be suffered to perish for want, though it be for want of nothing better than Potatoes, and therefore *must*, which is infinitely more to the purpose, for what they *must* do I suppose they *will*.

Since, then, a measure of common justice to the People, and of sheer necessity to the Country, is "Perfidy" to this Duke and his tail, I, on account of his selfish antagonism to the principles of Free Trade, place him A 4, in the Sliding Scale of Dukes.

His Grace of Norfolk is very anxious to discover what is the matter with the Potatoes, and he has, therefore, planted

six in a hothouse, which he watches daily, and has already reported that, hitherto, he has arrived at no results! The Hereditary Grand Marshal of England should plant a pineapple in a potato field; and, in all probability, he would arrive at two striking horticultural facts simultaneously, both converging to a point, and very aptly illustrating the extent of intellect sufficient for a Monopolist Duke.

Duke A 5 has consulted with an old lady, who, having signed the teetotal pledge, has, between shame and repentance, set her wits to work to discover a substitute for Old Tom! She has hit upon a pinch of curry powder in a glass of hot water; and, having found it exceedingly stomachic, she has suggested it to his Grace as a very nice thing to send the Labourer comfortable to bed. "Pon my life!" exclaims the Hereditary, "and a very nice thing, too—like curry myself—curried rabbit—curried fowl!" And in the spirit of his experimental philanthropy he purchases "a pound or two," with the view of testing its virtues on the stomachs of his own labourers this winter—so beneficent are his Hereditary views!

"Curry," says his Grace, "is in India, what Potatoes are in Ireland—I mean Curry Powder!"—"It is a very warm thing, made of Peppers, and a variety of things of that description." The Duke admits that "there is more difficulty about it than might have been at first expected," as "people may not like the taste," but he recommends Gentlemen to "try a pinch in hot water!" He is cautious, however, in not promising too largely for the new specific: he says—"I don't mean to say it will make a good soup (*i. e.* not without meat and vegetables), but this I say, that if a man comes home, and has nothing better, it will make him warm and go to bed comfortable. (Laughter.) I don't say it may be given in quantities; but with potatoes, or a little bit of bacon, or anything of that kind, it is like a pickle! People whose appetites are fastidious take pickle; and with this article, a pinch of it will make a meal extremely palatable and comfortable. (Hear, hear.) I mean to try it among my labourers; and by doing that I am sure that if the winter comes on severe, we may add very much to the comforts of the poor." (Hear, hear, and suppressed laughter.)

And, therefore, and because the force of folly can go no farther towards the same conclusion, I place His Grace of Norfolk A 5, on the Ducal Sliding Scale.

Is there any necessity for any man to point out the moral of this Story, lest the apprehension of any *thinking* man should mistake it? The Reporter adds to his transcript the descriptive words—"Suppressed laughter!" but why should the laughter be suppressed, if it came from the proper source, and be the proper result of the revulsion of strong minds pouring forth the indications of their scorn and contempt. If it be not that, Great God! why should we laugh at all, at the contemplation of such a sight as this, involving as it does the Government of such a Country as England by such daddisky-minded Dukes

This is no subject for laughter, my friends, but for solemn contemplation; and not only for solemn contemplation, but for grave deliberation also,—how the Destinies of England may be better controlled for the future. For how should we wonder at the pass we have come to, or how should we do otherwise than take shame and blame to ourselves for permitting it to come to this pass, when men such as these—with such blindness, such obduracy, such hardness, such ignorance, such self-sufficiency, such selfishness, and such fatuity, could have found not only their way by force or accident to the highest honours of the Peerage, but to the hereditary right of legislating for this Country, and, as a natural consequence, to the abuse of that right!

There is another consideration still: we have been something to blame in permitting it to come to this; and the exposure is one which may well incline us to pity: and so the two together may induce us all to yield an indemnity for the past, whilst all are resolved to take Constitutional Hostages, as a security for the future.

London, December 10, 1845.

TO THE FREE TRADERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MY UNDOUBTED FRIENDS :—Whom the Gods desire to ruin, they first reduce to insanity ! The quotation may be trite, but the application is good and sound. Whom God, or rather whom the Devil,—for, as the *Standard* would say, the Gods of the Heathen are Devils, and the most considerably hoofed and horned of the lot, is the modern Dagon, cut from the same dead Upas-wood—the Devil Monopoly ;—Whom the Devil, then, desires to ruin, he first renders mad ; and, of all insane men, with a disposition, incontrollable, to rush howling into the jaws of their own Tophet. there are no such examples in History, as the History of our time furnishes in the Food and Famine Monopolists,—the men who claim not only to do what they like with “ their own,” but who set up a vested interest in picking pockets which are *not* their own.

How great, indeed, must the necessity for a total abolition of the Corn Laws be, when a man so cautious as Sir Robert Peel, so tenacious of office, so mixed up with the Party connections of a life, so *imprinted* with Protection, gives up all these to his matured conviction that Repeal, and nothing but Repeal, will satisfy the National Exigency. Past policy,—party ties,—office,—nay, the Great Duke himself, surrendered to a consideration of his responsibilities, and the wants of the People !

Chattering Politicians talk of Lord John's Address to his Constituents as if it were the very Fulcrum of Archimedes. That is the highest view ; the lowest reduces the question to a sort of Hare and Tortoise fable—a mere race for Office between the Rival Premiers of the day. I think better of them both ; and I should, indeed, despair for my country if I could not think better of them both, in my most assured convictions.

Lord John's Letter was magnificent—unshrinking in principle, and timed well as a matter of policy. It was a

substantial argument—a “Great Fact!” but it was not the Fulcrum; it was the Lever, if you will.

If our New World stand on the back of an Elephant, and the Elephant again on the back of a Tortoise, on what does this Tortoise stand? On the broad palm of Necessity! The man who, of all others, was perhaps the least likely to yield all to anything short of an *imperious* necessity,—and the man who, of all others, firmest to what he has resolved, was the least likely to surrender his feelings to his judgment,—have been schooled from the same stern pages,—have alike yielded to those immutable words which do but repeat, in phraseology scarcely secular, the same words, in effect, which the Founder of Christianity adopted when he sought to render his mission clear to the apprehension of all men—the People MUST BE FED! And can we conceive a greater insanity than that dure obstinacy against which a Cabinet has been knocked, and knocked to pieces, which might,—perhaps not so satisfactorily to me or to you, but still with the least expenditure of agitation, always wasteful, and ever, to some extent, pernicious—have done a simple act of justice, in providing for a Necessity which, after all, cannot be controlled, and must, whether with a good or an ill grace, be, at last, by all submitted to?

And are we to set up against a Necessity so imperious as this, the miserable Consistency—the very rags of a miserable consistency—in a few Party Men? I put this question in justification of a Minister who endeavoured, however tardily, to do the right thing at last, and who has honourably failed in the attempt. As a party, we have nothing to do with the matter; as a party, we have nothing to seek but the establishment of Justice, and the entrenchment of the Throne in the principles of Mercy and Truth; as a party, we may congratulate ourselves that not only is Justice to be done, but Poetical Justice also; but, as men, let us say a kind word—many kind words—as many as are necessary, in defence of Sir Robert Peel; and let us say them now, whilst he is assailed by his old partisans, who, for their own selfish purposes, would have driven the Country to Revolution, and their Leader to ruin,—let us say them, whilst he is assailed by that party with a hatred, and in terms, which can only be the result of their conviction—That their dying Sampson has involved them in his fall.

But our great *individual* purpose—for, in this, we are but

as *one man*—is Repeal of the Corn and Provision Laws, and the consequent establishment of Free Trade in all articles of Food. From this object let nothing turn us aside, either in the shape of suggestions as to consequences to the Revenue, made in quarters which, either in wilfulness or in ignorance, misunderstood the question, or in the more seductive guise of appeals to our *amour propre*, both which—with what design, if anything but an idle design, or arising in the necessity of saying something when the writer hardly knows what to say, I will not decide—have been resorted to, in an influential quarter, which would be still more influential, if it were a little more consistent, and a little less mischievous, whether from chance or intent.

There is no financial necessity for adding one penny to Taxation, consequent on the Repeal of the Food Tax—a Tax which, though it quadruples the Income Tax in its pressure on the People, yields nothing to the Revenue, the loss of which would be sensibly felt, or which would not be more than compensated by the effects of Repeal. Nobody wants, as has been suggested of us, to raise the Import Duty on Colonial Sugar to the rate upon Foreign; whilst, by the reverse process, without remitting one penny besides, the Revenue might be benefited, and the price reduced eventually, by fair competition, far below any reduction which could be effected simply by a remission of duty. Nor has the Free Trader said anything so idle as that Import Duties should be abolished, and the amount provided for by Direct Taxation. To Taxation, for the purpose of Revenue, no Free Trader objects; and the Import Duties Committee Report has shown us how, by reducing Taxation to that legitimate object, the Revenue might be nearly doubled, with far less sensible pressure upon the Country than the old system produced.

But we make an exception in favour of Food, for this simple reason. In a Country like England, where the extreme of Wealth is perpetually coming into contact and contrast with the extreme of Poverty, we say—to put the lowest view first—that it is, at least, unwise to tax the necessities of life; and, we go on to say—which is, indeed, the more Christian argument of the two—that whilst so many of our fellow-creatures are driven to the verge of Starvation, it is most cruel, and most irreligious, to force up the prices of those necessities, by a Statutory Law.

With regard to the second point, let me make my meaning clear at once. To each of us our appointed place, wherein let us all, each one for himself, fulfil his appointed duty. I have done something in this matter; but I do not expect Lord John to end for Cotton Twist. The Servant of Servants, this may be a simple jest in me; but is that the case with others more ostensibly before the world? I think it is; and, for a grave reason, in solemn earnest too! Much as we might desire to see the Man of all our Hearts so honoured, himself honouring the office to which he was called, we cannot afford to lose him from the ranks of independent warfare just now. This may be a selfish reason; but it is a reason which could not but tell its own tale, and read its own moral, to the disinterestedness of the Man, to whom all ideas will at once recur.

A Minister of the Crown is tied, not less by duty than by official etiquette. He cannot say all things that he would; he cannot be at once the instrument of Government, and the Leader of an Agitation. We should miss him in the accustomed places: the Soul of the Out-door Movement, which must carry this question, would be taken away. The voice we have heard so fully would fall in more measured tones upon our apprehensions; the heart that has spoken all that was in it, would be fenced round with the icy wall of constraint; we should lose the Man in the Minister; and all England cannot afford to pay that price; for we may even *want* him yet!

Small doubt have we of the claims of the "rough Soldier of the Commonwealth," or of his title to the distinctions of office,—as little as that the time for recognising that title must come, though, for the Country's sake, we say—not now; and still if it were true, that, where nothing could have been so resolved on, or even debated, there are "Men who recoil with horror at the least plebeian encroachment," and who, "reinstated as they are by the Million, will not sit with those who lead the Million," the meanest of us could well afford to despise a feeling so essentially snobbish in its kind,—much more the Man, whom Providence seems to have called, as it has fitted and strengthened him to a Great Work,—the greatest work of modern times. But we cannot, and we will not, debate that question now,—even if it were **CERTAINLY** true. *We* have never accused him of taking "one-sided views" of things, to his "self injury in

the estimation of practical men;" and neither we, nor the Nation, are likely to forget to Honour where Honour is due, when the time for the practical expression of that feeling is come.

I have felt it to be my duty to say this, humbly, yet earnestly: without consultation; for who have I—myself a working man—to consult with, but myself? A voice, and, beside that, nothing, I yet lift it up in warning when I see thrown out, in quarters so influential, suggestions unwisely made—censures by anticipation rashly hazarded—an apple of discord thrown down in our path, it would seem, for the sake of throwing it, and which every Free Trader would do well and wisely at once to kick aside. Good men, and true men enough, and more than enough, will be found to fill the seats of office—the Nation is ours. No scrambling for places, no distrust of Lord John. We shall not forget the key note which *he* has sounded, rising shrilly as it did, like the piping call of the Alpine Shepherd through the roar of the cataract; but—let the Cataract roar on!

If we do our duty thus earnestly, thus faithfully, thus disinterestedly, we need not doubt of success. But to do this duty, we must be up and doing it throughout the length and breadth of the land. County Meetings, Borough Meetings, Parish Meetings, must be the order of the day and night. Many thousands, who cannot come to a Town Hall or Aggregate Meeting by day, may be well able to attend a Parochial Meeting when the day's work is done; and all should have an opportunity of identifying themselves personally with the cause. Do this, and the cumulative Shout will make the very gold services of Fool and Knave tremble on their Dining Tables; until, according to the old precedent, even those who neither fear God nor regard Man, shall surrender the cause of Right to the decision of Justice, for very weariness, if not for very fear!

COTTON TWIST.

London, Dec. 12, 1845.

TO THE FREE TRADERS OF THE UNITED
KINGDOM.

COUNTRYMEN,—Three Cheers for Lord John and Free Trade! Good: sound lungs, willing hearts, and ready hands;—you are the men to “go in and win!” Well; I congratulate you all, from my heart! The Good Ship “Free-Trade-Cabinet” has passed the Bar, and brought up safely, in smooth water, right along-side the Government House. It has Clean Bills of Health—and the Crew have nothing to do but to make all tight, and then they may follow their Commodore—a Seaman who keeps his weather-eye open, and has a heart as sound as the oak of his own good Frigate. He has been a long time out—a four years’ cruise, in which he has experienced some squally weather, but a life’s use has innured him to that; and, now he is in,—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to him!

But what a curious affair it has been—This beating about in the offing for the last half-dozen days. With a hazy fog about the Dodger Bank, and four or five piratical looking Brigantines in the distance, hoisting Venetian colours—a Ducal cap on a Scutcheon of Pretence, all Proper! Quidnuncs, carrying very powerful glasses under their arms, have been shaking their heads most ominously; but we, who have looked on with the naked eye, and with a trusting faith in the true thing, have had no misgiving as to the result; and, lo! it is. They say it is dark under the lamp; let us, then, be thankful that our ignorance of political trickery has saved us some unpleasantnesses, if there were any occasions for them; and it will not be the first time that a deficiency of knowledge has helped a man through a difficulty which, looked full in the face, and fully understood, would have been felt in all its danger, and, possibly, succumbed to. It was a Whig Quidnunc who laughed at Wordsworth, for saying to a Daisy—“Thou art not daunted.” The Poet was wiser than his

Critic; for it is the privilege of perfect Innocence to know no fear; and it is wisdom in the Free Traders to keep themselves aloof from the gambling of Party, to do the right thing at the right time—that is always, and to leave the result to God.

It is said that Sir Robert Peel has been playing his old game of double-dealing. That, catching at the Letter of Lord John, he seized the moment when the Writer was far away in Scotland, and the Whigs disseminated to all points of the Compass, to resign, with the full conviction, first, that the difficulty of getting them together in time was all but insurmountable; and, next, only to be surpassed by the difficulty of getting them to see the policy, or the justice, of concurring in the views of the Metropolitan Address. Sir Robert Peel gave the Writer credit for straightforward integrity: he did not believe it to be a concerted Whig-bidding for office, and, probably, he was led to that conclusion by rumours of mutinous dissentients from the bold policy there sketched out—the result either of positive dislike to freedom of trade, or of pride, wounded by the absence of consultation. Upon this point, then, it is said, Sir Robert Peel acted; and the move he took was not the move of the Scientific Player, which delights the Scientific Lover of the Game; but it was the trap of the Trickster, set for an opponent who is considered sufficiently inexperienced to fall into it. It was not the Piece resigned, with the legitimate consequence, inevitable, of gaining it back with something more: it was the false move, in the hope of provoking a false move, still more disadvantageous to the other side, but one which a good player would have despised and punished. If so, the punishment has come.

"Him's so witty, us fearth he wunt live!" said the Devonshire mother of her favourite son. It is precisely the fate and the folly of Sir Robert Peel—he is *too* clever. But still I do not wish to believe this report. He has come of the People, and I do not like to see a man come of the People so exceedingly "smart." I have been shocked, too, to perceive the sort of admiration with which the idea has been received—an idea unworthy of a Statesman; and, if there be any truth in the matter, there is double cause for congratulation in the result, for it reads a lesson to low motives and political immorality, which is likely to have some corrective effect, since it speaks in the

language most intelligible to the quarter to which it is addressed.

But, in relation to this, the Free Traders have nothing to do with the matter; and, as they have acted wisely in treating the accession of Lord John to office as a tolerably certain event, but as one which would neither have destroyed him nor them in the alternative, so will they do wisely now, and furnish the gallant Leader of a Free Trade Administration with the greatest amount of effective support, by turning neither to the right hand nor to the left hand, to listen to this man's vanity or to that man's disappointment, but proceeding straight on in that Agitation which is the great assurance of our speediest success.

I cannot affect to speak authoritatively as to Lord John Russell's future policy, or as to the formal shape of his measures; and I hold it to be unnecessary to you, and insulting to him, to repeat the stereotype, and, as I think, unwise pledges of the Press, that the Noble Member for London will abide by the principles so tersely stated in his Letter to his Constituents. Of course he will: who dreams otherwise? Is he not a Russell? And, with reference to those who, in trying to go farther, have fared worse, and have visited their disappointments on Whiggery, as if Whiggery alone were in fault, I say—looking back into his past life, what right have we, who may think more quickly than him on other questions, anticipating the effective liberalism of the day by years, or by decades, or by centuries of years,—what right have we to reproach Lord John, or the Whigs who have taken no pledges on such matters, with a species of past treachery to the Liberal cause?

My friends, there has been too much of this among the different sections into which the advocates of Free Trade and a Liberal Policy have been unhappily split. No doubt the Whigs have had great faults as a Party. They have never understood the People fully; and, therefore, they have not relied—even so far as, in good policy, to say no more, they might have relied—upon the People. They have been too exclusive—too aristocratic in their associations;—they do not seem even to have understood the working meaning of their own party phrases, still less to have looked into and estimated their practical consequences. But they are, what they are; and because they

are no other, there is no imputation on them that they deceived the more liberal of their supporters; for the more liberal of their supporters have deceived themselves, in mistaking the Whigs for Radicals.

No such imputation attaches to the Whigs as a Party, or to Lord John, as that he, or they, ever took office on the strength of a recognised principle, supported by a great party, with no pretensions for mistaking either it or them, and then turned round upon both party and principle, to carry out the very measures of men whom they had ejected from office—by agitating against, and voting adversely to, the measures, so adopted at last. The Whigs have their faults, but political dishonour is not one of them. No doubt, again, that the Whigs will improve with the Times; and still more, upon more intimate acquaintance with the People. But if they do not, momentarily, attain to the wisdom which some of us have attained to, let us not forget, that some of us have also a wisdom to learn—the wisdom, and the grace, of mutual forbearance!

Now, there will be many who will think they ought to have something, or ought to have been consulted, and their disappointments *will* speak; there are others who feel quite able and willing to teach the new Premier his business, not only in forming his Cabinet, but in shaping and carrying out the policy of his Government; there are others, again, who, at critical moments, if any such should be, will purchase a temporary notice for themselves—it is their only chance—by playing Monkey-tricks, and putting themselves into positions for which neither Nature nor Education designed them: thrust all such aside:—they are good for nothing but the manufacture of fools, if they be honest, and of something worse, if they be not, as largely unpleasant and mischievous as themselves. Do not Sectionalise: we have split upon that rock, so that our common enemy has been able to tread our *debris* into the sands, too often, already. If every man's opinion is to govern a party, it comes to this—we must have as many parties as there are individual opinions amongst us; and, even then, there is an impatience of position, which would lead some people to make distinctions, in order to enable them to set up for themselves. Of course, there are broad distinctions on principle, which the conscientious man can never disregard; but even these can slumber in the safe conviction, that there is a time for all things, and

that all things cannot be done at one time. It is at the perkiness and dogmatism of individuality that my remarks point. Eyes will be upon us, sharp enough to spy-out all bickerings and flaws; clever intellects will be at work to detect what is weak, and then to submit it to merciless exposure; and, without even this—the falsehood, and the detraction, and the abuse, will be quite enough, to call for the full sympathy of an undivided—a frank, a trusting, and a manly support and confidence of the Administration just now formed.

A Great Work—as I said last week—the Greatest Work of Modern Times, is not only to be launched, as a Cabinet Measure, with the full assent of the Crown, but it has to be piloted through an Agitation, and a Crisis, fraught with events and consequences which the wisest of us cannot pretend to foresee or to estimate; and, with the certain fact before our eyes, and imprinted on our hearts and judgments, that the Struggle at hand is a struggle of Principle and not of trick—that the Country has been rescued from the degrading position of being placed, bound hand and foot, at the feet of a Dictator, or the more disgraceful consequence still, of being subjected to the insulting imbecillity of a purely Agricultural and Monopolist Administration, let us keep the One Purpose fairly before us all—be even Monomaniac for a time—that One Purpose being Free Trade with all the World, and a Full Emancipation from the thralldom of Protection,—to which Purpose it is the part of wisdom, justice, and good policy, that all other considerations should succumb for a time.

That is the road not only to Success, but to what is the next best consideration—a Speedy Success; and, with that view, I conclude as I began, with—“Three Cheers for Lord John and Free Trade!”

COTTON TWIST.

Loudon, Dec. 19, 1845.

A SONG FOR LORD JOHN.

NEWLY ARRANGED TO AN OLD TUNE, AND TO BE SUNG
BY ALL COMPASSIONATE FREE TRADERS, AS A COM-
FORTER TO THE "MELANCHOLY TWINS!"

"Nay, we will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *John*, JOHN, JOHN! and give it them
To keep their anger still in motion!"

—Or watch them when they lie asleep,
And in their ears we'll bellow—*Lord JOHN RUSSELL!*"
SHAKESPEARE adapted to Free Trade.

I.

I'll sing you a bran new Song, to an aucient Melody,
Of a brave, true-hearted Nobleman, of a Good Old
Family;
Which never bore a single Branch on its Ancestral Tree
That did not shadow and support the Loyal and the Free:
A Palm Crown for the Throne, a Staff—for the hand of
Liberty!

II.

Some have Bled in the Battle-field, and ou the Scaffold
some;
Their Names live in our Household Words, where Tyran-
nies are dumb;
Lamps to our feet their bright examples are through
Times to come;
Pledge then their Golden Memories, in silence, every
one—
Solemnly reverent, whilst each Heart beats like the Muf-
fled Drum!

III.

The Muffled Drum, which sadly surges o'er the Warrior's
Grave!
Honour to him, if he in life was not Dishonour's Slave:
But treble Honour unto him,—the Hero trebly brave,
Who to the Death-cold Axe his Life for his Dear Country
gave—
A Lesson to the World, and Us, how Freemen should be-
have!

IV.

So Pledge it all : one moment to the Undying Dead ! and,
 yet,
 Another moment to the thoughtful Pride of our regret :
 Then, Hand and Heart, united start, to one Great Purpose
 set ;
 Fall in, Fall, Fall ! to the Trumpet-call, close up the
 Ranks, and let—
 The living Russell see us pay the large Ancestral Debt !

V.

Lord ! Hear the Nation's Prayer, which cries unto Thee
 day and night :
 " Give us our Daily Bread ! "—" Bow down the stubborn
 Pride of Might ! "
 A Nation stands, with clasped hands all lifted in Thy
 Sight !
 Then, swells the calm, assured, Psalm—our Promise in the
 Fight !
 March we now on, a Million Strong ! and, God Defend the
 Right !

K.



Cardinal Points of Conservatism.

GREAT MEETING OF DUKES.

(From our own Reporter.)

Yesterday (Thursday) a grand Dinner Party, consisting of Dukes A 2, A 3, A 4, and A 5, took place at Cambridge House. Covers were laid for Five, it having been fondly anticipated that Duke A 1 would have lent the Meeting the sanction of his name, and the support of his presence, at least in a "non-natural sense;" but the F. M. sent a written excuse, accompanied by a verbal expletive, which, being highly explosive, would not pass through the Post!

The Dinner Service was of Gold, and real Dresden China; and the Dinner itself of the most recherche character. Among the soups were Turtle, made from the fish, as prepared in the Honduras; "Potage de Maccaroni à la Rossini,"—manufactured from the real Neapolitan article, and "Mullaghee Tannee," or Curry Soup, made with Hot Water, and—something more. Among the Dishes were "Casserole au ris à l'Indienne,"—a preparation made also with "Curry;" "Khicharee,"—an Indian Dish in which Peas were treated with "Curry, Pepper, and other hot things of that kind," "Truffles, au vin de Champagne,"—the Truffles, as well as the Champagne, being from France, as Duke A 2 thought them superior to the product of Sussex; "Salmi de Bécasse;" "Quenelles de Lamporeaux aux Truffles;" and "Filets de Grouse à la Bohémienne," whilst the "Patès de Périgorde" were of the veritable importation of Fortnum and Mason! The vegetables were no less exotic, consisting of "Choux de Bruxelles à la Crème;" and "Jerusalem Artichauts à la Bechamele!" Even the humble Potato disdained to appear in an English Dress, but took the shape of "Pomme de Terre Frite," and "à la Maitre d'Hotel;" and a few Turnips—not Field ones—had been elaborately cut into the shapes of pears, boiled in good broth in a buttered stew-pan, and glazed with a combination of Sugar and Cinnamon!

The Dinner itself was not "cooked:" it had been *prepared* under the direction of a French *Artiste*, of skill consummate as his own consommé; and we observed, after a very sufficiently practical appreciation of the several delicacies, that Duke A 2 rejected the Stilton, on a brief inspection of its quality, and relapsed into Gruyere, whilst the other noble Dukes took some grated Parmesan, with a little Nenfchatel!

Grace was said by a semi-clerical-looking personage, of a very rough exterior, habited in a rusty suit of black and a bran-new silk apron; and upon his being dismissed to his enjoyments in the butler's pantry, Duke A 2 remarked, with his customary altitude of tone, "Useful fellow, that: one of Peel's last—was a stonemason, stone-breaker, or something of that sort!"

The Dessert consisted of the rarest foreign fruits, with some real "Presburger Zwieback," and the Wines had been contributed by France, Portugal, Spain, and Germany.

The silver wine-waggon having thrice circulated,

Duke A 2 rose and said—He had called the present meeting in consequence of an article in the *Morning Post*, setting forth the four cardinal points of Conservatism, in all of which, one excepted, Sir Robert Peel had failed; and he would submit those points to them as the proper basis of a Ducal Administration. The first was Taxation, to which of course they had no objection. England had become the envy and wonder of the world under Taxation; it worked well, and he (the Royal Duke) was for letting well alone. If England were reduced to the continental level of Taxation she would become as miserable as the continental nations were. Those who had nothing could pay nothing, and, therefore, those who paid nothing had nothing to pay. He thought, however, with the *Post*, that the Income Tax was a very bad Tax: it broke the national faith with those whose incomes, like his, had been guaranteed by the Nation, and took away from the working man's best customers, the money with which they might otherwise encourage the industry of the Country. It would be better for the Manufacturers to pay the Taxes on their goods, and so charge it to their "best customers." The second point was the modification of the "Whig" Poor Law. He (the Royal Duke A 2) thought there was a very ignorant impatience of poverty abroad; and from

his experience—a pretty extensive one—as Chairman of Charity Dinners, which all must allow to be strictly in point, he did not believe in the reputed scarcity—he had never seen anything of the sort. As to high prices, he thought that a delusion; the more our best customers got for their produce, the better it was for them and for the manufacturers; besides, if it was true that the Poor could not purchase Beef and Bread, the price of Beef and Bread could not concern them. He thought the best Reform—he begged pardon for using such a word—but he thought the best alteration of the Poor Law would be to take all the Poor into the hands of the Dukes, who knew best what was good for them, whilst the Poor were notoriously ignorant and wasteful. The third point was the Disfranchisement of Ireland, and he (the Royal Duke) would only say, in reference to that, that he was a steady supporter of our Protestant Constitution in Church and State. The fourth and last point was Protection—a question which came home to all their Incomes,—he meant to all their hearts! He (the Royal Duke A 2) would not, however, enlarge on that point, as all which he had said proved its necessity. He looked with horror at the ruinous consequences of Cheap Food, as it was plain that the cheaper food was the less able would anybody be to buy it; and, if England were dependant on Foreign Nations, it would be in the power of Foreign Nations to starve us all to death. He thought, however, that, masterly as the summary of the *Post* was—Taxation, Disfranchisement, Protection, and the Poor Law,—another cardinal point was wanted; and, as they would have to take their stand on resistance to the present reckless and ruinous rage for innovation, he begged to move as a preliminary and fundamental principle:—

“That, as nothing was the matter, nobody had any cause to complain!”

The Resolution having been *Carried by Acclamation*.

Duke A 3 rose and said—He was quite prepared to take office upon the principles so ably expounded by the Royal Duke, if his Royal Mistress should see fit to honour him with Her Commands. Indeed, he was quite ready to make, or break, any Administration upon the principle of Protection. He would go further—he would not only keep what he had, but he would get what he could. He (the noble Duke A 3) would repeal the Canada Corn Bill, the Grinding in Bond Bill, and the Tariff Bill. He would stop “

Free Trade Ministry, not only with Grease, but with Fat Cattle, the admission of which was only another mode of repealing the Corn Laws. Above all, he would stop the importation of a most deleterious article—foreign Salmon. It was monstrous ingratitude to those who had so cheerfully grown Corn for the People, and a violation of the national faith, to snatch away the Sliding Scale the moment it began to “work well.” He believed the Crops were deficient, on the whole; but he was happy to say that several individual acres of his acquaintance had done very well indeed. People laughed at agricultural shows, but the good farmer always got the prize; and, therefore, the prize made the good farmer. He had no doubt, if the People would go on cheerfully supporting the Landlords until they were unable to support themselves, that the Landlords ought to, and would, in return, take care of the People. He begged to move—

“That Protection is our birthright, and a Sliding Scale like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die!”—*Carried by Acclamation!*

Duke A 4 had no doubt that the men who bred fat oxen ought themselves to be permitted to grow fat. He differed in one point from the noble Duke who had preceded him: he thought the disease of the Potatoes, if any such disease existed—and he had sought for it in vain in the experience of his own table—must be confined to the individual acres, and that, upon the whole, the crop was neither bad nor deficient. As to the present alleged high price of food, he would wish to know what the Corn Law Bill was intended for if not to give a good steady price? It was most unreasonable to quarrel with a law because it worked well for the purposes to which it was designed. If there was scarcity, that was the act of Providence, and it was not becoming in Christians to fly in the face of so High a Dispensation, which entirely exonerated the Corn Law, whilst the price could not be deemed high, the scarcity considered. His noble friend had said that the Landlords ought to, and would, provide for the People. He begged to say, in justification of that, that he had already turned his attention to the point, and had discovered a species of Bouilli, consisting of the water in which meat had been cooked, the rinds of Potatoes—and he understood the Irish always eat the rinds, although he believed that his more improvident

Countrymen threw them away—and the other refuse scraps of the Kitchen. He believed it was known by the name of Hogs'-wash—a name expressive of its cleanliness; and his (the Noble Duke A 4's) Pig-breeder had assured him that the Pigs thrive on it, and found it relishing. He thought the Pigs might be fed upon Oil-cake, and the Wash be reserved for the Poor: the Reverend Gentleman who had recently officiated before them, had informed him that the Pigs of our Forefathers had eat of it both hot and cold, and even when it had acquired the age of nine days! He would now conclude by moving:—

“That Public Hogs'-wash-houses be provided for the deserving Poor, and that this Meeting trusts the Objects of its Charity may find it relishing!”—*Carried by Acclamation!*

Duke A 5 said that he had often been laughed at: indeed he was mostly laughed at; but he didn't care for that, so long as he meant well. He had met an old Lady, who had called his attention to the very extraordinary virtues of a bottle which she carried in her pocket—or, rather, to the contents of that bottle. It might seem very ridiculous, but he hoped they would hear him. Perhaps Noble Dukes might not know so much about it, but they might learn more of their Wives and Daughters—for Ladies generally used it—he meant Smelling Salts! It was made of Ammonia—and other volatile things,—of that sort; and was to the better classes what burnt feathers and brown paper were to the lower orders—he meant the Smelling Salts. He did not know what it cost, but he had bought several ounces, and intended to try it on his Labourers. People might laugh at him, but he wanted to do the Labourers good, and make them comfortable in the winter. He had been told that sometimes the Labourers had not salt to their Potatoes,—but common salt, however palatable it might be to those whose appetites were fastidious—that was, to people who took pickles—could not have the reviving effect of smelling salts. He would not advise it to be given in quantities. He did not say that it would make Bacon; but, if a man were fainting from hunger, it would revive him a little, and make him feel comfortable. If Noble Dukes thought the Poor of this Country would object to it, it might be first tried in Ireland, like the disfranchisement of the 40s freeholders, and other measures of necessary protection. He would therefore beg to move:—

"That in any further Coercion of Ireland, a smelling-bottle be held to the National nose, to keep her from fainting!"—*Carried by Acclamation.*

It was then agreed that the Income Tax should be adjusted; that the Tariff and its other Free Trade accessories should be repealed; that the Army—and Taxation should be increased; that Protection be placed on a lasting basis; Ireland be disfranchised as far as might be, so that Orangeism might again be in the ascendant; and that the Labour of the Country should constitute a fund, to be administered, under the Ducal sanction, in the support of the Labourers. The following Dietary was ordered:—

In-door Relief.—1, Rotten Potatoes, in a compressed state, and well salted; 2, Potato Starch; 3, Horse-beans; 4, Mangel Wurzel; 5, Oats; 6, Barley; 7, Peas; 8, Field Turnips; 9, Field Carrots; 10, Rye; 11, Bone-dust; 12, Hog's-wash; 13, Lying in Bed; 14, Wrapping in Blankets; 15, Sneaking the end of a burnt stick dipped in cold water—which is, in Chemistry, what the Potato is in Ireland; and, 16, Hot Water, with a pinch of Curry!

Out-door Relief.—1st. Lying in the snow with the feet to a fire, when it can be obtained, and drinking hot water, if you can get it; and, 2d, a sniff at a smelling bottle!

The Dukes, having thus fully arranged the preliminaries, retired to their several Palaces, to wait for Her Majesty's Commands; but, whatever rumours may exist, we are enabled positively to state that neither of them has yet undertaken the formation of an Administration, and that it is *not* at all certain that either of them will. Indeed, it has begun to be whispered in Ducal circles that the Ducal Policy will be *not to take office*, but to leave Sir Robert Peel to get out of the mess as well as he can—the idea of Lord John being *too* preposterous!

T.

COTTON TWIST REDIVIVUS.

No. LXVI.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISES.

To the Editor of the WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

A recapitulation of the very extraordinary chain of recent circumstances, connecting the Government of the Country, as such, with the question of Corn Law Repeal, may read a lesson, or teach a duty, or afford amusement, according to the light in which they are looked upon, and the disposition which is brought to their consideration: in either case, some interest must attach to the subject; and, therefore, not envying the man who can derive a satisfaction from contemplating them in the lighter mood, I shall, for the sake of the lesson and the duty, take leave briefly to recall the leading facts, some of which, from the rapidity of their succession, have, as I suspect, failed to make an impression on the public mind so deeply as they deserve to do.

And, first, it seems to be quite true, as announced at the time in the columns of your *Weekly Chronicle*, that, early in November, Sir Robert Peel did become impressed with the necessity of dealing with this question, in some shape, in the ensuing Session of Parliament. Of course Sir Robert had three methods open to him—he always has; and these could only be—1st, to leave things as they are, or in the received phraseology of his class—to “let well alone;” or, 2d, to increase the present amount of Protection; or, 3d, to diminish it. Now upon two of these points, we have two several facts to guide us;—for the third, the inevitable inference will suffice;—and 1st, the Duke of Wellington, whose policy it notoriously is, to “let well alone,” took no pains to conceal from any one, who had ears to hear at the Horse Guards, that, in his opinion, “it was too bad of Peel,” and that “he would take the Government himself out of his hands;”—therefore, I conclude that the “Great Doer—of

his Age" did not propose to do nothing: 2d, Mr. Sidney Herbert was ungrateful enough to his Political Maker to manifest his recusancy with as little delicacy, and less provocation,—gaining thereby the cheap reputation with the Wiltshire Labour-taxers and Labourer-starvers, of being ten times as honest as Peel, and nearly as clever; and, therefore, I take it for granted that the proposition did not go to increase the amount of Protection: I draw the very palpable inference that the proposition went to diminish the Bread Tax to some extent—an extent unpalatable enough to his Colleagues to induce the astute Premier to relinquish his object for that present, and to trust for future success to a future time.

The Potatoes went rotting, and the Bread went rising, on; the suggestion of the Premier's New Deau, that the People should resort to Mangle Wurzle, Horse-beans, Hot-water and Charcoal, was by no means relished as a substitute for Corn Law Repeal; every day added to the impossibility of procuring an adequate supply from abroad; to crown all, forth came the Letter of my Lord John to the Citizens of London, pointing out, in a few brief words, the one thing essential; and the Great Doer saw that his time was come to Do, or to be done:—he chose the former alternative, not without a third course being suggested to his mind, you may be sure, but of that we must wait to be informed until the Meeting of Parliament.

Did Lord John speak the united sentiment of the Whig Party, or did he not? If he did, as might be inferred from the fact of his speaking at all, and from the unmeasured distinctness of tone in this celebrated Letter, it was high time to play a trump card, and one of some weight in the pack, in order to re-take the lead: if he did not, as might also be inferred, from certain notes of Dissent from unconsulted quarters, which had, long within the time of legal memory, declared, before God, that such madness or folly could not be, then it was time to act, because, treating this Letter as a tender of service to the Crown and to the Country, and accepting the challenge when the Whigs were here, there, and everywhere, the opportunity of testing their power to form an Administration, although it might be regarded as a desperate finesse, yet, if it succeeded, it could not chance but succeed to a most signal and conclusive extent: so the card was played.

The next thing we hear is the confident announcement that the Leaders of the Peel Administration—to wit, the Tamworth Telemachus, and his male Minerva of the Horse Guards, have resolved to propose a Total Repeal of the Corn Laws on the 5th of January! The statement is very generally credited; there is no direct contradiction put forth; the Agriculturists are mystified and confounded; the *Post* calls Peel a scoundrel, hypothetically; the Duke has no explanation to give—he is busy fortifying the Coast, and has “left it all to Peel;” and the *Standard* takes it as a compliment to itself, if the thing be so, which it discredits, that it was not *sought* to be made the medium of communicating so vile a treachery to the world. Still the belief gains ground; there are many, not credulous people, who believe it now; and, then, when the belief is rifest, we are all suddenly mystified, and to a still greater extent, by the resignation of Sir Robert Peel.

Nobody could find a wherefore for this why: it was said that the influence of the Duke in the Upper House did not extend to the pockets of the subservient Peers, and that he had been warned of the tenure of his authority with them by a rapid withdrawal of Proxies from his control; it was said that Peel had abandoned the Pass, if not sold it; and, in the estimation of some, Judas Iscariot was a Saint to him. Many, who cared not a pin for principles, could not see the necessity of sacrificing place; and his conduct was very freely represented as that of a man, who, having the winning Cards in his hand, had suddenly thrown them down, faces uppermost, on the Table, and so capriciously abandoned the Game. Subsequently, however, the division on which the resignation turned, has been published, and from it, uncontradicted as it stands, we find that the Premier was left, himself included, in a minority of five; and all that we can safely infer of the cause we may sum up in the adaptation of a Nursery Rhyme, *e. g.* :—

Peel and his Cabinet fell out,
And what do you think 'twas all about?
They had a will, and *he* had one—
And that was how the row begun.

So Lord John was sent for; and the Editorship of the *Court Circular* became no sinecure.

It is stated that the Whigs, in the course of their deliberations, made a direct tender of Office and of their independent

support to Sir Robert Peel, and to any Cabinet he might form pledged to carry Repeal of the Corn Laws; but that all pledges were peremptorily declined; and, intricate as the game seemed, it seemed clear, if any one could credit the game itself, that it was very near to success. Indeed, the contingency trembled from day to day in the balance, until the period at which I wrote my last letter, when the Government had been accepted by Lord John, and the principal appointments were understood to have been definitively made. Minor differences had been adjusted; the great principle had been firmly imprinted on all; distrust had given place to confidence; coldness had warmed itself into a state of hopefulness, in the contemplation of the National enthusiasm; Mr. Cobden had been tendered Office, and had declined it, for reasons which place him higher still in our esteem; and all "went merry as a marriage bell!"

At that period I wrote, congratulating the Free Traders, rather, that they lived not too near the light, as being, indeed, a harassing and perplexing position. For between what one fears to say, and what one dare not say—between the natural inclination not to seem ignorant, and the tendency in all of us, to furnish evidences of foresight by predicting what we know, and between the better desire to forearm by forewarning, and the conviction that good policy is full of forbearances—a writer, who is in the way of Politicians, and a Politician, also—earnest in his convictions, yet feeling the necessity of combination, and, therefore, of concession, may often pass for disingenuous, when he only means to be prudent; and may incur the censure of ignorance, when he has merely been discreet.

Let so much stand for just as much as it is worth. I have indicated difficulties, pointed out dangers, and added warnings enough; perhaps they had been thought more than enough, if the end had not more than justified them all. But, at that period, thus stood arranged the state of affairs—all, as all thought,—all difficulties happily surmounted; the ship moored in smooth water and everything made taut for the night; when, in the morning, we wake to find her scuttled; and, whether any valuable lives have been lost with her, time must show, but it seems next to impossible that some one should not come halting out of the wreck.

But, if there be men who are more fitted for the restraints of a strait-waistcoat, or the more Christian humanities of Dr. Conolly, than for the position of Ministers of the Crown, I must leave them to their friends and the lunacy laws ;—if there be proud-flesh apparent in this diseased body-political, the time may come when it may be cut away and left to feed and fester on its own mortification—I hear no warrant to apply the knife, or the cautery ; and, if the bucket has overflowed subsequently to the last drop having been drained into it, I shall neither adopt the common hypothesis with regard to that last drop, or stop to discriminate between them all which drop was largest, or most in fault.

Sufficient for our day is its evil. Enough for the Cause, and enough for the Man, is it, that the Man has failed in his gallant exertions for the Cause. There is disappointment and bitterness enough in that, without vexing ourselves and increasing our difficulties by useless recriminations. Let us turn rather to the fact that our Leader has come out of the wreck, unscathed in limb, and with an increased reputation. Nobly has *he* acted throughout ;—nobly, wisely, justly, firmly, frankly ! Let that be said, not in the spirit of gratification,—it is too cold a term ;—not in the spirit of exultation,—it implies a sort of delight unanticipated : No, let it be said in the confirmed, sustained tone of men who know it would not, and could not, be otherwise ; and let it be written down in the Book, not in derogation of others, but as part of the long Account-current entered in the National Ledger, to the credit of an Honourable Name.

Leaving, then, to Time, not only the office of working his own revenges, but of healing his own wounds, it is enough, and more than enough, for us, that Lord John resigns. Does the Queen place Her Royal Crown in the same crazy old fishing punt with the Beggar's Cap of Richmond ? No ; she sends for Peel. Fancy his varying positions within the short space of four-and-twenty hours. Beaten on the Thursday at his own clever game ; triumphant on the Friday, with all the leading cards in his hands ! What is his statement to the Queen ? He has been informed that Lord John's difficulties were insuperable ; the Members of his own Cabinet, dissenting from him, are not prepared to take office ; and, with proud humility, he consents to govern in the name of the Queen—he has nothing left but at once to resume his duties, and to

propose his own measures. We expect—every one expects, changes, at least as extensive as the published division lists; the new Cabinet appears; and the third Ministry of the last three weeks consists of the same men—two excepted, one of them a death, and only one a secession,—as the first; strangely enough, that secession is the somewhat impracticable Colonial Minister, Lord Stanley!

Why the whole reads like the travestie of a Nursery Rhyme, which may be called the Rhyme of the Great Doer!

To Oshorne, to Oshorne, to sell an old shoe;
Home again, home again, Russell's to do;
To Windsor, to Windsor, to keep up the fun;
Home again, home again, Stanley is done!

And now I will thank, and reward, any ingenious person who will, upon the premises, resolve for me three things: 1st, what has been Peel's game (it should be called Peel's Gambit)? 2d, who has won it? and, 3d, what is the issue to be?

It is said that Peel's game was to demonstrate the impossibility of the Whigs forming a Free Trade Cabinet, and that he resigned in order that he might come in again, the Political Necessity, wiped clean of the Dirty Acre Pledges of 1841. But, if this was Peel's game, he was beaten on the first point, and the *modus operandi* of the second object is anything but clear. A Whig Free Trade Cabinet *was* formed, and the point upon which it broke up was not in human calculation; the Minority in the Peel Cabinet were quite prepared to abandon the Dirty Acre Pledge of 1841, without interposing the formality of quitting Office; and the recusant Majority, after admitting the impossibility of taking Office themselves on the principles for which they contended, are again in Office upon the principles they opposed. How, then, can Peel's Gambit be said to be successful? or in what respect does he stand stronger than he did before the remarkable opening in his game?

Who, then, has won;—Peel? If we answer Yes, it must be in relation to his own Colleagues. He has not beaten the Free Traders,—they were not parties to the Game; he has not beaten the Whigs,—they saved him the trouble by heating themselves. He may beat the Ultra-Protectionists, but that Game has yet to be played; and I incline to the supposition that he has not beaten his Colleagues, but only

jockeyed and damaged them—that, in point of fact, they are parties to a defeated juggle, in which they have only played the game of—"as you were," with regard to their places, but immeasurably, and irreparably, damaged themselves in influence and Reputation. They are not in, wiped clean of the Dirty Acre Pledge of 1841; they are the same men, the Parliament is the same Parliament, and the Political Necessity trick has failed.

We must go to the Nursery Book again for the materials of an illustration to be said or sung at the meeting of Parliament: *i. e.*—

Ride a cock horse,
To Charing Cross,
To see the old Soldier come down on his horse;
Spurs to his heels,
Put a ring in his nose,
He shall be Peel-led wherever he goes!

I look forward, therefore, with some satisfaction to the meeting of Parliament. There will be scraping enough to scrape off all the dirt, it lies so uncommonly thick. "If I have not ballads made on them all, and sung to filthy tunes, may a cup of sack be my poison;" and, if the Free Traders and their Whig allies will but learn a little intermediate wisdom, enough to keep themselves out of the squabble, the fun, and the gain, will be all theirs, the difficulty, and the disgrace, and the danger, and the disunion, and the mortification, will all be confined to the ranks of the dupes and the dupers—the Doer and the done!

But what is to be the issue? It is said that the New Old Cabinet manifest an "undisguised confidence in being able to produce a measure to be easily carried through both Houses of Parliament," to "give general satisfaction to the Nation," and to be "scarcely injurious to the Agricultural Interest." Why, what sort of a measure can this be? Bear in mind what has been done. First, it was "too bad" for the Duke; then, the Duke assented to it; then, he withdrew his assent; then, he led the recusant Majority on against it, and beat his Chief; then, he found that his original notion of taking Office, on the strength of his own head, was not all a feasible act of madness; then he takes Office again, on the "as you were" principle, pledged to do his utmost to carry this very measure, which Peel now brings forward on his own responsibility; then, we are told that the position of Lord Stanley in rela-

tion to the question "was peculiar," and that, "acting on strong conviction, and on his sense of public duty, he resolved on retiring." Yet, after *all* this, we are given to understand that in a measure so operative, the Cabinet, which it broke up, have "undisguised confidence," and that it is calculated not only to please the national heart, but to calm the agricultural mind! What *can* it be?

Let us cast about for a solution, and see what lessons we may learn from what we see. The *Standard* says—"The only clue which we have to guide us is the character of the Ministry." The conclusions we draw from that are neither complimentary to the Ministry, nor satisfactory to us; for the only legitimate induction is a game of "fast and loose"—a policy tortuous, treacherous, and tricky. But there are other indications: the agricultural mind is calmer;—the *Post* is much more modest in tone; and, if not hopeful, it does not rave;—the Ministerial Press are more Protectionist in their language than the Protectionist Journals proper;—the *Standard* takes the bull fairly by the horns, and declares that, so far from there being any scarcity, the Nation is in such a prosperous and abundant state, that it wishes its readers many such happy Christmases as the Christmas they are now enjoying;—the Funds rise, and so does the price of Wheat at Mark-lane—two shillings the Quarter in one day; the Corn Market has still an upward tendency, and the jobbers for a rise exult in the prospect of a frozen Baltic, in order that the opening of the Ports, for the little which can now come, may be put out of the Minister's power: what do I infer from this? Clearly, that a great delusion, or a great treachery, is on the point of being attempted, for which, and the golden opportunity it will furnish us, let us all shake hands and stand prepared.

COTTON TWIST.

London, Dec. 26, 1845.
